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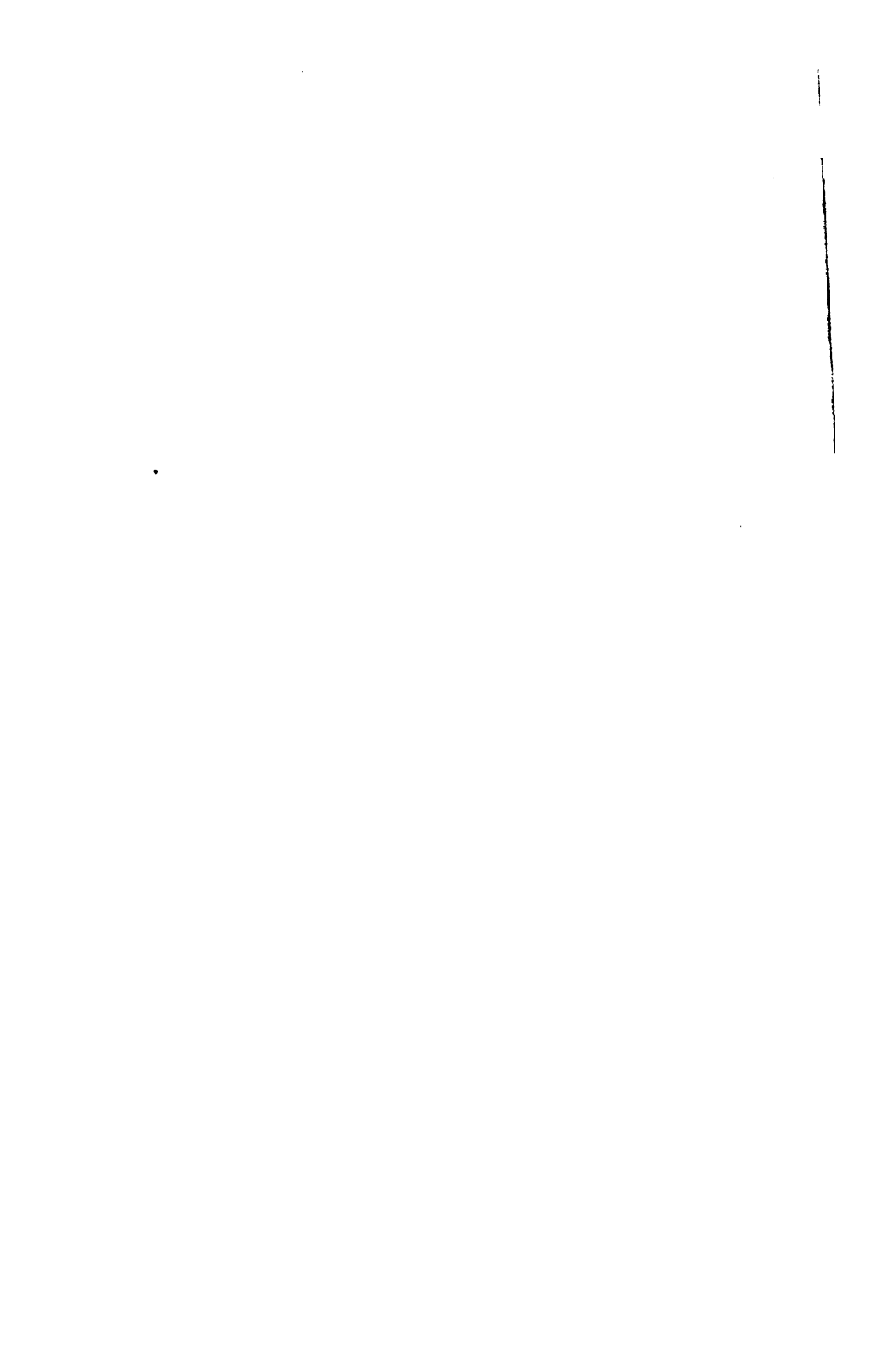
THE BEAU
AND
THE DANDIE

BY JERROL



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THE BEAUX AND THE DANDIES





From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery

George Bryan Brummell of the Prince's Club

WITH 12 PLATES.

CLARE H. BROWN

Author of "God's Story of the World"

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND 12 PLATES.





From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

George Bryan Brummell, of the Prince's Own

THE BEAUX AND THE DANDIES

*NASH, BRUMMELL, AND D'ORSAY
WITH THEIR COURTS*

BY

CLARE JERROLD

Author of

"Victoria the Good," "Picturesque Sussex," etc.

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

A DESERVEDLY popular sentiment allows a careless neglect of dress only to the eccentric genius or to the very poor. The one is regarded on that point with an amused tolerance, the other is pitied. There is no doubt that humanity in general considers becoming dress to be essential ; and every normal person takes, according to leisure and opportunity, thought as to what is suitable and becoming. But the standard of beauty for one person is the standard of ugliness for another. A man clothes his legs in pipes, wears a pipe with a curly brim on his head, and binds his neck with a hard white band which gives the effect of semi-strangulation. Then he goes abroad pleased with and proud of himself as a well-dressed, fine-looking gentleman. A woman places a bee-hive or an inverted flower-pot on her head, puffs out her chest like a pouter-pigeon, wears a yard-wide skirt tied round her ankles or her knees with a piece of ribbon, and totters along the pavement with a sickly show of self-content. Both man and woman believe that they touch the point of beauty, and if Beau Brummell, Beau Nash, or Count D'Orsay were mentioned, both would probably inveigh against the idle, useless fools of a bygone time, who gave so much care to dress.

Yet the balance of good sense is with the Beaux, who were strong-minded enough to lead the modes, while the well-dressed (?) man and woman of to-day follow servilely any foolish and ugly fashion that may be presented by some professional dressmaker or tailor, presumably with the desire to prove the depths to which humanity will go in sartorial folly. Since beginning to write this book I have heard such unqualified scorn poured upon the Beaux by my friends, who carry their chins high because of the stiffness of their collars, and seem so unhappy about their knees when they sit down, evidently fearing lest the straightness of their nether garments will not be maintained when they once more rise to their feet, that I ardently wish some new Beau would burst upon the world in sufficient glory and strength to induce men to dress comfortably and beautifully.

To pass to another subject, I would acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of Mr. Lewis Melville, who has helped me out of more than one difficulty which arose when preparing my manuscript.

CLARE JERROLD.

HAMPTON-ON-THAMES,
September 1910.

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The Beaux and the Dandies

CHAPTER I

We all owe much to our tailors in one sense, many of us in more senses than one. How shall society repay its tailor?—*Punch*, 1845.

THE Beau has been with us through all the ages, for the quality which makes the beau is first self-consciousness and then vanity, the vanity which seeks its expression in clothes. Literature gives us stories from East and West, North and South, of individuals who have bestowed such extreme care upon their appearance that they are marked out from their nation or tribe as people of especial note. Such during their day make more stir than the men of intellect or force, for that which pleases the eye has the most vivid effect upon the imagination. There are, besides, so many men of brains, so many who can rule or organise, and but few who, being content to let their reputation rest solely upon their outside show, have also the power to make that show of such a quality that it stamps a deep impression upon others.

Naturally there are beaux of various degrees. There is the real beau, he who is first and last a beau and nothing but a beau; he whose intellect is given chiefly to clothes; who is, by accident, by circumstance, or by choice, freed from any profession or occupation, who

can do but one thing well, and has secured the chance of doing that thing.

Of such an one Carlyle says in his chapter in *Sartor Resartus* upon "The Dandiacal Body" that he is "a clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well ; so that as others dress to live he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius ; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call 'a Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with him, and this, like other such ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes."

It will be noticed that Carlyle uses the word Dandy rather than Beau, but in the eighty years or so which have elapsed since his famous book upon clothes was written, these words have come to designate somewhat different ideas. Carlyle's Dandy is the ideal Beau, whom only two or three men have approached in practice. The most notable was George Bryan Brummell, he whose devotion to appearance was such that it is impossible to conceive of him doing any work in the world dissociated from it. He was the living example of the debated philosophical theory that Appearance is Reality, and it was only when his intellect gave way that he lost his pre-eminence over other men in this respect. Of all beaux, Brummell was the chief ; certainly not in England nor in Europe has there been another to equal him.

It is more than probable that many, on reading this,

will say it is well that it should be so—that neither England nor any other country wants or ever will want such a man again. This judgment, justifiable only from short-sightedness, is an extreme one. It is certain that there are many people whom we think we can do without, the criminal and evil-doer, for instance. If we go farther, and wish to wipe Brummell from our history, we might also dispense with a great multitude of people in every generation—people who live solely for their own pleasure, to which they minister chiefly by their clothes, striving to outdo each other in dress and social matters. Indeed the idlers who make no mark upon their day can better be spared than that extreme idler who, by his very thoroughness, did society a great service in reforming its taste and laying down hygienic laws which had been too long ignored.

The Dandy, as we read him now, is a fine gentleman with a great regard for his appearance, but he may have other strong qualities and powers. He may be a poet, a politician, a merchant, a lord, an artist—indeed, he may be anything, with an added desire to be noteworthy in appearance. Such an one will copy eagerly the newest fashion, or will set a new fashion himself; and if he be rash enough to do the latter, he must stand or fall by it. That is to say, that if his novelty be acclaimed by his comrades, if they copy it and talk of it, then has he gone a step higher in the peculiar rank of Dandy. On the other hand, if he be simply stared at but not imitated, if people laugh at and talk of him, but ignore his new design, in so far as imitation goes, then he is but a freak, a poor foolish Dandy, of whom people speak with tolerant or contemptuous pity. And herein lies the real difference between the Beau and the Dandy. The Beau is a born artist in clothes, the whole subject of dress comes naturally to him, his clothes are

the expression of himself. With the Dandy, however, the science of clothes has to be instilled into him ; he must take anxious care and thought as to what to wear and how to wear it. In fact, there is as much difference between the Beau and the Dandy as there is between a Wit and a man who labours at his jokes until at last he produces a bright idea, and then has to guide the conversation until he can get the chance of fitting the *jeu d'esprit* into it.

Henry Cope, who, during the Regent's wildest days at the Pavilion on the coast of Sussex, was known as "The Green Man of Brighton," may be mentioned as an example of the unsuccessful Dandy.

"He is dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat ; and though his ears, whiskers, eyebrows, and chin are better powdered than his head, which is however covered with flour, his countenance, no doubt from the reflection of his clothes, is also green. He eats nothing but greens, fruits and vegetables ; has his rooms painted green and furnished with green sofas, green chairs, green tables, green bed, and green curtains. His gig, his livery, his portmanteau, his gloves, and his whip are all green. With a green silk handkerchief in his hand, and a large watch chain with green seals, fastened to the green buttons of his green waistcoat, he parades every day on the Steyne."

Of course Henry Cope failed as much by his extremity as by his artificiality, but it is that very inability to know what will be acceptable, and the striving not to be superior to his fellows but to be different, which marks the unsuccessful Dandy. Those who hold an intermediate position between the genuine Beau and the false Dandy, those who follow a fashion and contrive to look well, to catch attention as extremely well-dressed people—I use

the word in its narrow sense, as used by the votaries of fashion—are the successful Dandies.

England has counted among its celebrities but three men who are Beaux *par excellence*, Nash, Brummell, and D'Orsay, and of these Nash's name lives more by the character of the work that he did than by his elegance in dress, though that gave him his reputation. There are some people who would deny that he filled any real place in the world, but fortunately this is not the opinion of the majority, for the organiser and the ruler is in constant demand.

D'Orsay did not influence society as much as Brummell, though he was quite as elegant a figure. He was not an Englishman, he had not the same opportunity of attracting royalty, his career was weighted by scandal, and he lacked both the ultra-cool assurance of Brummell and the capacity for organisation which made of Nash an autocrat. In fact, much as he was admired, he lived at a time of transition in social views, a transition which eventually put the Beau out of fashion. For the existence of the Beau depends upon the character of society.

Beaux, fops, dandies, whatever name we may give them, will always be with us, but their position, their prominence, and their effectiveness will depend upon the conditions of the society in which they live. As M. Barbey d'Aureville says: "For a rare Beau to develop himself it is necessary that he should have the advantage of a very aristocratic, complicated society." Had there been no Prince Regent there would have been no Beau Brummell as we know him; had there been no Bath we should have heard little of Beau Nash; had there been no Charles II. we should have heard nothing of the elaborate fineness of such men as Rochester, Sedley, and Feilding.

The Court, after the Restoration, was a veritable hot-

house in which Beaux attained to their highest development, and yet it must be borne in mind that that development was, by the very nature of the Court itself, but a coarse, sensual excellence, which expressed itself in an extravagance of colour and adornment, and an extravagance of thought and habit which was manifested in extravagant action.

The Beaux of the Regency were in some cases no less immoral, no less coarse and foolish than those of the earlier time, yet superficially they showed a quieter elegance, and were slightly subdued by the weight of a disapproving King in the background. They were also the product of a staid social order and so were, on the whole, devoid of the talent and wit which came to the fore in Charles's time, as the result of the clash of ideas and forces, the reaction against Puritanism.

Though D'Orsay equalled Brummell in his love of appearance, he was not, in the first place, so assertive; and secondly, the Court of Queen Victoria offered no opportunities for the display of his particular qualities. Thus, if I may pervert Browning's well-known line, Brummell had the time, the place, and the circumstance all together, and he stands now, and perhaps for all history, as the most perfect example of a Beau that ever lived.

But as has been said, there are many others who deserve notice besides these three best known of the Beaux. Before Nash made his entry into Bath, again in the interval before Brummell captured the Prince of Wales, also in that period which divided Brummell's departure for Calais in 1816, from the rise of D'Orsay in "smart society," there were a number of smaller men renowned for their dress, their wit, and their idleness. From the date when the gorgeous James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, went on a splendid embassy with a message to the French king, down to the

middle of the twentieth century, we have had Dandies, who by their pranks, their misdeeds, and saving qualities, have run a gaudy pattern into the fringe of history.

In my experience, to speak of Beaux and Dandies is to raise a certain amused, half-tolerant scorn of the subject. A Beau is looked upon much in the same light as the tailor in the nursery rhyme—as only part of a man, and this puts me, as it were, upon the defensive. For I am in no mind to apologise for my subject; amusement is as necessary to our health as high thinking, and if I offer frivolity for your consideration rather than saintly virtue, I am not the less offering a good thing. A person who can appreciate wit and laugh at humour is as healthy as he who says long prayers and strives after good actions; and on the score of wit and humour the Beaux are well worthy of attention. As wit is born in a man and cannot be educated into him, some of the Dandies were greater in this respect than those they followed. Nash was spontaneously witty sometimes, but sometimes, especially in old age, he mistook rudeness for wit. D'Orsay showed a great sense of humour, and Brummell's tongue, if not the sharpest of his day, was certainly one of the readiest. Lord Alvanley, who in some ways succeeded the last named in the favour of the Prince Regent, is more often quoted for his wit than for his dress, and the remembered *mots* of Selwyn would fill pages.

It is unfortunate that of those Wits and Beaux of the Stuart period so few creditable sayings remain. There were Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, Etherege, Sedley, Killigrew, Rochester, and later, Congreve, whose wit is now to be found only in their published plays, and when found it is to us not keenly pointed, for we know little of the topics of their day. One writer talks of Congreve "as a horrible nightmare, and may the fates

forbid that I should go through his plays again !” “My recollection of his plays is like that of a vile nightmare, which I would not for anything have return to me !” That is putting the case extravagantly, for we look no more for delicate sentiment and fine distinctions in morals among men suffering from a violent reaction against aggressive repression and vandalism, than we expect lilies to bloom on a recently burnt hill-side.

On the other hand, there were a number of Dandies who did not profess wit, whose lives were made up of very small things indeed, and these Addison immortalised by sarcasm in one of his *Spectator* essays with which this chapter may fittingly conclude :

“A head no hellebore can reach,” is the introductory line to this amusing account of the dissection in a dream of a Beau’s head.

“An imaginary operator opened the first (a Beau’s head) with a great deal of nicety, which upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man ; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the Gods is not real blood, but only something like it ; so we found that the brain of the Beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

“The pineal-gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been

any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

“ We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible *billets-doux*, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

“ There was a large cavity on each side the head which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations ; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spungy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English nonsense.

“ The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and what very much surprised us, had not in them

any single blood vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses ; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

“ The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man’s cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

“ We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the muscali amatorii, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use ; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

“ I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which seem to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years ; during which time he ate and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly ; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a

paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

“When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.”

CHAPTER II

LADY TOWN. He's very fine.

EMIL. Extreme proper.

SIR FOP. A slight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival, not worthy your consideration, ladies.

DOR. The pantaloons is very well mounted.

SIR FOP. The tassels are new and pretty.

MED. I never saw a coat better cut.

SIR FOP. It makes me show long-waisted, and, I think, slender.

DOR. That's the shape our ladies dote on.

MED. Your breech, though, is a handful too high in my eye, Sir Fopling.

SIR FOP. Peace, Medley : I have wished it lower a thousand times, but a pox on't, 'twill not be.

LADY TOWN. His gloves are well fringed, large and graceful.

SIR FOP. I was always eminent for being *bien-ganté*!

EMIL. He wears nothing but what are originals of the most famous hands in Paris.

SIR FOP. You are in the right, madam.

LADY TOWN. The suit?

SIR FOP. Barroy.¹

EMIL. The garniture?

SIR FOP. Le Gras.

MED. The shoes?

SIR FOP. Piccat.

DOR. The periwig?

SIR FOP. Chedreux.

LADY TOWN AND EMIL. The gloves?

SIR FOP. Orangerie : you know the smell, ladies. Dorimont, I could find it in my heart for an amusement to have a gallantry with some of our English ladies.

DOR. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the reputation of your wit than a duel will be to satisfy the town of your courage.

ETHEREGE, *The Man of Mode*.

I DO not find the word Beau, to designate a man of fashion, used before the time of Charles II., and it is very probable that he brought it home with him when he returned from his exile. There were of course many men who filled the character before that; the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Surrey, and Sir Walter Raleigh, to name but

¹ Probably Barri. The "drap du Barri" became very fashionable.

three, all of whom were keen on dress. Is there not an anecdote about Leicester which shows the great Bess, "herself helping to put on his robes, he sitting on his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour; but as for the queen she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to tickle him, smilingly, the French ambassador and I [Sir James Melville] standing beside her!"

The Earl of Surrey was wit, poet, soldier, and dandy; he loved silks and velvets, gold embroidery, ribbons and pearls; but he was not a fop in the general acceptation of the word, and his position as poet would alone mark him off from those whose only claim to fame is that they are Beaux.

We all know the story, true or otherwise, of the courtier Raleigh laying his gorgeous cloak upon the ground for his sovereign to step upon. And there is that other picture of him as a man of middle life, a giant in size, with curling beard and hair and bronze-tinted skin, dressed "in scarf and band of the richest colour and costliest stuff, in cap and plume worth a ransom, in jacket powdered with gems; his whole attire, from cap to shoe-strings, blazing with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Thus he walked daily on the terrace at the top of the wall of the Tower, and crowds came to the outer court to see him."

There was one man who was better deserving the name of Beau at the time of James I. than many who assumed it later, and this was James Hay, the Earl of Carlisle. Educated in France, he belonged to the Scottish Guard maintained by the French monarch, and came over to England intent on winning position and wealth from King James. He showed no great talent or capacity; indeed, if we except his lack of wit, he was a Beau pure and simple, depending for his success upon his dress, his

magnificence, and his manners. He possessed a natural elegance, taste, and sweetness of disposition, which made him attractive not only to the eyes but to the minds of those with whom he came in contact, and he also possessed a tact which was more valuable than genius. It is said that no one has ever surpassed the Earl in the splendour of his entertainments and the costliness of his dress. In 1616, when he was sent to France to congratulate the King upon his marriage with the Infanta of Spain, the whole of Paris turned out to see him enter the city, his magnificence was so great, one illustration of this being that the horse he rode was lightly shod with silver shoes, and that it, "prancing and curvetting in humble reverence, flung his shoes away, which the greedy bystanders scrambled for"; and the Earl was content to be gazed on and admired till the farrier, or rather the *argentier*, in one of his rich liveries, came from among his train of footmen, and, taking other shoes out of a tawny velvet bag, put them on—to last until the Earl came to the next troop of grandees; and thus he reached the Louvre.

"One of the meanest of his suits was so fine as to look like romance," says Arthur Wilson, who describes it as made of white beaver embroidered all over in gold and silver. As for his hospitality, it was as fantastic as that of Heliogabalus, and, I should imagine, scarcely less murderous. For we read of a pie devoured by one man the making of which had cost £10, it being composed of ambergrease, magisterial of pearl, musk, and other strange but costly ingredients. It is not to be wondered at that the consumer was sick all the night afterwards. Of one of his marvellous banquets it is told that it had to be postponed until dishes were made large enough to hold the immense fishes—probably sturgeon—"which had

been brought out of Muscovy," and we have a hint that the fish were not quite so fresh as they might have been. In his last illness in 1636, he had "divers brave clothes" made "to outface naked and despicable death withal."

But the history of the Beaux begins in truth with the Restoration, for after coming into his own again Charles drew around him men as light and reckless as himself. Some had travelled with him in his wanderings, sharing his good and evil fortunes; others came to his side drawn by the hope that estates, offices, and wealth might be theirs; others, again, were the satellites of these as these were satellites of the King. These young men lived in an age when velvets, silks, ribbons, and jewels belonged as much to them as to the women, and they would voluntarily have lived for ever in obscurity wanting their fine clothes. "Clothes, from the King's mantle downward, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want." Indeed these men would have sold their last acre and their only roof rather than be behind the fashion in their dress, and many of them most certainly sold more than that, for they sold the happiness of their families and the stability of their tradesmen.

In such a court as that of Charles, wit as well as clothes was an essential. To laugh and to make others laugh was a necessary part of the day's routine, so those who had wit used it, those who had not cultivated it in any way that occurred to them—studied, borrowed, or stole it. Thus it is that many of the Beaux were Wits who wrote dramas for those theatres which quickly sprang up with Charles's return, and many of the Wits became Beaux because their talents carried them into the company of such. So we have such a list of names, showing a mixture of many stations, as Killigrew, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Sir George or "Beau" Hewitt,

Lord Dorset, De Grammont, Sir Charles Sedley, the Earl of Rochester, Beau Wilson, Beau Feilding, and William Congreve.

Of these the title "Beau" is definitely attached only to three, and naturally enough of these we have least knowledge, for, being Beaux in the most real sense of the word, no one troubled to write about them or make any record of their deeds. They took naturally to finery, and lived for appearance; they were neither poets, statesmen, courtiers, useful members of society, nor even great knaves, so they had their day and disappeared. Of Feilding we know much more than of Hewitt and Wilson. *The Tatler* devoted two essays to him; and one of his many excursions into matrimony was made with a connection of Swift's, while another caused a lawsuit.

Beau Hewitt was an Irish Viscount, from whom Sir Fopling Flutter was drawn by "gentle George," though Etherege's contemporaries declared that Flutter was Etherege himself. Hewitt has the credit of having been the first to replace an emphatic "damn me" by a languid "dammee," which a century later became "demme." He is mentioned by Dryden:

So strut, look big, shake pantaloon, and swear,
With Hewitt, "Damme, there's no action here."

Beau Wilson was a mystery, even in his own day. He served in Flanders and was dismissed for cowardice, coming back to England with two guineas in his pocket. In a short time, however, he set up a large establishment, kept a perfect table, possessed horses and carriages, and dressed his part to perfection. He never told whence came his wealth, and was suspected of having stolen diamonds, of holding the philosopher's stone, and of many other strange methods of raising money. Fourteen years after his death

a letter was published in an appendix to the second edition of "Memoirs of the Court of England in the reign of Charles II.," which pretended to tell how Beau Wilson got his wealth. It was said that Elizabeth Villiers, mistress of William III., and later Countess of Orkney, made assignations with him, hiding her identity from him by arranging meetings to take place in darkness. This connection was terminated by his own curiosity, for while still a young man he was forced into a quarrel by a Scotchman, John Law, the financier, who is said to have run Wilson through before he could draw his sword. Law was sentenced to death for murder, but his punishment was commuted to a fine. The Wilson family again charged him with murder at the King's Bench, and this time he escaped by filing his prison bars. In the letter spoken of above the suggestion is, that Wilson became too inquisitive as to his fair visitor and benefactor, and so she arranged with John Law for his death, and managed Law's escape afterwards, giving him a large sum of money. Harrison Ainsworth has used these incidents in his "John Law, the Projector."

There is yet another Beau of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century of whom practically nothing is known except that he belonged to the Edgworth family, ancestor perhaps of the thriftless father of Maria Edgworth. Steele, who was probably his friend, wrote of him in *The Tatler*: "There is a very handsome, well-shaped youth, that frequents the coffee houses about Charing Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels at his heart." He died in Dublin, insane.

Of those possessing talents or ability as well as a love of dress, the man who seems almost to be the initiator of the careless, reckless company of Beaux is Thomas Killigrew. He was born in 1611, remained attached to

little doubt that, though the dramatist may have had lax ideas upon the relative values of loyalty and money, he nevertheless not only stuck to his master, but did his best to rouse that master's dwindling sense of kingly responsibility. He kept an exiled Court cheerful, and made a brilliant Court sparkle with extra lustre. He never fell seriously out of favour with Charles, upon whom he occasionally pressed advice in so clever a way that he raised a laugh where the plodding statesman only got frowning resistance. Pepys declares that Killigrew had a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, and was privileged to jeer even at the greatest without offence. But it is more than likely that his post as Master of the Revels, conferred in 1673, gave rise to this idea. Pepys again calls him "a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King." He certainly wore no uniform and received no salary as Jester, and this adds weight to the contention that he was the link between the recognised buffoon and the dandy friend of princes and kings whose acceptability depended upon his wit and his knowledge of or feeling for dress.

There were times when it seemed impossible to make the King do so much as sign his name, or give a single moment to the affairs of State, and on one such occasion Killigrew was heard to say to Charles :

"There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if Your Majesty would employ and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended ; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment ; but if you would give him this work, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it."

Charles was so engrossed with his mistresses and his



GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

amusements that at last he refused to attend the Councils altogether ; and there was one important occasion when the Duke of Lauderdale went impetuously to endeavour to prevail upon the King to appear. It was of no use, and as the Duke, in anger, left the King, he met Killigrew in the corridor, and was glad to say openly what he thought of his sovereign's manners. Killigrew wagered him a hundred pounds that the King would be in the Council chamber in less than half an hour. Swayed by two emotions, the desire to win the wager and anger that a man like Killigrew should presume to succeed where he had failed, the Duke accepted the wager and returned to his colleagues. Killigrew went to Charles and told what had happened, finishing with :

"Now, as your Majesty hates Lauderdale, here is your opportunity of getting rid of him for a long while. You have only to go this once to the Council. Rather than pay the hundred pounds I know this covetous Duke would hang himself in spite, and never plague you again."

"Well, then, Killigrew, I *positively* will go," said the King, laughing.

He went, and the wager was won, but whether it was ever paid is not recorded. There is yet another story which shows the fantastic way in which Killigrew tried to get Charles to do his duty. He came into the King's chamber dressed like a pilgrim, saying that he was going a long journey. When Charles asked whither he was bound, he answered emphatically :

"To Hell! I am going to ask the Devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take care of the affairs of England, for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business."

It was often said that Lady Castlemaine forced the

King's respectful attention by the sharpness of her tongue, and once, when Charles unluckily likened the Duke of York to Tom Otter, a hen-pecked husband in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Killigrew answered :

"Pray, sir, which is the better for a man to be, Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?"

He is also credited with a sharp retort to Louis XIV., which must have made that monarch wince. The French King in Paris was showing Killigrew a picture of the Crucifixion hanging between portraits of the Pope and himself, which drew forth the musing remark :

"Though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, I never knew till now who they were."

From all that has been written of him it is more than probable that, like a true Wit, he said much better things than he wrote, and Denham, the poet and jealous husband, recorded this in the couplet :

Had Cowley ne'er spoke, and Killigrew ne'er writ,
Combined in one they'd make a matchless wit.

Such a man was sure to make enemies, for when immorality, vanity, and wit are joined in one person there are plenty of opportunities for others not only to feel affronted but to endeavour to avenge themselves. De Grammont tells us that Killigrew, "having nothing better to do, fell in love with Lady Shrewsbury," and she "having no engagement at that time, their *amour* was soon established." With this Killigrew was well content until he found that the affair was regarded with indifference by his friends. He had expected astonishment, congratulations, envy, and he found that he had made no stir at all. So to impress his good fortune upon his associates he, when in wine, boasted of the lady's beauty to such an

extent that at last he fired a languid rival in the fickle George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Villiers was so much more attractive than Killigrew that it needed little effort on his part to win the light lady's favour, and "Killigrew, who could not be satisfied without rivals, was obliged, in the end, to be satisfied without a mistress." It could scarcely be called satisfaction, however, for he became loudly, outrageously abusive, not so much of Buckingham as of Lady Shrewsbury. He talked of her even more than before, but now it was to decry every beauty he had extolled. A quiet warning had no effect upon him, and so one night, when he was returning from a party at the Duke of York's house, a sword was passed swiftly and quietly three times through the sedan chair in which he was being carried, one lunge taking the weapon through his arm. The would-be assassins thought their work done, and went away as quietly as the sword was withdrawn, and Killigrew at last learned from this incident—this very pointed hint—the value of silence, for he sought no redress and never again talked of Lady Shrewsbury.

On another occasion he so angered Rochester that, though they were in the company of the King, the Earl gave him a hearty box on the ears; and Charles so far approved of the punishment that he took Rochester's arm and strolled away, leaving Killigrew to pocket the affront as best he might. Yet another and even more painful incident was that when Buckingham publicly thrashed the playwright in his own playhouse.

Killigrew wrote eleven plays, of which *The Parson's Wedding* was the most popular. It was the first play in which the women's parts were acted by women, for up to that time no English woman had acted publicly, though there seems to have been an instance of French actresses

performing at the Black Friars play-house, and b
 lined off the stage by the shocked spectators.

One of the most versatile of all the Beaux of
 Stuart period was George Villiers, second Duke
 Buckingham (1619-1688), beau, politician, soldier, chem
 icalist, wit, actor, and dramatist; a man of wonder
 ful gifts, which were rendered inept by his want
 of concentration.

A man is wiser than he seemed to be
 Not man, but all mankind's epitome:
 Still in opinion, always in the wrong,
 We everything by starts and nothing long;
 Not in the course of one revolving moon
 We change our fiddle, stavesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 That useless, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
 So over violent or over civil
 That every man with him was God or Devil.

Thus, in his satire of "Absalom and Achitophel,"
 Dryden's pen-portrait of Buckingham.

In appearance and carriage Buckingham seems
 have been unparalleled. Sir John Reresby spoke of h
 as "the finest gentleman of person and wit, I think I e
 saw." Louis XIV. said of him, "that he was the o
 English gentleman he had ever seen"; Bishop Bur
 even, alludes to his "noble presence" and "the liveli
 of his wit," while Dean Lockyer remarked of him
 Pope: "He was reckoned the most accomplished ma
 the age in riding, dancing, and fencing. When he c
 into the presence chamber, it was impossible for you
 to follow him with your eye as he went along, he mo

fully." His beauty was hereditary, his face long and thin, with sleepy eyes, "over which large arched eyebrows seemed to contract a brow on which the curls of a wig hung low." With a long, flexible nose, and compressed lips, the upper one adorned with the fashionable moustache, which looked more like strips of plaster than hair, he was regarded as the ideal type in the then admired style of beauty. He was tall and every movement graceful. His dress was always rich; indeed, he has been described as "a diamond on the very fold of the cambric band round his throat, which was finished with long ends of the richest, closest lace that was ever stolen from a foreign nunnery." His manners were both courteous and affable; he was distinguished for gallantry and magnificence; his wit never failed, but when it descended into buffoonery; in fact, like the rival of later fame, he could never restrain his tongue for repartee. One evening at the theatre in a play by a Frenchman, the actress pronounced this line in a pathetic

My wound is great because it is so small.

Upon Buckingham rose suddenly in his box and spoke loudly:

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.

The actor and actress! the crowd laughed and hissed, and the play had for a time to be abandoned.

Buckingham once gave the King an amusing description of Ipswich, that town having been mentioned in conversation: "Ipswich is a town without inhabitants; it has without water, streets without names, and a place where asses wear boots." Ipswich was then a country town, so that in the daytime most of the

inhabitants were working in the fields, and the lockless river sometimes ran almost dry. I have seen it stated that the streets were numbered, not named, and George Villiers had once been in Ipswich when Lord Hereford's bowling green was being rolled by asses who wore pads over their hoofs when drawing the roller.

Buckingham and his younger brother Francis fought for Charles I. at Lichfield, but being under age they were both put in the care of the Earl of Northumberland and sent to travel on the Continent, where their princely splendour made them famous. They returned to England and joined the army again on the King's imprisonment, Francis being killed in a skirmish near Kingston in Surrey, in a lane that still bears his name.

George Villiers fought at Worcester and thence escaped only with his life. For a time he remained in England, his recklessness and his bravery alike prompting him to go to London, that he might learn all the news. For this purpose he disguised himself in various ways. At one time he wore what he called a "Jack Pudding coat," with a little pointed hat, which had a fox's tail and some peacocks' feathers stuck in it. Sometimes he covered his face with flour, sometimes with a mask; and thus disguised he erected a stage at Charing Cross, encouraged puppet showmen and street musicians to set up alongside of him, and then by means of singing ballads drew money into his pockets and a certain fame about his personality. The Cromwellians rode past him every day; he talked with one and another, under cover of selling plasters and drugs, and learned secrets which otherwise would never have been whispered in his ears. Crowds came daily to see him, yet he seems not to have been suspected by his enemies. One day he had news that his sister the Duchess of Richmond, who was on her way

to be kept under strict surveillance at Whitehall, would be passing; and when her coach appeared he cried to the crowd that he would give them a song on the Duchess of Richmond and the Duke of Buckingham, upon which the coach was stopped and the fair lady made to sit in the boot to listen. Having finished he said he must present the Duchess with a copy of his songs, and as he came close removed a black patch from his eye, thus allowing her to recognise him. She, with great restraint, rated him soundly for his impertinence, and returned to her coach, catching eagerly at the packet of papers and letters which he threw in after her.

It is said that Bridget Cromwell, the bride of Ireton, became fascinated by the graceful appearance of the daring mountebank, whom she could see from her window, and sent for him to come and speak with her. He did not go till the evening, and then he wore a rich suit hidden beneath a long cloak. He said, in speaking of the interview, that Madam Ireton made advances to him, and in order to evade her he pretended to be a Jew, which so amazed the lady that she sent for a Jewish rabbi to meet him on another visit. Buckingham was horrified at seeing the learned man waiting to discuss serious matters of religion with him, and by some excuse managed to depart, believing it to be expedient that he should leave, not only the lady's house, but London itself, as he had already learned various secrets from Madam Ireton. Shortly after he was in Antwerp, living upon the proceeds of the sale of some of his pictures.

Cromwell gave York House to Fairfax, and Villiers, as soon as he heard of this, determined to return to England and marry Mary Fairfax, then a girl of eighteen. She was engaged to Lord Chesterfield, the banns having already been called twice at St. Martin's, Westminster.

However, the young Duke was irresistible, and he had his way, being married in 1657 at Bolton Percy in Yorkshire. Cromwell ordered his arrest on the ground that the marriage was a popish plot, but on the intervention of Fairfax he was allowed to reside at York House on parole, Fairfax returning him of his property enough to bring in £4,000 a year. The parole proved too great a strain on the light nature of the young man; he went over to Cobham to see his sister, and was sent to the Tower, where, in spite of all that Fairfax could do, he remained for nearly a year, when Cromwell died and Fairfax offered to be his security in £20,000 to Parliament.

At the Restoration Buckingham became "the brightest ornament of Whitehall"; Charles showed him every favour and admitted him to the Privy Council, but he was always in trouble, was imprisoned more than once, and schemed constantly to gain power which he was incapable of using. The trouble was of his own making, for he followed his desires no matter where they led him, and allowed no one's rights to stand in his way. He wielded a fitful yet strong influence in the Cabal, and was alternately in and out of favour with the King. He turned the Shrewsbury-Killigrew comedy into a tragedy, for so openly did he pay court to Lady Shrewsbury that her husband challenged him. It was gossip at the time that the Countess was present at the duel, being dressed as a page and holding her lover's horse. Lord Shrewsbury was killed, and Villiers and his mistress went home together, their scandalous action raising some comment even in those exceedingly easy-going times.

Butler says of him "that he had studied *the whole body of vice*. . . . He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loopholes back-

ward, by turning day into night, and night into day.” Clarendon also speaks of his “life by night more than by day, in all the liberties that nature could desire and wit invent.” That he was a man of great talent could not be denied. Pepys writes of seeing his play *The Chances*, acted at Whitehall, adding: “A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it . . . the whole play pleases me well.” His influence in Parliament was great, and the pleasantness of his humour and conversation, the extravagance and keenness of his wit, caused people not only to like his company but to believe that when age had worn off his vanity and light tendencies he would be of great use to his country. He took an interest in the question of freedom of religion, advocating in the House of Lords toleration to Dissenters; and writing “A Short Discourse on the Reasonableness of Men having a Religion; or, Worship of God.”

When, because of his debts and losses, he was forced to take to a country life, Etherege remarked: “I have heard the news with no less astonishment than if I had been told that the Pope had begun to wear a periwig, and had turned beau in the seventy-fourth year of his age!”

Pope's striking picture of his death—

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The walls of plaster and the floor of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,

is greatly exaggerated. Buckingham died at Helmsley in Yorkshire in a house which was once the best in the place, named Kirby Moorside, though not then in a flourishing condition. Here, in 1687, after joining “heartily in the beautiful prayers for the dying in our Church,” this Wit and Beau breathed his last, refusing with his usual selfishness to make a will.

CHAPTER III

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musinge in my mynd, what rayment I shall were,
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
Now I will were I cannot tell what.

ANDREW BORDE, *Introduction to Knowledge*.

THERE is a certain sameness about the lives of the Carolinian Dandies ; they all dressed with the utmost extravagance, played cards, thought intrigue more obligatory than marriage, wrote verses, and generally died in unhappy circumstances. Several repented before death, while Sedley and Dorset turned from their wicked ways "in time to live a period of respectability."

While fathers are severe, and servants cheat,
Sedley and easy Etherege will be great,

says Evelyn in his imitation of Ovid's *Elegies* ; and again we find their names connected in

Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's muse,
Warm the coy maid, and melting love infuse.

Sir Charles Sedley and George Etherege were not only friends, they shared the same qualities and tendencies, even the same intellectual leanings ; both wrote plays and verses, the former showing what has been described as "poisonous and insinuating mellifluence," rich "in that more dangerous art, which, while it offends not the taste, insensibly kindles the imagination." The

Duke of Buckingham called it "Sedley's witchcraft," and Lord Rochester wrote of it :

Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can, with a resistless charm, impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart.

The King delighted in this handsome, witty addition to his circle, saying that "Nature had given him [Sedley] a patent to be Apollo's viceroy." Dryden dedicated his "Assignation" to him ; and Shadwell said of him : "I have heard him *speak* more wit at a supper, than all his adversaries could have *written* in a year."

When Sedley's third play, *Bellamira, or The Mistress*, was produced at the King's House in 1687, the roof of the theatre fell in during a performance, Sedley himself having the narrowest escape from destruction. Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, one of King Charles's boon companions, told Sedley that there was so much fire in the piece that it blew up the poet, house, audience, and all.

"No," replied Sedley ; "it was so heavy that it broke the house down, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

As a young man Sedley was a profligate and a scamp. At the age of twenty-four he was charged with Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Lord Dorset, and Sir Thomas Ogle, with debauchery at the Rose Tavern in Bow Street in 1663, the offence consisting, says Luttrell, in standing in birthday garb upon a balcony, and haranguing a mob in blasphemous words. The crowd, whose sensibility Sedley had underrated, tried to break open the doors, and in the riot which followed the three young idiots nearly lost their lives. They were tried before Lord Chief Justice Foster—others say Sir Robert Hyde and the whole Bench—the judge telling Sedley that it was for him, and such wicked wretches as he, that God's anger and

judgment hung over England. He also inquired of Sedley if he had read "The Compleat Gentleman," to which the impudent answer was given, "I believe I have read more books than your lordship." Sedley is said to have been fined £500 for this outrage, though Pepys says he was only bound over in £5,000. The story also goes that Killigrew was commissioned to get the King to intercede in reducing the fine, but that, instead, he borrowed the money from the King and kept it for himself and a lordly friend.

In 1668 Sedley and Buckhurst indulged in another "frolic and debauchery," for Pepys tells us how they were "running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next Sessions; which is a horrid shame."

Buckhurst, Lord Dorset, was a great favourite with the King; gay, high-bred, courteous, convivial, and lax, just the companion that Charles loved. Of him Rochester said: "I know not how it is, but my Lord Dorset can do anything, and is never to blame." Dorset was reckless and profligate, but he was not so selfish as most of his kind; he could befriend the unhappy, liked to hear others praised, was both loveable and accomplished, and was, furthermore, a poet and a wit. When Sedley was fined his £500 Dorset had already been in Newgate on a charge of highway robbery and murder, having been found guilty, however, only of manslaughter, the excuse of himself and his associates being that they believed the man they attacked was a highway robber and the money in his pocket had been stolen. When brought before Sir Robert Hyde, the judge recognised the name

and the late case, and, turning to the young man, inquired whether he had so soon forgotten his deliverance, and whether he would not have been better occupied at prayer, begging God's forgiveness, than taking part in such wicked courses again."

Dorset was the author of the song,

To all you Ladies now on land
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write :
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you.

This is said to have been written at sea, the night before an engagement, which is more definitely given as the battle fought on June 3rd between the English, under the Duke of York, and the Dutch, under Opdam ; but Pepys, having read the ballad six months earlier, mentions the probability that Lord Dorset retouched it and altered the fourth verse just before that engagement.

Dorset was a great patron of literature, and drew around him many brilliant men at Knole, his seat near Sevenoaks. Once, when Dryden was there, it was agreed that each person present should write an impromptu, and Dryden should decide which was the best. Dorset quickly wrote two lines and threw them over to Dryden, and when all were written he was awarded the prize unanimously, for his paper ran, "I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, £500 on demand.—DORSET."

Horace Walpole said of Dorset that "he was the first gentleman in the voluptuous Court of Charles II., and in the gloomy one of King William ;" and Pope called him "the grace of courts, the muses' pride."

Certainly no trick is told of him quite so cowardly as that practised upon Kynaston, the actor, by Sedley.

Kynaston was so elegant that ladies competed for the pleasure of driving him, dressed in his theatrical costume, in the park. He was said to resemble Sedley in face, and to have burlesqued him in a play called *The Heiress*. This so enraged the Beau, that he employed a ruffian to address Kynaston in St. James's Park as Sir Charles Sedley, and give him a good beating as such. Thus he got his revenge and yet saved himself from being charged with the assault. When his friends expressed their opinion on this episode, Sir Charles said they should pity him, not Kynaston; for while the latter only got sore bones, he himself lost his reputation, for all the town believed he had suffered the public disgrace of a thrashing. Poor Kynaston! Pepys says of this episode, that he went to see *The Heiress*, at the King's playhouse; "but when we come thither, we find no play there; Kynaston, that did act a part therein, in abuse to Sir Charles Sedley, being last night exceedingly beaten with sticks, by two or three that saluted him, so as he is mightily bruised, and forced to keep his bed." Pepys evidently had no high opinion of Sir Charles, for in 1667 he writes: "This Lord Vaughan . . . is one of the lewdest fellows of the age, worse than Sir Charles Sedley."

Sedley and Dorset were often the companions of the King in his drinking bouts, and Dorset is reported to have taken Nell Gwyn from the stage in 1667. Pepys, visiting Epsom, says: "I hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them, and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her!" In a short time Buckhurst—or Dorset—had deserted the actress, and a few months later the King was attracted by her.

Both Sedley and Lord Dorset reformed their lives when they came to middle age. Sedley's daughter

Catherine became the mistress of King James II., being made Countess of Dorchester, which, in spite of the royal favours bestowed upon him, shocked Sedley so much that he eagerly did all he could to help on the Revolution. He was asked by some friend why he was so much opposed to the King who had put him under so many obligations, and replied: “I hate ingratitude; and as the King has made *my* daughter a Countess, I will endeavour to make *his* a Queen.”

In 1702 Captain Aylofffe published an edition of Sedley’s works, in which he spoke of Sedley as dead. There seems to be some doubt as to the actual date, but his death probably occurred the year before. Aylofffe says of him: “He was a man of the first class of wit and gallantry; his friendship was courted by everybody; and nobody went out of his company but pleased and improved: time added but little to nature, and he was everything that an English gentleman could be.”

We can only forgive Aylofffe for his estimate of an “English gentleman” by remembering that he was writing for Sedley’s contemporaries, under the influences which had helped to make Sedley what he was.

Lord Dorset, who is said to have written that song of “Lillibullero bullen-a-lah,” which my Uncle Toby was so given to whistling, retained his wit to the last; and Congreve said of him, when dying, “Faith, he stutters more wit than other people have in their best health.” He had long before relinquished his wild ways, and shown his good qualities as a patron of literature; but he was never in favour with James, and he encouraged the Revolution which brought the Prince of Orange to the throne. He died at Bath, in 1706.

Of Sir George Etherege—“Easy George,” as his friends called him—there is little to chronicle. With silk and

velvet, ribbons and laces, hat and plume, he was a very dandy, regarded as the finest gentleman about the Court. His nickname was given because he was of an easy temperament, which made him also easy in virtue and easy in principle. From Rochester he got the title of "Gentle George." He wrote a successful comedy in 1664, which Pepys sneered at when in dissatisfied mood, but which won him the King's friendship. Seven years later he brought out *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, of which Dean Lockyer said: "Sir George Etherege was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he design'd Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture."

After years devoted to wine, women, and cards, Etherege married a rich widow, and we hear nothing more of him until his fortunes were on the wane and his creditors exacting, when he did as many of his kind did later—left the country for his own, and probably his country's good. Through the influence of the Duchess of York he got an appointment as Minister at Ratisbon, on which his friends—knowing the extravagances of his life—gave out that he was sent Ambassador to Rot-his-bones.

In writing to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Etherege gives an amusing account of the way in which he chided a widow for indulging in grief. He had made one good friend at Ratisbon, Monsieur Hoffman, a "frank, hearty, jolly companion," who was unfortunately drowned. The wife lamented so thoroughly that she became the talk, not only of the town, but of the country. She hung her chamber, ante-chamber, and inner room with black. "The very candles, her fans, and tea-table wore the livery of grief; she refused all manner of sustenance, and was so

averse to the thought of living, that she talked of nothing but death."

After a fortnight Etherege called upon her and found a grave Lutheran minister endeavouring to rouse her from this state of rebellion against Providence. Her answer was, "that Providence may even thank itself, for laying so insupportable a load upon me." The parson gave place to the man of the world, whose wit was greater than his piety.

Etherege began by condoling with the widow, not on her husband's death, but on the alteration in herself which grief had made, saying he had come to confer a benefit upon the public in inducing her to overcome her sorrow.

"I told her that grief ruins the finest faces sooner than anything whatever; and as envy itself could not deny her face to be the most charming in the universe, so, if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must expect soon to take a farewell of it. I confirmed this assertion by telling her of one of the finest women we ever had in England, who did herself more injury in a fortnight's time by lamenting only her brother's death, than ten years could possibly have done; that I had heard an eminent physician at Leyden say, that tears, having abundance of saline particles in them, not only spoiled the complexion, but hastened wrinkles. 'But, madam,' concluded I, 'why should I give myself the trouble to confirm this by foreign instances, and by the testimonies of our most knowing doctors, when alas! your own face so fully justifies the truth of what I have said to you.'"

The startled widow called for her mirror, and after a minute scrutiny, said that the Wit's words were true. "But what can I do? for something I owe to the memory of the dead, and something to the world which expects at least the common appearance of grief." Upon which

Etherege persuaded her that she could owe nothing to her husband, who was dead, and no tears, even if shed on his hearse, would do him any service ; and as for the world “you are under no obligation to spoil a good face. . . . No, madam, preserve your beauty, and then let the world say what it pleases, your ladyship may be revenged upon the world whenever you see fit.”

Madam Hoffman expressed herself as convinced, and took Etherege’s advice to allow herself to be served “with the most exquisite meat and the most generous wines,” only on condition that he would sup with her ; and at the “noble regale that evening in her bed-chamber,” she pushed the glass so strenuously about that the Dandy could hardly find the way to his couch. “To conclude this farce . . . this phœnix of her sex, this pattern of conjugal fidelity, two mornings ago was married to a smooth-chinned ensign of Count Trautmandorf’s regiment that had not a farthing in the world but his pay to depend upon.”

Etherege’s death, probably in 1693, was characteristic of the life he led. Having been entertaining his friends too well, he proceeded, with lights in his hands, to show his guests from his apartments, when he fell downstairs and broke his neck. A contemporary says that he was “a man of much courtesy and delicate address,” in person fair, slender, and genteel, with a handsome face ; his comeliness being spoiled in later life by intemperance and irregularity. Profligacy, sprightliness, and good humour marked his character.

He who was responsible for the lines—

Here lies my sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one—

was John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, the satirist, the wit, the beau, and the rake. He was born in 1648, and presented himself at the Court of Charles II. when about eighteen. He then possessed a tall and slender figure, a handsome and animated face, graceful manners, and modest demeanour. As to his features I will not describe them, for I find that an old writer gives them in almost the same words which he uses in describing George Villiers. In 1665 he served with great gallantry under Lord Sandwich when in quest of the Dutch East India fleet.

From 1665 to 1680 Rochester was a great man, both at Court and in the public eye. “An idle rogue,” says Pepys. “A very profane wit,” adds Evelyn; while Bishop Burnet speaks of him as “exactly well-bred, and what by a modest behaviour natural to him, what by a civility become almost as natural, his conversation was both easy and obliging.” He was made Gentleman of the Bed-chamber and Comptroller of Woodstock Park, but he grew too familiar, for he could never rule his tongue:

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor,

is one of his lines upon his King; and to the Duchess of Portsmouth he wrote:

Unthinking Charles, ruled by unthinking thee.

Whether such lines, worse sayings, or bad actions were the cause, he was several times banished from Court, and by way of diverting himself he followed in the path of the Duke of Buckingham, and set up as a mountebank. He wandered as a beggar about the streets, or as Alexander Bendo told fortunes, sold simples and love-philtres to chamber-women, waiting-maids, and shop-girls, as well as to gay Court damsels, who, hooded and masked, came to

learn their future, only to be duped by the doctor, who found out more of the intrigues of the Court than he told of love to the ladies.

Later, since he could not go to Whitehall, he established himself in the City. "His first design was only to be initiated into the mysteries of those fortunate and happy inhabitants; that is to say, by changing his name and dress, to gain admittance to their feasts and entertainments. . . . As he was able to adapt himself to all capacities and humours, he soon deeply insinuated himself into the esteem of the substantial wealthy aldermen, and into the affections of their more delicate, magnificent, and tender ladies; he made one in all their feasts, and at all their assemblies, and whilst in the company of the husbands he declaimed against the faults and mistakes of government, he joined their wives in railing against the profligacy of the Court ladies and in inveighing against the King's mistresses; he agreed with them, that the industrious poor were to pay for these cursed extravagances; that the City beauties were not inferior to those at the other end of the town . . . after which, to outdo their murmurings, he said, that he wondered Whitehall was not yet consumed by fire from heaven, since such rakes as Rochester, Killigrew, and Sedley were suffered there."

Having resolved to marry some one with money, he made love to Elizabeth Mallett, who had twenty-five hundred a year; but as she did not respond readily enough to his advances, he planned an abduction. When this young lady was returning home with her grandfather one night after supping at Whitehall with "La Belle Stewart," their coach was stopped at Charing Cross, the door was flung open and without ceremony Miss Mallett was dragged from her seat and taken to another carriage.

Her grandfather, Lord Haly, could do nothing, for a mob of men, on horseback and on foot, surrounded him. Elizabeth found two strange women in the coach, which was escorted at a furious speed by six horses out of London. There was little delay in the pursuit, and just on the London side of Uxbridge, Rochester was discovered alone, and waiting under the shelter of the hedge. He was escorted back to London, and Charles, who was willing enough to help him to his end in legitimate ways, was angry enough to send his friend to the Tower. However, the adventure did not disgust Elizabeth; she may even have been a little flattered by it, for in a short time she married Rochester; and though she had to endure all the neglects and infidelities that a licentious man could inflict, she seems ever to have been a loving wife.

Rochester posed as patron to the poets, first encouraging Dryden, then Settle, and Otway. When annoyed by a satire which he believed that Dryden had penned, he hired "Black Will with a cudgel" to give the laureate a beating in Rose Street, Covent Garden; but Lord Mulgrave was the real offender, he having described Rochester as

A cringing coward,
Mean in action, lewd in every limb.

Sometimes he has some humour, never wit;
And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
'Tis under such a nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade.

Some malicious sayings which were circulated about Lord Mulgrave were attributed to Rochester, so a challenge was sent. Rochester denied being the author of the offending *mot*, but accepted the challenge, and decided to fight on horseback. When he came upon the

field he was late, and accompanied as his second by a great life-guardsman whom no one knew. Then he said that he was afflicted with a complaint that made it impossible for him to fight ; thus in a moment vanished the reputation for bravery which he had won as a lad, his courage having been destroyed by the extravagance of his life.

Of him says Bishop Burnet : " He was unhappily made for drunkenness, for he had drunk all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards one after another ; so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered after the greatest drinking . . . an hour or so of sleep carried all off so entirely that no sign remained." For five out of his fifteen years of manhood Rochester said he had never been sober, and he blamed the town for it. " As soon as I get to Brentford (from the country), I feel the Devil enter into me, and he never leaves me until I leave London again." By the time he was thirty he began to show signs of old age, and during a bad illness he turned his thoughts to religion. For a whole winter Dr. Burnet gave at least one evening a week to him, discussing natural and revealed religion. When during the following year another illness fell upon him, he felt that it was the last ; whereupon he thought more and more upon God, and avowed that he had resolved to become a new man ; " to wash out the stains of his lewd courses with tears, and to weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations of his former doings. Yet, he said, if he might choose, he would rather die than live, for he feared that if he lived he might relapse."

There can be little doubt that his repentance was sincere, though how it would have stood another lease of life is a question. He was not thirty-three at his death.

Great as were Rochester's faults he has given us sweet, lilting songs such as none of his poet friends could

write—tender, pathetic, and simple—of which the following is an example :

My dear Mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me ;
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Mr. Edmund Gosse says of him : " He was the last of the Cavalier lyrists, and in some respects the best " ; but that his muse resembles nothing so much as a beautiful child which has wantonly rolled itself in the mud.

M. Taine saw in Rochester only a lawless and wretched mountebank, a licentious drunkard, a participator in all that is low and vile, in nothing that is good. But, in fact, he showed more capacity for goodness than many of the other Cavaliers ; and there is little doubt but that he and others were the products of their time—they were at the extreme of the swing of the pendulum. During the Commonwealth the Royalist boys were sent abroad to be educated, and there learned many habits which were unusual in England ; those who remained at home were kept under unnatural restrictions. Had the Puritans been less puritanic, the Court of Charles would have been less licentious. Beauty and song had been banished from the land, and like those who live in the slums, the Cavaliers, when once more free, became crude in their tastes and coarse in their habits. They loved bright colours as a coster-girl loves long feathers and glaring shades. Their recoil against an excess of religion made them blasphemous. In addition to this they had no occupation, no wars, no great events—nothing but play to fill their time.

And so they rioted in excess, not the least of their excesses being that of dress. Charles II. had brought the flowing wig to England, its thick curls straying over chest and back, and, with it, dainty combs for public use. When Cibber played Sir Fopling Flutter, his wig was so much admired that he had it carried to the foot-lights each evening in a sedan chair, from which it was handed to him that he might put it on his head. Wycherley, the dramatist, gave his name to sets of beautifully engraven tortoiseshell combs, with which the Beaux adjusted their curls while talking with the ladies, in much the same way as a man twirls his moustachios.

The ladies had accentuated the custom of wearing patches by bringing from France many strange designs, —“methinks the mourning coach and horses, all in black, and plying in their foreheads, stands ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron.” The Beau wore a broad-brimmed hat, surrounded with feathers, a falling collar of richest lace encircled his throat, his short cloak—carried or slung over his shoulders—as well as his doublet, was edged deep with wide gold lace. “Petticoat breeches” puffed beneath, ornamented with rows of ribbons above the knee, and deep lace ruffles below, while the shoes were tied with large bows of ribbon.



CHARLES, LORD BUCKHURST, EARL OF DORSET

CHAPTER IV

A wig that's full,
An empty skull,
A box of bergamot.
BAKER'S Comedy of *Hampstead Heath*.

THE man who was of, yet distinct from, the crowd of Beaux and Wits who surrounded Charles II., partly because he outlived them and partly because he had neither talent as playwright nor poet and no smart wit to make him remembered, is Beau Feilding. He was, in fact, nothing but a Beau, and therefore deserves his title more than the others.

Robert Feilding was born about 1651, and did not appear at Court until Charles had been King for nearly ten years. He belonged—as has been said earlier—to the Denbigh family. Being sent to London to study law, he soon became absorbed in the fashionable vices of the town, and thought no more about his profession.

“His person was uncommonly beautiful, and he studied every art of setting it off to the best advantage. He was as vain and expensive in his own dress as he was fantastical in the dresses of his footmen, who usually wore yellow liveries, with black sashes, and black feathers in their hats.”¹ Another writer says that these sashes were made from cast-off mourning bands. Young Mr. Feilding had no idea of hiding his beauties in a lawyer's office; he preferred spending his time in the streets and hang-

¹ Granger's "Biographical History of England." 1779.

ing about the Court, taking rooms in Scotland Yard, close to Whitehall. Ladies noticed his handsome face and fine proportions, and Charles himself—dubbing him “the handsome Feilding”—made him a Justice of the Peace. From that moment he became the vainest of fops; yet his self-appreciation only led to his being more appreciated by others, and to his firm establishment in the popular regard as a Beau.

Decked in his curled wig, his dainty ruffles, with sword at his side, Feilding paraded the Mall, the centre of all eyes, and ogling every woman who passed him. He is said to have carried a little comb always, with which to put right his wig, should the wind however slightly disarrange it. With the men he was a favourite, for he could drink with the best. He soon picked up the fashionable phrases in which the Beaux vented their feelings, and he had all the impertinence of youth. Of course his debts increased rapidly, and there were times when the belaced and gilded young man had to watch his opportunity for going safely through the streets. On one occasion the bailiffs, or the tailors, nearly caught him, but by the length and strength of his legs he reached St James's Palace first, and then found friends in the officers on guard, who made short work of the wishes of the worthy tradesmen.

At that time it was not always the men who bestowed money and the women who received it. Castlemaine took money from the King, which she passed on to other adorers; and as soon as Beau Feilding became friendly with some of the Court ladies, he found presents lavished upon him. A further source of supply was the gaming table. Indeed, he had two occupations which made serious inroads upon his time—one was the raising of money, and the other was the making love profitably.

He married, while still a young man, Mary, the only daughter and heiress of Barnham Swift, Lord Carlingford. Her fortune did not last him long, and the young wife did not long outlive her fortune. When he was about thirty-three Beau Feilding married a second time, his wife being Margaret, widow of Viscount Purbeck, and earlier, widow of Lord Muskerry. There is a curious note in Aubrey's "Lives" "showing that on July 19th, 1676, at about 6 p.m., my lord viscount, (Robert) Purbeck (*filius*) was hurt in the neck by Mr. Feilding in Fleet Street." Perhaps he had already been paying attention to the Viscount's wife.

He went over to Ireland with James, and the first record we have of his doing any work is when he sat in the Irish Parliament as Member for Gowran in 1689. Thence he went to Paris, and waited there some years for his pardon, returning to England in 1696. His wife Margaret died two years later, and for a time we hear nothing of the Beau; his were scarcely the qualities which would appeal to William III. Yet we find from *The Tatler* that in 1709 he was still parading his physical perfections, for Steele thus described him as Orlando the Fair in August of that year:

"His descent noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest; his shape the most exact; and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair sex; innocent virgins sighed for him as Adonis; experienced widows as

Hercules. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions without his superior merit, and pretences to the favours of that enchanting creature, woman. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chambermaid, nor distant baroness : woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio."

It was four years before this essay was written that the event of Beau Feilding's life happened—his third attempt at matrimony. The story is rich in humour, and should not be allowed to sink into the forgotten past. Early in the reign of Queen Anne he seems to have been regarded as a relic of the profligate days of the Restoration, as a person to look at, to wonder at, but not to respect. He was certainly in a bad way for money, and to mend this he hoped to find some widow or heiress who in exchange for his company and his still handsome figure would be willing to keep him in luxury. He had been "paying his addresses" to the Duchess of Cleveland, who was then sixty-three and a great-grandmother, but, at the same time, he thought it wise to be looking out for some one younger and more certain in her temperament and purse.

At last he heard of a Mrs. Deleau, who was a widow with a fortune of £60,000 a year. He had never met this lady, but he hoped to effect an introduction without too much difficulty. We are shown an absurd picture of the old Beau parading up and down before the gilded widow's country house in his finest garments, and bowing ceremoniously when she descended the steps ; afterwards entering a gorgeous carriage he kept waiting at the gates. This was however far too slow a method for Feilding, and he called upon a Mrs. Villars to help

him, promising her £500 if she could so work upon the lady's mind as to bring about a marriage. Now Mrs. Villars was hair-dresser to Mrs. Deleau, so there was perhaps some colour for the assertion she made that she could easily settle that matter. Besides, she was not particular as to the methods by which she secured so large a sum as £500.

One day she brought Mrs. Deleau to Feilding's rooms, and the gallant could not be impressive enough. He was more splendid in his dress than ever, and did all he could to prove his wealth, his position, and his fascination. He hoped, he thought, he had made way with the widow, and waited impatiently for the next meeting.

Then came Mrs. Villars with the news that she had so warmly pressed his suit that the widow had at last consented to come to the Beau's rooms, there to be married to him. The hour was fixed, and the ladies arrived on Lord Mayor's day at about nine o'clock. Feilding was not in at the moment, but entered immediately. Whether he loved the lady or her money, he at least knew all the arts of love, and throwing himself upon his knees he kissed her hands and uttered many soft expressions. Why had she been so long in coming? What could he do to prove his adoration? What could he do to please her? Did she love singing? By Heaven, then, she should hear the best singing in the world, and so he sent his valet, Boucher, to fetch the beautiful Margarita, the *prima donna* of her day, who came to the rooms in Pall Mall and sang several Italian songs. Thereupon Feilding asked her to sing "Ianthe the lovely," saying that he had the original of it, having translated it from the Greek.

The singing being over he sent for two pints of wine and some plum-cake and, according to his valet, a dish of

pickles. Boucher brought the things and set them on a table by the window, while Feilding went off in great haste in a hackney coach. Presently the Beau returned with a priest, and they all had supper, the man waiting upon them. Afterwards the priest asked for water, salt, and rosemary, with which to make holy water. Boucher brought the salt and water, but could get no rosemary, and then the door was locked and the anxious lover asked the lady whether the ceremony should be performed in the sitting-room or the bedroom. The latter room was chosen, and the priest, having made and blessed the holy water, set the lady by the Beau and read the marriage service in Latin. This did not please the widow; she could not understand it, she said, and she was not really sure that the man was a priest, to which Feilding answered with evident sincerity :

“Do you think, my dear, that I would allow any one to do this business but a holy father?”

When they came to the question, “Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?” the lady insisted that it should be asked in English. The priest complied, and Feilding answered it with an emphatic “Yes, with all my heart,” the widow answering the like question put to her with a faint “Yes” only.

“But,” said Feilding, “you must speak it so earnestly as I do; you must say, ‘With all my heart and soul!’” which she did. After the priest had blessed the ring Feilding put it on the lady’s finger, and then all, including Mrs. Villars, who was the witness, went into the dining-room to drink the wine, after which the priest was discharged. Mrs. Villars and the newly-made wife remained all night in the Beau’s rooms, and departed early in the morning in a hackney coach.

We may well imagine Feilding’s rage when he

discovered that the woman he had married was by no means Mrs. Deleau, but a certain Mrs. Mary Wadsworth, who somewhat resembled the widow. Whether Mrs. Villars got her £500 I do not know, but the Beau was so annoyed that less than three weeks later he married the old Duchess of Cleveland.

The Duchess, however, found she had anything but a good bargain in her husband; he took her money, used her horses, swore that he and only he was master in her house, and when she angered him, used a stick to point his sentences. The miserable wife learnt something of the Wadsworth marriage, and offered the deserted Mary £200 down, and a pension of £100 a year if she could prove that marriage. So Feilding was prosecuted for bigamy on December 4th, 1706, found guilty, and sentenced to be burnt in the hand. Influence was used to get this sentence modified, but the Duchess got her freedom, and Mary secured her husband.

Feilding was not only great in stature, but great in his estimation of himself, for Steele writes of him as, in his magnificent contempt for the *insects* which now appear as men, "riding in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the grandeur of his personage to the greater advantage. At other seasons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old, which showed itself in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur." The open tumbril was, in fact, a carriage shaped like a sea-shell, a strange vehicle which was affected by more than one of Charles's Beaux.

Of Feilding's third marriage, Thackeray gives a somewhat different account, investing it with an odd dignity which we hardly imagine was true to facts: "When Beau Feilding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting

the lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion at his lodgings to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they sent out for a fiddler—three of them. Fancy the three, in a great wainscotted room, in Covent Garden, or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and the honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint old minor keys, as the Beau takes out one lady after the other, and solemnly dances with her.”

Feilding's vanity brought him many troubles ; there is a story that he was caned at the theatre and afterwards stabbed a link-boy ; while Swift tells us that in a scuffle at a theatre he was wounded at the age of fifty, and showed his wounds that he might draw sympathetic tears from the eyes of the ladies ; he also passed some time in the Fleet Prison, and was fortunate in compounding with his creditors. From that time his wife, Mary Wadsworth, lived with him in Scotland Yard, where he died at the age of sixty-one, on May 12th, 1712. He was then possessed of property at Lutterworth, which he left to his wife, bequeathing in his will a shilling a-piece to his brother and his nephew, and £100 to Roman Catholic priests.

There were other Beaux of this period who, fine as they may have been, are scarcely worthy of more than passing mention. There was Henry Jermyn, Lord Dover, who did as the others did and dressed as the others dressed ; who was “ diminutive in person, his head large and his legs small ; his features were not disagreeable, but he was extremely affected in his carriage and behaviour. His wit consisted entirely in expressions learned by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or love.” So says Grammont ; and if we add to these insignificant accomplishments the fact that he was a “ frivolous coxcomb ” who regarded himself as

an irresistible Adonis, while being really a "young simpleton" who boasted that no woman, good or bad, could resist him, we have said enough.

Another unconscious aspirant for the honour of a posthumous reputation as Beau was the Count de Grammont, who came over to England in 1662, and remained at the Court of Charles for some years, occupied in making languishing love to "La Belle Hamilton"; yet when recalled to France by Louis XIII., he obeyed the call in such a hurry that he even forgot to say good-bye to his fiancée. Two of the lady's brothers rode after the gallant courtier and caught him up at Dover. They did not intend to quarrel unnecessarily, so they asked politely :

"Chevalier de Grammont, have you forgotten nothing in London?"

"Pardon, gentlemen," he answered, "I have forgotten to marry your sister." And he rode back with the brothers to do that which should have been accomplished years before.

William Congreve, who, born in 1672, can scarcely be regarded strictly as belonging to the period of the Stuarts, was a great Beau. Designed for the Temple, he wrote there his first novel, "Incognita ; or, Love and Duty Reconciled." He then tried his hand upon plays, *The Old Bachelor*, *The Double Dealer*, etc. ; but when his play, *The Way of the World*, was hissed, his vanity was so hurt that he determined to write no more, so from the time he was thirty he posed solely as a fine gentleman ; his handsome face, lively tastes, and witty tongue making him the centre of a circle which included Pope, Swift, Addison, and Steele. His very companionship with clever men kept his own reputation alive, and Voltaire, visiting England, desired to meet him. When the great

Frenchman called upon the lesser Englishman, he expected to find a congenial spirit and spoke in praise of Congreve's works. But Congreve denounced them as trifles, adding that he wished to be sought as a gentleman, not as an author, thus inciting the reply which he got: that had he been nothing more than a gentleman Voltaire would not have taken the trouble to call upon him; and so the visit ended. Congreve was eventually given the sinecure of Secretary to the Island of Jamaica, for which he drew £1,200 a year. He became devoted to Henrietta, the daughter of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who had as great a liking for him, so that when the poet died Lady Henrietta became his residuary legatee, receiving £10,000 under his will, and writing a flourishing epitaph upon his tomb.

It was in the beginning of the eighteenth century that the club came into existence as a social institution. There had been taverns, at which men met their friends, such as the "Mermaid," mention of which at once conjures up the names of Shakespeare, Jonson, and their fellows; and then came the coffee-houses, the oldest one of which the name is still known being the "Grecian," started by a man named Constantine, who advertised in *The Intelligencer* of January 1664-5, that "the right coffee-bery or chocolate might be bought of him, as cheap and as good as is anywhere to be had for the money." Wills' coffee-house started about the year 1667, and here Dryden had his special chair, being a frequent and expected guest. There was, later, "Button's," in Covent Garden, to which Addison, Steele, Pope, Congreve, and others of like spirit resorted.

The "Cocoa-Tree Tavern" in St. James's was the meeting-place for the Dandies and Wits of Queen Anne's time, it being a fashionable centre of resort in 1710.

Swift was often there ; and here, as at other coffee-houses or clubs at the time, play was high, for there is a memorandum that " a young Mr. Harvey of Chigwell " lost no less than £100,000 at hazard at the " Cocoa Tree."

The " Kit-Kat " was a Whig club, started by the Dukes of Marlborough, Devonshire, Grafton, Richmond, and Somerset, with something like forty members. Pope or Arbuthnot wrote of it :

Whence deathless Kit-kat took its name,
Few critics can unriddle ;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen or green wits ;
But from the pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old cats and young kits.

The " pastry-cook " was Christopher Kat, who was the club's first cook, and who made excellent pies, known, like the house, as Kit-Kat. " White's " and " St. James's " were also in existence before 1720.

Of the coffee-houses Baron Pollnitz, who visited England, wrote : "'Tis a sort of rule for the English to go once a day at least to houses of this kind [coffee-houses], where they talk of business and news. . . . The chocolate house in St. James's, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it. Here are dukes and other peers mixed with gentlemen ; and to be admitted there needs nothing more than to dress like a gentleman."

As a rule each who entered the coffee-house paid a penny for the privilege of sitting there and listening to the news, and a further twopence for a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER V

I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the natural and affected Rakes, the Pretty Fellows and the Very Pretty Fellows.
ADDISON, *The Tatler*.

FEILDING was truly the last of the wildly frivolous Beaux of the Restoration. Before he was fifty he was regarded as a curious relic of a past period, and so entirely did interest in him die out that his demise passed without notice, causing one writer to remark that no evidence was left of his death, and securing the following heartless epitaph from a contemporary :

If Feilding is dead
And rests under this stone,
Then he is not alive
You may bet two to one.
But if he's alive,
And does not lie there——
Let him live till he's hanged,
For which no man will care.

Before Feilding's death a change had taken place in the views of society. Men of learning and genius, far removed from those whose highest literary achievements were plays of so licentious and topical a nature that they can no longer afford amusement or pleasure to those who read them, began to give to the world articles and satires which not only could not fail to make an impression upon the reading public, but which indicated that the social whirl-pool of the Stuart time was gradually subsiding.

The Court of William of Holland in some ways did not differ so much from that of James, but the King himself had aims of a higher kind, and both insensibly and actively altered the lives of those who surrounded him, even though many were relics of the old *régime*.

The beau, the fop, the fool were still to be found, and received many new names from the pens of the satirists. They were divided into classes, according to their peculiarities. Thus Addison gave us in mockery the Coxcomb, the Pretty Fellow, the Very Pretty Fellow, the Smart Fellow, the Mettled Fellow, the Dapper, etc., which he applied to Dandies during the first twenty years of the eighteenth century; and there were so many different grades that Addison asks in *The Tatler* that there shall be some mark to distinguish one from the other, saying that he "shall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will set marks upon themselves, and by some particular in their dress show to what class they belong. It would be very obliging in such persons, who feel in themselves that they are not of sound understanding to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper; red-heeled shoes, and an hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart; a good *periwig* made into a twist, with a brisk cock, shall speak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper lip covered with snuff, denote a Coffee-house Statesman."

Steele published, also in *The Tatler*, a pretended letter from one who desired to be promoted to the rank of the foremost in club life, and yet who wished the exclusion of those "who sticking to the letter and not to the spirit, do assume the name of 'Pretty Fellows'; nay, and even get new names. . . . Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at White's and St. James's, by

the names of Betty, Nelly, and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate airs : they have their signs and tokens like freemasons. They rail at women-kind : receive visits in their beds in gowns, and do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this sort of animals."

Another thing which troubled this gentleman was that the crowds of volunteers who had gone to bully the French might return and set up as Pretty Fellows, "and impose on us some new alteration in our night-caps, wigs, and pockets," unless some new name could be found for them. Steele adds that this correspondent cannot be admitted as a "Pretty," but might be styled a "Smart Fellow." "I never saw the gentleman, but I know by his letter he hangs his cane to his button ; and by some lines of it he should wear red-heeled shoes ; which are essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of 'Smart Fellow.'" One who was "successfully loud among the wits," familiar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes, who found a town ready to receive him, and made every use of the favour extended, was said to be a true woman's man, and in the first degree a Very Pretty Fellow.

These gentlemen may have loved fine clothes, but there is evidence to show that they were far from loving cleanliness. In fact, it needed Brummell, a century later, to teach the value of water and brushes. An anonymous writer to the *Spectator* in 1714 hangs a homily upon his seeing in a stage coach a dirty Beau. He describes him as "dressed in a suit the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat ; his periwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it

seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712 ; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button ; and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water), put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered."

Steele, under the name of Simon Sleek in the *Guardian*, has a word to say upon the carelessness which went too often with finery in the days of Queen Anne :— " Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig ; let him who cannot say a witty thing keep his teeth white at least ; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand ; and he may arch his eyebrows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics." This letter is finished by offers of help in amending the fashions of the day : " I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good."

At this period the possession of wit was shown in many strange ways—in fact, the humour was about equal to the general appearance of the Pretty Fellows. Twenty years ago I remember a scandal arising in a small London club, which was of the sort known as mixed, by some foolish young man drinking champagne from an equally foolish girl's shoe. But this was quite respectable compared to the humorous antics of young men in the early decades of the eighteenth century. To some of these extremists in gallantry wine was tasteless until it was strained through a mistress's smock, and a pair of her shoes " tossed up in a fricassee " were a delicacy. Some showed their humour

by affirming that a tallow candle was as good as toasted cheese, and proved the assertion by eating one, while others, bearing in mind the crude follies of Sedley and Dorset, ran naked about town, "as it was then said, to divert the ladies. In short, that was the age of such kind of wit as is the most distant of all others from wisdom."¹

That there was, in spite of these absurdities, a new spirit abroad is however evident from many articles and letters to be found emanating from the essayists, one which raised comment being, the finding of a Pretty Fellow who also possessed courage. For Steele, in 1709, gave as a great piece of news, that he had received letters from Hampstead telling of the arrival of a coxcomb there who is of an utterly new kind. "The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent to me super-scribed him with this description out of Suckling :

'I am a man of war and might,
And know this much, that I can fight,
Whether I am in the wrong or right,
Devoutly.
No woman under heaven I fear ;
New oaths I can exactly swear ;
And forty healths my brain will bear
Most stoutly.'

From this crowd of nonentities one man only made a name for himself, and he would probably have been forgotten but that he did some valuable work, and was thought worthy of a biography by Oliver Goldsmith. That one was Beau Nash, who, born when the Merry Monarch's reign was but half completed, lived to see

† Oliver Goldsmith : "The Life of Richard Nash."

George III. seated upon the throne. He came from no high family, yet was not so humbly reared as those who scoff at the Beaux generally would like to prove. His father gained his income as partner in a glass-making factory in Swansea, and his mother came of a good fighting stock, being niece to that Colonel Poyer who, though a Presbyterian, became a Royalist, and refused to surrender Pembroke to the Parliament, being in consequence executed as an example to others.

Richard Nash was sent to the Carmarthen School, and thence to Jesus College, Oxford, with the intention that he should study law, but it seemed as though he, in common with many other lads, regarded youth as the time of dalliance. Being freed from the active supervision of the schoolmaster, believing himself to be a man, no matter what opinions on that point his elders might have, he began to look at the pretty girls about Oxford, and being unfortunately attracted by one who was his senior he paid court to her, arranged stolen meetings in the romantic way which appeals to boys and girls, and finally made the—to us nameless—lady an offer of marriage, which was accepted. Fortunately for him—and, from what we know of Nash, probably doubly so for the girl—the whole affair came to the knowledge of his tutors, who found the matter so serious that they sent him home with more good advice than he had gathered learning, and reported the cause of his return to his father.

Richard Nash must have been born a Beau, for the question of clothes directed his next attempt at opening the oyster of the world. He thought the Army would be the most picturesque background for his youthful figure, and that as a soldier he would have the chance of making the greatest impression upon susceptible girls. So his father purchased him a pair of colours, and Richard Nash

paraded in all his pride and glory. It was rather sad that the parades were not in public always, and that there were many duties demanding his attention, and yet more so that he never had sufficient money for his needs. He soon wearied of his life in the Army in spite of the fact that he dressed the part of a soldier "to the very end of his finances."

Dr. George Cheyne, who attained to the distinction of weighing thirty-two stone during a part of his residence at Bath, a "malady" which he cured with a vegetable and milk diet, used to affirm of Nash when his position at Bath was well secured, that he had never possessed a Christian name, and further, that he had never had a father. This saying the quizzing world seized upon with delight, and the Duchess of Marlborough once twitted Nash on the subject, adding, that if he had a father, like *Gil-Blas*, he was ashamed of him.

"No, madam," replied Nash with imperturbable good-humour, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

Richard's youth shows no proof of a lack of fatherly care and kindness, for when he withdrew from his attempt at being a pretty soldier, he was duly entered at the Temple. Whether he lived during this time upon an allowance from his father, or whether he had any little income of his own, there is no evidence to show, but as a student of law he certainly spent not only every penny he had, but a considerable amount in addition. There is little doubt that the young Nash was anything but a studious, plodding lad. He loved colour and excitement, he gave great attention to his clothes, and spent probably more upon his back than upon all the other needs of his life; so it has been the habit of those who have written upon

the "King of Bath," to indulge in sneers at his expense, as though he were the only young man who was not faithful to his profession, who made a fool of himself at college, or who spent more than he earned. Goldsmith, more reasonable, tells us:—"Though very poor he was very fine; he spread the little gold he had, in the most ostentatious manner, and though the gilding was but thin, he laid it on as far as it would go. They who know the town, cannot be unacquainted with such a character as I describe; one, who though he may have dined in private upon a banquet served cold from a cook's shop, shall dress at six for the side-box; one of those, whose wants are only known to their laundress and tradesmen, and their fine clothes to half the nobility; who spend more in chair hire, than housekeeping; and prefer a bow from a Lord, to a dinner from a commoner."

The Rev. Richard Warner of Bath, writing forty years after Nash's death, tells us the same story without the touch of genial tolerance which gives Goldsmith his charm. "He now became a town fine gentleman of the second rate; a sort of Will Honeycomb; dressing tawdrily; affecting public places; and dividing his time between play and the ladies. Sufficiently notorious in the confined sphere of private life."

While at the Temple Nash may have been more or less at a loose end, to use a modern phrase. He did not like work. This may be a reprehensible failing, but if so it is one shared with mankind as a whole. None of us like work, unless it is of such a character that it is more pleasant to us than play; and how large a percentage of us are in such happy circumstances that the first thing we would choose to do if left a free hand is the thing we are obliged to do? Nash had no aptitude either for the duties of a soldier or the study of the law;

yet he had distinct talents, and in this earlier part of his life was in a blind way endeavouring to train them and to find their real value in the world of men. He was an organiser of the first degree, and he was a student of humanity. He was also ambitious. It may be that it was but a common ambition, that of living among that class which seems admirable to the individual in question. It led him to pay extreme regard to his clothes, not only to their richness, but to their cleanliness, a matter much neglected in those days. He knew that the thoughtless accept readily as a personage a very well-dressed man, and he took care to be always very well dressed. He had a humorous tongue, and he was sufficiently pleased with himself to be perfectly self-possessed and at ease no matter in what company. Thus he made a great circle of friends, many of them rich young men, who, as they came to know him well, wondered how it was that, though he seemed to have no money, he spent so much. In fact, Nash gambled to fill his purse, and on more than one occasion found himself in a queer position in consequence.

He was in the city of York at one of these moments, and lost all the money he had with him. Knowing his plight, and being well aware that the young gamester could not leave the city without raising cash, his companions agreed among themselves on a plan for relieving his embarrassment and at the same time giving themselves some amusement. They betted him fifty guineas that he would not stand, while the people were coming from service, outside the great doors of the Minster, clothed solely in a blanket. The irrepressible youth was not dismayed; he accepted the bet with alacrity, and the next Sabbath saw him in penitential garb courting the gaze of the crowd. He was unfortunately known to



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the dean, who, coming almost last down the steps, was horrified to see this fine gentleman in such a position.

"Oh!" he cried, in shocked tones, "is this a masquerade?"

"It is a Yorkshire penance for keeping bad company, Mr. Dean," replied Nash, pointing to his friends, who stood in a group to see that the bet was fairly won.

This was bad enough, but there are some who will think that the way in which he won another wager was worse. If it is true that modesty is rather a habit of mind than an active virtue, then it was a very ill-formed and imperfect habit in the days of Richard Nash. The fine of £500 imposed on Sir Charles Sedley was, I fancy, more on account of his blasphemy than for his immodesty; or perhaps, if he was the first to initiate such escapades, his action gave a shock to the feelings of the judge which had less effect each time a similar shock was administered. A large bet was laid that Nash would not, in the costume of Adam before the fall, ride a cow through a village. He took the bet with his usual nonchalance, and won it. Unfortunately history does not record its effect upon the inhabitants of the village, but really, when reading of such incidents, one feels that Godiva's heroism has been much overrated.

Nash not only had a thorough appreciation of the value of money, he was also quite sensible of the value of fame, and was prepared to do much active work to secure it. Thus, when in 1695 the students of the Middle Temple exhibited a pageant before King William, they chose Nash, then a young man of twenty-one, as organiser and master. By this, as Goldsmith says, "we see at how early an age he was thought proper to guide the amusements of his country, and be the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of his time; we see how early he gave

proofs of that spirit of regularity for which he afterwards became famous, and showed an attention to those little circumstances, of which, though the observance be trifling, the neglect has often interrupted men of the greatest abilities in the progress of their fortunes."

Nash justified their choice of him for the part, and so successfully arranged everything and pleased the King that William offered him knighthood. The young man, however, felt the absurdity of a title without a penny upon which to support it, and replied, in temporising way:—"Please your Majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your Poor Knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune, at least able to support my title." The King, however, passed the pointed suggestion by, and Nash received neither title nor income. He also took nothing in payment for his services, though he made many friends and acquaintances of good standing whom he was probably clever enough to use to his own advantage. Queen Anne offered him a knighthood later, and a second time he refused the honour, giving as an excuse to his friends that if he accepted it Sir William Read, the mountebank—who had just been knighted—would call him brother; Read being a quack doctor who had attended Anne for some affection of the eyes.

Nash was twice a "king," for Steele, in the *Spectator*, tells in 1711 a story of his residence in the Temple: "I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the society. One of our kings, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other

things it appeared, that his majesty, walking *incog.* in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, 'Such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world.' The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a *plaudite* without further examination, upon the recital of this article in them :

'For making a man happy . . . £10 0 0.'

Goldsmith adds that the benchers added a further £10 to the donation, and that they publicly thanked Nash for his action.

For nine or ten years after the pageant Nash continued to live an extravagant life in London, though there was one short interlude when, according to his own account, he went abroad against his will. It seemed to be essentially the period of practical joking, when for the passing amusement of a few a man might be subjected to weeks of trouble. A short time after the revels took place Nash was invited to look over a man-of-war, and to dine on board. At dinner he was encouraged to drink freely, and without suspicion he fell a willing victim to the encouragement. As the ship was under orders to sail to the Mediterranean, it started on its journey, and was well away before Nash found out that he was at sea. Whether he was dismayed or angered there is no record to tell, but the invitation he accepted for the night had to be extended for the voyage out and home again. Being something of a philosopher, and having few obligations—excepting to his creditors—it is probable that he enjoyed the trip. If he is to be believed, he certainly got some excitement out of it, for, during the voyage, the ship

became involved in an engagement, and he had to take his share in fighting, the friend who had helped to fool him being killed at his side, and he himself wounded in the leg. In later life, when Nash had fallen into the habit of telling the same story over and over again, he often referred to this wound, and one day a distinguished lady who was listening to him said that she doubted very much whether he had ever received a wound at all. Nash made a courtly bow, replying :

“Madam, I assure you that it is all true, but if you really disbelieve me, your Ladyship can assure yourself of its truth by feeling the ball, which is still in my leg.”

There is one other story of Nash's life in London which shows the peculiarity of his character, the unbounded generosity and vanity which made it easier for him to confer a favour than to do a just act. He borrowed £20 from some friend, or he had some business transaction by which he was indebted for this amount. In either case he was in no disposition to pay, though the creditor applied several times to him for the money. At last a final visit was made, and Nash gave the usual assurance that he had not a penny, but that he hoped to win at the tables that night, and would certainly pay the debt the next day. Going to a mutual friend the poor man explained to him the circumstance, and persuaded him to plead poverty and distress to Nash, and so try to get the money. The friend readily agreed to this, and seeking the Beau, assured him that great troubles threatened him unless he could somehow raise £20; that he had been to all his friends, who seemed unable to lend him anything, and he hoped that because of the friendship between them, Nash would be able to relieve his distress. It was an artful appeal, for the very opportunity of showing more generosity than all the others stirred Nash, and he

hesitated not in the least to comply with the request. With many expressions of gratitude the second friend left him to seek the first, to whom he handed the money. The next day Nash met his creditor, and at once began to make excuses for not paying him : he really had no money at all, he had been very unlucky the night before, he had never in his life been so out of cash, etc., etc.

"My dear sir," replied the other, "don't be troubled. I was in such need of the money, and you so unable to pay, that I thought it better not to worry you again about it. So our friend Mr. — came to borrow £20 of you, which you very kindly lent him. He, in his turn, lent it to me, so if you like to give him his receipt for repayment, I will give you mine, and the whole matter will be at an end."

Nash gasped. Was it possible that he had been tricked like this? Then he roared :

"Perdition seize thee! You have been too many for me. You only demanded the payment of a debt, while he asked a favour. To pay thee would not increase our friendship, whereas to lend to him was to confer a new obligation, and to make a new friend."

At last stories got afloat in London that as Nash lived in luxury without any visible signs of support, it was probable that he frequented the road as a highwayman. This completely upset the Beau, and he made up his mind that if such things could be believed of him in London, then London was no longer the place for him. Bath was already the resort of the invalid ; those who could afford the journey and the expenses of life there, went regularly, and it had become, in spite of its mean appearance, one of the principal towns of England. So to Bath Nash went, and lived there the remainder of his long life.

CHAPTER VI

CLAPTRAP. Talking of kings, I have to wait on 'Squire Nash, the king of Bath. 'Tis past his levee time.

DERBY. What takes you to Nash?

CLAP. Sir, he has written a new play.

WILTON. Why, what's its purpose?

CLAP. To brighten the dull, and make neat the slatternly. In short, sir, a cruel blow at the slovens of Bath. 'Tis thought dirty boots, morning caps, and white aprons—in all which matters certain visitors greatly sin—will never hold up their heads after it.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S Comedy, *Bean Nash*.

BATH, the beautiful city of the west, has many legends concerning the discovery and use of its hot springs; that which has appealed most strongly to its inhabitants is connected with Bladud, the son of King or Lud Hudibras, who while a young man was, by the entreaty of the courtiers, banished from his father's Court because he suffered from leprosy. He became a swineherd, unfortunately infected the herd with his complaint, and to hide this from his master he offered to take the swine to the other side of the Avon that they might fatten on the acorns to be found there. In his way he crossed the spot near which hot springs oozed, and the pigs—delighting in the warmth—wallowed in the hot mud until forced by hunger to follow the trail of acorns laid by their keeper. One sow was however lost for a week and Bladud found her lying in the mud, perfectly cured of the leprosy.

The young man applied the cure to himself, and returning to his master a whole man, explained the

situation to the astonished and sceptical farmer, promising riches and honour if he would go with him to his father's castle. Doubting the story the farmer accompanied his herd to the castle, and there found that it was all true. When Lud Hudibras died Bladud built a palace near the hot springs and removed his Court there; then sending for his old master he gave him a mansion and habitations for all belonging to him. Unfortunately Bladud was far ahead of his time: he invented a flying machine, announced to his admiring people that on a certain day he would soar upwards as a bird, and on making the attempt fell upon Salisbury Church and broke his neck.

There is a still earlier fable to the effect that St. David of Wales, when travelling and converting people in England, learned that a certain beautiful spot was deserted by all but those so poor that they could not move, because the waters were poisonous and killed all cattle or people who drank of them. So David went thither and blessed the waters, making them not only wholesome, but hot and healing. Evidence has been found—to come to historical times—of Roman baths there; and from the earliest recorded events the waters of Bath have been noted for their healing properties.

During the reign of Charles I. Bath was in a very bad state, "insomuch that the streets and public ways of the city were become like so many dung-hills, slaughter-houses, and pig-sties. Soil of all sorts, and even carrion, was cast and laid in the streets, and the pigs turned out by day to feed and rout among it; butchers killed and dressed their cattle at their own doors, people washed every kind of thing they had to make clean at the common conduits in the open streets, and nothing was more common than small racks and mangers at almost every door for the bait-

ing of horses. The baths were like so many bear-gardens, and modesty was entirely shut out of them; people of both sexes bathing by day and night naked; and dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures were hurled over the rails into the water while people were bathing in it. These disorders coming to this pitch, the corporation assembled together upon the 7th day of September, 1646, and framed a body of bye-laws, not only to remove every kind of nuisance the city was then subject to, but to establish good order in it."

Evelyn, in his Diary (June 1654), describes all the houses as built of stone, but the streets as narrow, ill paved, and unpleasant. At this time the baths were open to the sky, but were probably soon after covered over. In 1687, Mary of Modena, the Queen of James II., went to Bath, and bathing in the Cross Bath, "had the satisfaction to find that fame had not exaggerated in her praises of these fecundating springs." As a memorial of the subsequent birth of her son, the Earl of Suffolk erected in the centre of the bath "a splendid pillar."

The person who first saw the need of an autocrat to make regulations for the visitors was the Duke of Beaufort, who gave the freedom of the Town Hall for dancing and gambling, and appointed as superintendent Captain Webster, Nash's immediate predecessor.

When Beau Nash arrived at Bath in 1704 or 1705, he found a city of the poorest description, not so bad as it was in 1645, but unattractive enough to luxurious people. Four or five hundred houses composed the whole place, and Macaulay tells us that pictures of the finest of these houses greatly resembled "the lowest rag-shops and pot-houses of Ratcliffe Highway." This must be something of an exaggeration, but Wood, in his History of Bath, is

severe enough. As he was an architect, who later did much to rebuild the city, we may expect indignation from him concerning a place which, with all the power of making wealth, was allowed to be neglected and nearly useless. From all sources may be found condemnation of Bath at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The baths were dirty and ill arranged, the chairmen were exorbitant and brutal, the accommodation was poor in the extreme and prohibitive in price for all but the wealthy; the doctors, with but few exceptions, were more or less quacks forced upon invalids by the landlords of the rooms.

The following is Wood's description of the interior of the houses intended to invite the nobility to spend lavishly for the privilege of staying in the city:—"The boards of the dining rooms, and most other floors, in the houses at Bath, were made of a brown colour with *soot and small-beer*, to hide the dirt as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was with such as was mean and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths and slabs, were all of free-stone, and these were daily cleaned with a particular kind of white-wash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. The doors were slight and thin, the furniture cheap, the linen but corded dimity or coarse fustian. Even the houses of the rich were of the meanest architecture, two only showing the modern comfort of sash windows."

Under some fine old trees called the Grove the water-drinkers went to hear the band played, and when it rained both players and listeners had to seek shelter and leave their respective work and amusement. One of Nash's first acts, on being appointed Master of the Ceremonies,

was to remove the band to the new Pump Room, which was completed in 1706.

When Beau Nash first went to Bath the invalids drank their water in the open air, and after their baths had to run the risk of taking colds, a fact which made Dr. Oliver, whose name still lives in the biscuit known as "Bath Oliver," write a tract upon the dangers to health and suggesting some public action for remedying it. Thus it was necessary to be very ill to be induced to go to Bath, to pay highly for very poor accommodation, and, while trying to gain health in one way, to risk it in another. The city was much disturbed at this time too by a doctor who, having been warned away because of drunkenness, published a pamphlet against the town, which he said he hoped would "cast a toad into the spring." Society was mixed and manners were wanting; there was no director in the place, though Captain Webster did what he could to make amusement. However, Bath was not London, and people felt then, as country people sometimes feel to-day concerning London, that in a place where one is not known it is as well to wear out one's old clothes, and to do as one likes without reference to etiquette. Thus the balls which Captain Webster started in the Town Hall were attended by gentlemen who came in from the street wearing high boots and out-door garb, while the ladies neither troubled to put on evening frocks nor to take off the aprons worn for tidiness' sake. At the gaming tables too every one did as he or she liked, and the loser generally persuaded others to stay and play till the morning.

In fact, Bath was an odd mixture of liberty and restriction. The visitors were expected to keep the whole place, and when there was any special deficit

subscription lists were opened at the shops. It happened on one occasion that both Church and gaming-table were in need of money, so that the lists lay side by side on the counters. The results we can see from the following verse which some wag published :

The books were opened t'other day,
At all the shops for Church and play.
The Church got six; Hoyle sixty-seven !
How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven !

To this scene of confusion came Nash with his orderly mind, his knowledge of social ways, and his perception of the possibilities of the place. Queen Anne, by going to the city for her health in 1703, had done something to make Bath popular, and Nash probably saw that the inhabitants, by their extortion and carelessness, were competing with the equally careless visitors in destroying that popularity.

His magnificence in dress made him a marked figure at once, and it was not long before he became very friendly with Captain Webster, knew all the principal people, had heard all the grievances, and saw the reasons for all the troubles. The doctor's threat gave him his opening; he was probably the only person who laughed at it, telling the disturbed folk that if they would give him leave he would charm away the doctor's poison as the tarantula was charmed from its dangerous mood by music. Their reply was that they would be grateful for any help, and Nash began to make little alterations, among them being the starting of the band, outdoors in fine weather, and in the Town Hall in wet. More company came to the place, and every one in the city looked towards the Beau with an expectant mind, before long asking him to make all public arrangements, for

Captain Webster had been killed in a duel soon after Nash's arrival.

So useful did the Beau become to the city that he was installed Master of the Ceremonies, or "King of Bath," in the place of Webster, and he soon made his influence widely felt. He set on foot a guinea subscription for the band, which was to consist of six players, each receiving a guinea weekly, increased a little later to two, and he made a suitable allowance for lighting. The Pump Room was put under the care of a pumper, and a business-like air began to pervade the place. In 1706 Nash raised by subscription as much as £1,800¹ in order that the roads around the city might be repaired. He urged on the building of the Pump Room, and opened it with much ceremony. More care was given to the paving, lighting, and cleaning of the streets; vexatious tolls extorted from visitors whenever they went out of the city, even for a walk, were abolished; and the chairmen who had, by being licensed and making a "combine" among themselves, become oppressive and impudent, were put under fresh regulations. All this was not arrived at without opposition, for the Corporation was very jealous for the city's good, and believed that Protection was the only policy. They thought it a danger to the popularity of Bath itself that the roads outside it should be rendered suitable for use, and they did their utmost to prevent the building of suburbs or the formation of new gardens which necessitated the extension of the boundaries. Nash stuck to his plans, however, until they were carried through, and he in-

¹ "The Dictionary of National Biography" says £18,000, but this is obviously a figure too much, when we remember the smallness of the place, and the disorganised condition to which the inhabitants had been reduced. Goldsmith says: "seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds."

duced a Mr. Harrison to build a large Assembly Room, in which the visitors might drink coffee or chocolate in the day and dance or play cards at night.

While Nash was busily employed in improving the conditions of the town he did not forget the visitors, whose free and easy ways left much to be desired. He found that boots, aprons, and swords were the greatest impediments to the happiness and peace of his little kingdom, so he set himself vigorously to abolish them. He had perhaps undertaken a harder task than he anticipated, but that made no difference to its accomplishment. His method was to request the women not to appear at evening assemblies wearing aprons, and when any visitor, under the mistaken impression that there was no need to pay too much attention to the Beau, came to a ball wearing such a domestic safeguard against dirt, he insisted on its removal before entry. These aprons were in some cases made of costly materials. Goldsmith tells us that one ball-night Nash himself took off the apron of the Duchess of Queensberry and threw it to the maids on the back benches, saying that none but Abigails appeared in white aprons. But another story runs that the Duchess was wearing an apron made of point lace worth £500, and when Nash requested her to remove it she not only did so with good humour, but requested the "King's" acceptance of it.

Nash had hard work to induce the men to discard their rough-and-ready habits; he persuaded, ordered, made rules, but the "Smart Fellows" obstinately refused to be smart, the "Pretty Fellows" forgot their prettiness, and the "Very Pretty Fellows" gloried in the freedom of a "no change" cry concerning dress. It was so luxurious to walk into the ball-room in riding clothes, boots, and spurs, and evade the dull custom of "dressing." The

Beau made a little song, which was sung and posted everywhere, entitled :

FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE ASSEMBLY.

Come one and all to *Hoyden* Hall,
 For there's the assembly this night ;
 None but prude fools,
 Mind manners and rules ;
 We *Hoydens* do decency flight.

Come Trollops and Slatterns,
 Cockt hats and white aprons,
 This best our modesty suits ;
 For why should not we,
 In dress be as free,
 As Hogs-Norton 'squires in boots ?

Nash followed this by getting up a puppet show of a coarse enough tone to suit the polite (!) manners of his day, in which Punch comes upon the stage booted and spurred. During the play he retires to bed, and on being requested to take off his boots first, answers :

“My boots ! Why, you might as well ask me to pull off my legs. I *never* go without boots. I never ride, I I never dance without them ; and this piece of politeness is quite the thing at Bath. We always dance at our town in boots, and the ladies often move minuets in riding-hoods.”

The show ends by Punch being kicked off the stage for his clownishness.

This practically stopped the custom of wearing boots or outdoor garb at evening parties, and when it happened that some man, either lazy or ignorant of the regulations, came to the rooms in his boots, Nash would bow low to him and inquire most politely whether he had not forgotten his horse.

The greatest difficulty of all was to carry out any

regulations concerning swords. So long as men wore them there was danger that they would be used by some hasty-tempered person. But Nash was determined to hinder people "from doing what they had no mind to do." And at last a sad event helped him. Two gamesters named Taylor and Clarke quarrelled and fought a duel. Being afraid of interruption if they waited until daylight, they fought by torchlight in "The Grove," and Taylor was run through the body. (Though he lived for seven years, it was the wound which ultimately caused his death.) This gave Nash the opportunity of adding another law to those he had already made, forbidding the wearing of swords at Bath, probably the first step in England towards the abolition of the wearing of swords as an article of dress. He could not forbid duelling intentions, but whenever he heard that a challenge was given or accepted he promptly caused the quarrelsome pair to be arrested.

The Beau's rules, eleven in all, were written in a facetious spirit, though they really display little fun. He was a wittier speaker than writer; indeed, he always called a pen "his torpedo," saying that whenever he grasped it, it numbed all his faculties; therefore we must excuse the clumsy attempt at humour shown in his list of rules.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED AT BATH.

1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are to be expected or desired, by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.
2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.
3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in the morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, shew breeding and respect.
4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball, shew ill manners; and that none do so for the future—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

7. That no gentleman or lady takes it ill that another dances before them—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past or not come to perfection.

9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N.B. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

11. That all repeaters of such lies, and scandal, be shun'd by all company—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B. *Several men of no character, old women and young ones, of question'd reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.*

These rules were fastened up in the Pump Room, and rigidly enforced once the "King" had become the true autocrat of Bath.

Nash did his best to abolish snobbery, and was ready to punish any evidence of such among those assembled; for the company was very mixed, and visitors were apt to think themselves insulted by the presence of tradesmen's wives. When he observed any ladies so extremely delicate and proud of a pedigree, as only to touch the back of an inferior's hand in the dance, he would at once loudly remark upon the slighting action, telling the culprit either to behave with common decency or to leave the room. If, also, any couple having taken their prominent part in a country dance then left the floor without waiting until the dance was finished, he would tell them that unless they stood up for the rest they should dance no more.

According to Goldsmith, "Nature had by no means

favoured Mr. Nash for a *beau garçon*; his person was clumsy, too large and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with these disadvantages he made love, became a universal admirer, and was universally admired. He was possessed at least of some requisites as a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine cloaths, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed." He had a great taste for gold lace, and always wore a large white beaver hat—the wide brim looped up—in order, he said, to prevent it being stolen.

In a life of Quin, published anonymously in 1766, Nash is spoken of with kindly appreciation. "There was a whimsical refinement in his person, dress, and behaviour, which was habitual to and sat so easily upon him that no stranger who came to Bath ever expressed any surprise at his uncommon manner and appearance." Doran, in his "Memories of our Great Towns," gives a picture of Nash as Master of Bath: "The most celebrated Master was 'that imperious, impudent, gorgeously dressed, and generous-hearted Beau Nash, who introduced civilization at Bath as it had once been enforced at Athens, by the abolition of the custom of wearing swords. For the dignity of Master, men intrigued, swore, fought, struggled as other would-be masters for the crowns of the world. The dynasty was of modest origin; it grew into dazzling potentiality, and only did not die out 'like a snuff' because a Master is still occasionally dragged up existing from some old store-cellar, made to do its office, and is stowed away again."

If he had indulged in gallantry earlier, Nash was careful not to let any love-making on his part interfere with his work at Bath. Once he was veritably in love, but though favoured by the girl's parents, she herself admitted that she loved another man. So large was the Beau's

heart that he could not see her suffer. He bestowed upon her a sum of money equal to that which her father promised as a marriage portion, and so smoothed the way to her union with the man she had chosen. Within a year of her marriage the fickle girl eloped with a footman, much to Nash's sorrow.

There are various allusions made to Nash and his mistress, Fanny Murray, who later married a man named Ross ; and of Juliana Popjoy, of whom it was recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that "for thirty or forty years she lived in a hollow tree, and never lay in a bed. She had been mistress to the famous Nash of Bath."

There was also Hannah Lightfoot, who was known as Lady Letty Besom, because, when Nash first fell in love with her, she rode about the town on a grey horse, carrying a whip with many thongs. In the "Life of Ralph Allen" it is said that she took care of Nash during the last five years of his life. Of her too we are told that "she took up her residence in a large hollow tree," but it is scarcely to be believed that two women attached to the same man can have done so singular a thing.

CHAPTER VII

Home from the Hell the pale-eyed gamester steals,
Home from the ball flash jaded Beauties' wheels.

Opening lines from *The New Timon*.

IT has been the custom among writers of the Victorian period to heap scorn upon the Beaux. With them Nash held the position of "a fellow," "an impudent fool," and his good works are admitted grudgingly or not at all. Grace and Philip Wharton were strong in this respect. They were generous to prodigality with the words fop, fool, bear, witless beau, contemptible vanity, impudence, and "worthy," used in that curious way in which woman and person can be made absolutely insulting. Poor Anstey, the writer of the clever satire, "The New Bath Guide," they label as "one of the most depraved," and a "low-minded" author. However, judgments have mellowed since then, and Nash seems to us more worthy of praise than blame, more entitled to respect than scorn.

He was vain—he could not have earned his title otherwise—yet he was a shrewd man of business. Having no regular income, he yet kept his accounts with absolute honesty, and very large sums of money passed through his hands. He was remarkably generous, and he was strong enough to force the mean rich to be generous also at times. He was a gambler, yet there are many instances on record of his saving young men from the consequences of their own folly and inducing them to withdraw from the tables. He was the protector of women, the fatherly

adviser of girls. Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale said that she remembered as a little child being carried about the Pump Room at Bath by Beau Nash.

One story of his vanity shows a whimsical appreciation of the advantage of dressing well. A gentleman saw him leave his house very gorgeously clothed, and asked him where he was going.

"Going! why, I'm going to advertise."

"Advertise what?"

"Why myself, of course; for that's the only use of a fine coat."

There is on record a very amusing account of the way in which he forced a duchess, well known for her meanness, to pay a large sum for the welfare of the poor. He made it his business to collect subscriptions for charitable purposes in Bath, and on one occasion, when, engaged in his great work of founding a hospital, he was busy putting down names of subscribers, this duchess entered the room. As Nash was directly in her path and she could not avoid him, she tapped him with her fan, saying:

"You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."

"Yes, madam, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop."

Plunging his hand into his own pocket he took out a handful of guineas and tossing them one by one into his white hat he began counting—one, two, three, four, five——

"Hold, hold!" cried the duchess, "think what you are doing!"

"Think of your rank and fortune, madam," replied Nash, and he continued, "Six, seven, eight, nine, ten——"



RICHARD NASH, THE "KING" OF BATH

Here the duchess again stopped him angrily, and the Beau said coolly : " Pray compose yourself, madam, and don't interrupt the work of charity ; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen——"

The duchess caught his hand, storming that she would give no more ; it was enough.

" Peace, madam," said Nash. " You shall have your name written in letters of gold ; sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty——"

" I won't pay a farthing more," broke in the duchess furiously.

" Charity hides a multitude of sins," quietly observed her tormentor ; " twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five——"

" Nash !" said the duchess, " I profess you frighten me out of my wits. Lord ! I shall die !"

" Madam, you will never die with doing good, and if you do it will be the better for you," and he went on counting, only after much altercation agreeing to stop when he had made the duchess responsible for thirty guineas.

At another charity subscription at Bath a very mean man was present ; and Nash, after appealing for funds generally, turned and shouted it over again into the ears of the niggardly one, who asked, in an aggrieved way, why he did that.

" Because," retorted the Beau, " on these occasions you are generally deaf."

As the chief business which the visitors had at Bath was to bathe and to drink the water, a word or so on the baths may not be amiss. Leland gives us a description of them as they were in his time :—" There be 2 springes of whote water in the west south-west part of the toune, whereoff the bigger is caulled the

Crosse-Bath, because it hath a crosse erected in the middle of it. This bathe is much frequented of people diseasid with lepre, pokke, scabbes, and great aches, and is temperate and pleasant, having a 11 or 12 arches of stone in the sides for men to stande under yn time of reyne. Many be holp by this bathe from scabbes and aches.

“The other bathe is two hundredth foote off, and is less in cumpace withyn the waulle than the other, having but 7 arches in the waulle. This is caullid the Hote-Bathe; for at cumming into it, men think that it would scald the flesch at the first, but after that the flesch ys warmid it is more tolerable and pleasant.

“The Kinges-Bathe is very faire and large, standing almost in the middle of the toune, and at the west end of the Cathedrale chirch. The area that this bathe is yn is cumpassid with a high stone waulle. The brimmes of this bathe hath a little walle cumpasing them, and in this waul be a 32 arches for men and women to stand separately in. To this bathe do Gentilmen resort.”

These baths were more or less under the care of the monks, and at the dissolution of the monasteries they became entirely forgotten until the end of the sixteenth century, when the Hot and Cross Baths were rebuilt, and a new one was erected under the name of the New Bath, by a Mr. Bellot. This adjoined the King's Bath, and was used by the poor until, one day, Queen Anne, wife of James I. was bathing, and there arose from the bottom of the bath close to the Queen a flame of fire, which spreading itself on the surface of the water in a circle of light then disappeared. This, though a natural phenomenon, “so frightened the Queen,” that for the future she betook herself to the New Bath, whereupon the citizens erected a

tower in the middle of it, surmounted by a crown and globe, and called it the Queen's Bath.

After Nash had been at work in Bath for some time, the baths, then five in number, were all in good working order, roofed in, and each dedicated to special uses, patients being obliged to consult a physician before knowing which one to use. The hours for bathing were commonly between six and nine in the morning, after which the sluices were pulled up and the water run into the Avon.

The bathing was made as luxurious a pastime as possible. The chairmen would fetch the patients from their beds, roll them in blankets, and carry them off to the bath in a chair. Simpkin Blunderhead, in "The New Bath Guide," describes the way in which his sister's maid Tabitha is thus seized :

This morning, dear mother, as soon as 'twas light,
 I was wak'd by a noise that astonish'd me quite,
 For in Tabitha's chamber I heard such a clatter,
 I could not conceive what the deuce was the matter ;
 And would you believe it, I went up and found her
 In a blanket, with two lusty fellows around her,
 Who both seem'd agoing to carry her off in
 A little black box just the size of a coffin :
 "Pray tell me," says I, "what ye're doing of there ?"
 "Why, master, 'tis hard to be bilk'd of our fare,
 And so we were thrusting her into a chair ;
 We don't see no reason for using us so,
 For she bad us come hither, and now she won't go ;
 We've earned all the fare, for we both came and
 knocked her
 Up, as soon as was light, by advice of the doctor ;
 And this is a job that we often go a'ter
 For ladies that choose to go into the water."

So they hoisted her down just as safe and as well,
 And as snug as a Hod'mandod rides in his shell.

Arriving at the bath the interested Simpkin tells how the ladies, wrapt in flannels—

Take the water, like so many spaniels.
And tho' all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam, just as if they were hunting an otter ;
'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoaking kettle as large as our hall.

When in the water the bath attendant presented each lady with a little floating dish, something like a basin, into which the patients lay their handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, little nose-gays, and sweetmeats ; for the bath was a place of entertainment as well as a source of health, and there are many facetious stories told about it. One young husband hung over the railing watching his bride's rosy face as she staggered in the water, and keeping up a flow of admiring remarks. At last he wished he were in the bath with her, and Nash, who stood by, caught him by the ankles and plunged him headlong in. Nash was called out, and received a wound in the right arm, and we are told in "The New Prose Bath Guide" that the whole affair was designed by Nash to prove his courage before he prohibited duelling.

On one occasion a remarkable cure was said to have been worked by the Bath waters, and a committee was formed to strike a medal in celebration. An artist was commissioned to prepare one, and did it in a very unsatisfactory way, whereupon a committeeman took the design to Nash, asking his opinion of what he himself called a mere "pick-pocket piece of work." "Don't be angry, sir," said Nash. "The man may in all probability be a very honest man—it is absolutely clear that he is *no designer*."

Steele says that the custom of making "Toasts" of ladies originated in Bath. A celebrated beauty was—in the reign of King Charles II.—in the Cross Bath, when an admirer drank her health in a glass of the water in which she stood. A gay, half-fuddled fellow standing by swore that he would jump in, and though he liked not the liquor, would have the toast. "He was opposed in his resolution ; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors ; who has ever since been called a Toast."

After the bath came the drinking of hot waters, three glasses at three different times, the intervals enlivened by a band and the conversation of "the gay, the witty, or the forward." The men had their coffee-houses, and the women what Goldsmith calls "the female coffee-house," where they could drink chocolate and see the paper. There were public breakfasts and concert-breakfasts at the Assembly Rooms, scientific lectures, and many other amusements. After dinner the company met again at the Pump Room, and went thence to the theatre (built in 1705) or the ball, held every Tuesday and Friday, or to the gaming tables.

Many stories are told of Nash's wisdom, generosity, and care for the visitors in connection with all these amusements. A great gambler himself, he did his best to keep others from losing their money, but was not always successful in his attempts.

In the year 1725 a young man was foolish enough to realise his small fortune, leave Oxford, where he was a fellow, and go to Bath to amuse himself. Though he knew nothing of play, he won enough to make himself comfortable for life. Nash watched him, however, and, after having lost a considerable sum to him, invited him to supper. Before they parted Nash spoke some words

of warning, saying he had not invited him to his house in order to get his revenge, but to remind him that there would come a time when luck would desert him, and he would repent of having left the calm seclusion of Oxford for the life of a gamester.

“Be content with what you have ; go with it now ; for if you had the Bank of England behind you it would vanish like a fairy dream in your present ignorance of the laws of the game. That you may believe that I wish your welfare, I will give you fifty guineas, to forfeit twenty, every time you lose two hundred at one sitting.” However, the love of gaming was upon the youth. He refused the offer, and was eventually reduced to beggary.

There was another case of a duke who had so uncontrolled a passion for the game that he begged Nash to prevent him from playing deep. So Nash gave his grace two hundred guineas on the condition that if he ever lost so much as ten thousand guineas at one sitting he was to forfeit another ten thousand to the Beau. Some days later the duke lost eight thousand guineas at hazard, and was going to throw for three thousand more, when Nash caught up the dice-box, imploring him to remember the penalty if he lost. The duke rose from the table, but when removed from the restraining influence of Nash, he lost a very large sum at Newmarket, and paid the “King of Bath” the ten thousand guineas.

There is the further story of the man who watched Nash put two hundred guineas in his pocket as the result of a throw, and who murmured :

“How happy should I be with such a sum.”

“Go and be happy !” responded Nash, handing him the money.

Yet one more gaming incident :

A young earl, with whom gaming was a passion, was never better pleased than when he had Nash for an antagonist. So the Beau determined to cure him. He played seriously to win, and the young man lost one sum after another—all his money, his estate, his deeds, his very carriage went as a last stake. Penniless and without hope, the earl sat dazed, realising at last what reckless play meant. Then Nash returned everything, making but one condition. “In honour,” he said, “I could take all that you have lost. I will however take nothing if you will promise to give me at some future date, whenever I may need it, five thousand pounds.”

The gamester felt as though his life was saved, and promised eagerly. He died however before Nash was in great need, but when the money was asked of the earl's heirs it was immediately forthcoming.

The following story shows how Nash liked to play upon words, and to snatch a joke :—A gentleman, who had by his extravagance lost nearly all his fortune, disappeared from the Pump Room, and friends asked Nash what had become of him. The Beau merely replied that he *kept his bed*. So some of them went to visit the sick man, only to find him in the best of health. Very wroth at being reported ill, the gentleman asked Nash what he meant by it.

“Why so annoyed?” said Nash; “I sincerely hope that I have said nothing but the truth. I ventured to tell your friends that you *kept* your bed, and if you have I rejoice at it; it is the only thing you have kept, and I knew it would be the last you would part with.”

Long before this Nash had become an absolute monarch at Bath. He allowed no one to infringe his laws, and history tells us that a princess even could not move him. This was the Princess Amelia, who all

through her life regarded Bath as a favourite place of amusement, presumably because she loved play. The Princess of Wales told Dodington that "she played publicly all the evening very deep," with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; and that, though she would hardly speak to Lord Chesterfield when at Court, at Bath she sent to inquire of his coming, expected him at her parties to play, and assured him that "he should always sit by her in the public rooms, and that he might be sure of a warm place."

That the invalids might get proper rest Nash arranged that the balls were to begin at six and end at eleven. The minuet was the first dance, started by two people of the highest distinction; when it was over the lady sat down and the gentleman took out another lady. Both then took their seats, and the process was followed by others until eight o'clock, when the country dances began, "ladies of quality, according to their rank, standing up first." At nine there was an interval for tea, then dancing was resumed until eleven. As the hour struck Nash would enter the room and lift his finger as a sign that the music was to stop. The Princess Amelia, who liked her own way and thought she should have it, once asked that there should be one dance more, but Nash refused, much to her surprise.

"The laws of Bath, madam, are like the laws of Lycurgus; they will admit of no alteration without entirely oversetting my authority."

Nash arranged the dances, called upon those who were to dance, introduced the right people to each other, discountenanced snobbery, and took a paternal interest in every one. He often danced himself, and was careful to draw his partners from all classes. Once he was dancing a minuet with a Miss Lunn, who was so long before

giving him both her hands (the figure by which the lady brings the dance to a close) that he got impatient, and, suiting the words to the tune, sang out as she passed him :

Miss Lunn, Miss Lunn,
Will you never have done?

The Beau loved his position of authority, and took pains that his reputation for omniscience in the affairs of the city were kept before the eyes of his subjects, as the following incident shows. One evening Nash walked up to an old lady and her daughter and told the former sternly that it would be wiser for her to be at home. The lady, a woman of fortune, was at first inclined to be indignant at this style of address ; but as Nash was uncontrolled monarch she could only turn away with evident surprise and vexation. But on his following her and repeating the words, she began to think there was some meaning in them beyond gratuitous offence. She accordingly went home. There to her astonishment she found her eldest daughter, who had stayed away from the ball on some excuse, ready dressed for an elopement, and a notorious sharper in waiting with a postchaise to carry her off. Nash's information had acquainted him with the plot, and he had mystified the company by taking this dramatic way of showing his knowledge of all the machinery of Bath society.

The " King " had humour rather than wit, though he uttered some really good sayings ; on the whole, though, the pretty things reported as his are of a homely kind. This *mot* for instance is too obvious not to have occurred to any one with a sense of humour :

" Ladies and gentlemen," said Beau Nash, entering the room with a strange lady, " this is Mrs. Hobson. I

have often heard of Hobson's choice, but never had the pleasure to view it till now, and you must agree with me, that it reflects credit on his taste."

When there was much commotion in Bath over a house which was said to be haunted by the devil, the ladies made a great show of horror. So Nash went to the clergyman at St. Michael's and entreated him to drive the devil out of Bath for ever, if only to oblige the ladies.

His reply though to the acquaintance whom he met early one morning showing signs of having drunk not wisely but too well, showed that the Beau's wit was spontaneous, and needed no aid from the evening glass :

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"I have been all night at a concert of music," was the reply.

"Ah, very likely," said Nash; "I see that you have *drunk to some tune.*"

Of course many witticisms were levelled at him in revenge; thus Boswell tells us that once when Dr. Clarke "was unbending himself with a few friends in the most playful and frolicsome manner," he saw Beau Nash approaching in his carriage; upon which he suddenly stopped. "My boys," said he, "let us be grave; here comes a fool." And ever since it has been the custom to call Nash a fool!

However, the discriminating give him credit for more than folly. Thackeray offered him a genial tribute in "The Four Georges."

"As for Bath, all history went and bathed and drank there; George II. and his Queen, Prince Frederick and his Court, scarce a character one can mention of the early last century but was seen in that famous Pump Room

where Beau Nash presided, and his picture hung between the busts of Newton and Pope.

“‘This picture placed the busts between
Gives satire all his strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.’

“I should have liked to have seen the Folly. It was a splendid, be-ruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent Folly, and knew how to make itself respected. I should like to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough in his boots (he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots!) with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in his hand, which he had been cheapening for his dinner. Chesterfield came there many a time and gambled for hundreds, and grinned through his gout . . . Walpole passed many a day there; sickly, supercilious, absurdly dandified and affected; with a brilliant wit, a delightful sensibility; and for his friends a most tender, generous, and faithful heart.”

Mr. Lewis Melville, in his delightful book upon “Bath under Beau Nash,” says:—“When all agree that Nash exercised upon his generation an influence so strong that it left an enduring mark, not only on the provincial town whence it emanated, but upon the society throughout an entire country, through his law against swords and duelling; when it is realised that Nash, without any advantage of birth or fortune or influence, attained a position which enabled him to break down the laws of caste, to impose his will on all classes, and to govern fashion for more than half a century, while it may not be possible to affirm he was a great man, it is certainly impossible to deny that he was an extraordinary one.”

Concerning the picture referred to in the epigram quoted by Thackeray, there has been some confusion. The Rev. Richard Warner says that the Corporation voted a sum of money for a statue in marble of the "King of Bath" to be placed in the Pump Room between the busts of Newton and Pope. This he probably got from Oliver Goldsmith's "Life," the latter adding that it caused the Earl of Chesterfield to write the severe but witty epigram :

The *statue* placed the busts between.

A controversy arose in *Notes and Queries* over the authorship of this and five other verses, which were first published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1741 without initials or name. They were probably written by a Mrs. Brereton who contributed to that magazine, and appeared in a collection of her works published in 1744. The same six verses were also published in Chesterfield's *Miscellaneous Verse*, which came out in 1777. The full text is as follows :

The old Egyptians hid their Wit
 In Hieroglyphick Dress,
 To give Men pains to search for it,
 And please themselves with Guess.

Moderns to tread the self-same Path,
 And exercise our parts,
 Place figures in a Room at Bath :
 Forgive them, God of Arts !

Newton, if I can judge aright,
 All Wisdom doth express ;
 His Knowledge gives Mankind new Light,
 Adds to their Happiness,

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
 The Sun-shine of the Mind;
 Read o'er his Works for proof of it
 You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents Man in the Mass,
 Made up of Wrong and Right
 Sometimes a Knave, sometimes an Ass,
 Now blunt and now polite.

The Picture, placed the Busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength;
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly's at full Length.

Neither of the collections of poems include the first of the two verses which appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

"Immortal Newton, never spoke
 More truth than here you'll find;
 Nor Pope himself, e'er penned a joke
 More cruel on Mankind.

Douglas Jerrold, in his comedy of *Beau Nash, the King of Bath*, gives a striking and impartial presentment of the Beau, with his vanity, his impulsiveness, his kindness, and his endeavour to bring justice and happiness to his subjects. He, probably following Goldsmith, speaks of a statue to begin with, and then, making one of the characters scream on going to lock the door of a cabinet, explains it by saying:

"Oh, sir! nothing, sir. Your picture!—It's so like life, sir, I mean, sir—just then, it so resembled my dear grandfather; that is, sir, as the light fell, sir, I could have vowed it—it winked at me!" all of which was to hide the fact of a hidden lover in the cabinet.

The real facts about the picture and statue seem to be that the picture was presented somewhere about 1740—certainly before the verses were written—by the Corporation to Nash, and placed in the Pump Room, though in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1741 it is declared that Nash presented it himself. In 1752 the white marble statue by William Hoare was placed in the Pump Room, the expense being defrayed by the leading inhabitants of the city in gratitude for the services Nash had rendered to Bath.

CHAPTER VIII

Forget thou wert ever
Called King Antiochus. With this charity
I enter thee a beggar.

PHILIP MASSINGER, *Believe as You List*.

BEAU Nash had a great reputation for his fatherly care for young girls, and indeed for all who displayed a want of knowledge both of life and of evil practices. He watched people and events shrewdly, and on more than one occasion prevented an impulsive girl from doing that which she would have regretted all the rest of her life.

One such instance is that of Miss L——, whose father intended to leave her a fortune, and wanted her to marry a certain lord. The girl however was in love with a penniless colonel, and they would have married had not Nash revealed the matter to the father. The colonel challenged Nash—who naturally declined—and then, his creditors being too many for him, disappeared.

Two years later, the father having died and left his daughter £1,500 a year, she, though still loving her colonel, accepted the nobleman. But Nash discovered that the poor soldier was reduced to what in those days was regarded as the last extremity, that of acting with strolling players at Peterborough. He therefore invited Miss L—— and her lover to go there with him and see the play. They sat in the front row of the spectators when the colonel as Tom in *The Conscious Lovers*

appeared on the stage. He saw the girl at once, and she fainted at the sight of him. Distracted, he could not remember his part, and his emotion overcoming every other thought, "he flew and caught her in his arms." Nash gave his blessing, and the wedding took place soon after.

Another instance is the much-quoted case of Miss Sylvia S——, who, well-born, beautiful, and gay, with a fortune of £10,000, arrived at Bath at the age of nineteen. She became a toast, and found so many lovers that she knew not how to choose. Her choice fell upon a worthless man, who allowed her to dissipate her fortune in paying his debts in spite of all that Nash could do to prevent. The lover disappeared, and Sylvia was left penniless and heart-broken. Nash induced her to return to Bath, interested ladies in her behalf, and so gave her a new start; but she took to gaming, and accepting the invitation of a disreputable woman, who was keeper of a table, she still further lost caste. Then Nash, knowing that she was foolish and not vicious, induced a gentleman to make her governess to his children, and at his house she lived quietly for some time, but eventually committed suicide by hanging herself with a girdle made of silver thread, the ribbon she had at first used having broken with her weight.

The evidences of Nash's generosity are innumerable. There was the poor clergyman who did his best to support his wife and six children on £30 a year, and whose coat and stockings were so full of holes that Nash gave him the name of Dr. Cullender. Being made aware of the man's distress, however, the Beau, one Sunday evening when the people were drinking tea at Harrison's, went round raising a subscription, beginning it himself with five guineas. Thus he raised two hundred guineas,

and further persuaded a patron to bestow a living worth £150 a year upon the poor parson.

Nash's charity, indiscriminate and impulsive, often doing no lasting good, at times saved people from want and despair and gave them a new start. In severe weather, when hunger came upon the poor, he would visit their houses and directly relieve those too proud to beg. He spent enormous sums himself in this way, and collected more. Perhaps the greatest monument to his charitable nature lay in the hospital he suggested; and with the help of Doctor Oliver and Mr. Allen—the last-named being one of the greatest benefactors that Bath could number among its inhabitants—this hospital was at length erected, being large enough to hold a hundred and ten leprous and paralytic patients. It took thirty years of constant begging and giving before the building was complete, for the public was slow to see the necessity or the good of the scheme.

The Beau thoroughly understood the value of advertisement. When the Prince of Orange was cured by taking the waters in 1734, Nash caused an obelisk thirty feet high to be erected in The Grove, which was afterwards called Orange Grove. The Prince's arms adorned one side of the pedestal and a Latin inscription was carved on another to this effect: "In Memory of the Happy Restoration of the Health of the Prince of Orange through the Favour of God, and to the Great Joy of Britain, by Drinking the Bath Waters."

When Frederick, Prince of Wales, was cured, in 1738, he gave a large gold enamelled snuff-box to Nash, and the latter erected an obelisk seventy feet high in Queen Square, to commemorate this important visit. With some difficulty he induced Pope to write an inscription for this, which, when done, was of simple enough

tenor. It seems that the Prince of Orange also gave Nash a snuff-box, and thenceforward every one who wished to acknowledge kindness from the Beau, presented him with one of these dainty toys, until for him it seemed to rain snuff-boxes.

Goldsmith says that Nash was at this time at the height of his authority and vanity. "He was treated in every respect like a great man; he had his levee, his flatterers, his buffoons, his good-natured creatures, and even his dedicators. A trifling, ill-supported vanity was his foible, and while he received the homage of the vulgar, and enjoyed the familiarity of the rich, he felt no pain for the unpromising view of poverty that lay before him; he enjoyed the world as it went, and drew upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

Among the people who honoured Nash by wishing to dedicate a book to him, was one Poulter or Baxter, a highwayman, swindler, and rogue. Even to Nash's vanity this was too much; he would not allow the book to be printed, but he kept the manuscript and by the help of Baxter learnt much concerning sharpers and gamblers, which enabled him to do many a good turn to his subjects in advising and warning them. Douglas Jerrold's amusing play introduces Baxter as one of the prominent characters, and shows by what subtle methods Nash worked to save men from their own folly.

The Beau was a professed free-thinker, and had many disputes and arguments upon the subject of religion. Wesley, in his Journal, records a meeting with him in which, for once, the victory was not with the Wit.

"There was great expectation at Bath of what a noted man was to do to me there; and I was much entreated not to preach, because no one knew what might happen. By this report I also gained a much larger

audience, among whom were many of the rich and great. I told them plainly the Scripture had concluded them all under sin—high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Many of them seemed to be a little surprised, and were sinking apace into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and coming close to me, asked by what authority I did these things.

“I replied: ‘By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the (now) Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid hands upon me and said, “Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.”’

“He said: ‘This is contrary to Act of Parliament; this is a conventicle.’

“I answered: ‘Sir, the conventicles mentioned in that Act (as the preamble shows) are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition therefore it is not contrary to that Act.’

“He replied: ‘I say it is: and, besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits.’

“‘Sir, did you ever hear me preach?’

“‘No.’

“‘How then can you judge of what you never heard?’

“‘Sir, by common report.’

“‘Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?’

“‘My name is Nash.’

“‘Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report: I think it is not enough to judge by.’

“Here he paused a while, and having recovered himself, said: ‘I desire to know what this people comes here for’: on which one replied, ‘Sir, leave him to me: let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls we come here.’

“He replied not a word, but walked away.”

Though he often won at the tables, he also lost, and upon some occasions used very bad language. Chesterfield writes of him in 1734 as giving a ball at Lyndsay's, at which “he wore his gold-laced clothes . . . and looked so fine, that, standing by chance in the middle of the dancers he was taken by many at a distance for a gilt garland.¹ He concluded his evening as usual with basset and blasphemy.”

He once lost £500 at a sitting, and grumbling about it to Lord Chesterfield, asked : “Is it not surprising that fortune should always serve me so ?”

“Not at all,” replied the Earl readily. “It cannot be surprising that you should lose your money, but all the world is surprised where you get money to lose.”

A joke of Sheridan's during Bath's greatest popularity as a gaming centre is worth repeating. There was a Major Brereton, noted for his high play, and when Sheridan met him once after a long absence he asked :

“How are you, major ; how have you been going on of late ?”

“I have had a great misfortune since last we met,” was the reply. “I have lost Mrs. Brereton.”

“Aye !” answered Sheridan. “How did you lose her, at hazard or at quinze ?”

So long as there were no restrictions upon gaming Nash prospered at Bath. He lived luxuriously in a great house in St. John's Court, and drove six fine horses—six horses so well matched and pacing so well together, that it seemed as if the coach were drawn by but one. He kept a coachman, postillion, two footmen in livery, a gentleman out of livery, and a running footman. In this equipage he drove to Tunbridge, where

¹ An allusion to May-day customs.

he spent a few months every year arranging its social functions.

It was in 1739, when Nash was on the crest of the wave, that the first blow to his fortunes was given; for while he was at Tunbridge an Act was passed against gaming, in which all private lotteries as well as Basset, Hazard, Ace of Hearts, and Pharaoh were suppressed. The Act naturally led to evasion, new games were invented, and a new Act passed. Other games, such as Marlborough's Battles, Rolly-Polly, and E. O., were set up; and as Nash could no longer play openly, he shared the bank with the inventor of E. O., one named Cook, and the room keeper at Tunbridge. Returning to Bath Nash started E. O. there, and took a fourth share with two other people. At both places he was cheated, his share of the profits becoming less and less. A further Gaming Act in 1745 affected him still more, and he resolved to go to law to secure the money his partners should have paid him. He lost the suit, and suffered from revealing to his public that he was concerned in the gaming table.

Then came a hard time for poor Nash, who had lost not only his means of support but also many friends and public esteem as well. He fell into ill-health too, and became depressed. To the end of his life he remained "King of Bath," but his wit degenerated into rudeness; with the usual forgetfulness of age he also became prosy, telling the same stories over and over again, and—seeing past events through a magnifying lens—made a great hero of himself. His doctor was Dr. Cheyne, already mentioned, and he, having prescribed for him, asked him the next day if he had followed the prescription.

"No," says he, "for if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair-of-stairs window."

For some time calumny was busy with his name, it being stated that he had misappropriated some funds, an accusation which he most strenuously and solemnly denied, and for which no proof could be given. His irritability grew, and he often said things which gave great annoyance. One lady, suffering with a deformed back, however paid him in his own coin. She had but just arrived when Nash, accosting her, asked whence she came.

"Straight from London," she replied.

"Confound me, madam," said he; "then you must have been damnably warpt by the way."

It is possible that she was, or looked, very young, for seeing her again that evening Nash asked her if she knew her Catechism, and followed this by demanding facetiously whether she knew the name of Tobit's dog!

"Yes, sir," replied the lady; "his name was Nash, and a very impudent dog he was."

On another occasion, at a ball, he called upon a lady to stand up for the minuet, and she refused, saying she did not wish to dance.

"Not wish to dance, madam! 'Fore God you shall dance, or not come here at all!" roared Nash, much to the anger of those who heard him.

One of the favourite stories which he told in his later years was concerning the activity of his youth.

"Here I stand, gentlemen, that could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing jumps, backward or forward. One, two, three, dart like an arrow out of a bow. But I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas with Count Klopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau; you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running jump, and a most damnable bounce it was, that's certain. Everybody concluded that

he had the match hollow; when only taking off my hat, and stripping off neither coat, shoes, nor stockings, mind me, I fetches a run, and went beyond him one foot, three inches and three-quarters; measured, upon my soul, by Captain Pately's own standard."

The Beau's career was watched with interest in London as well as in Bath. Horace Walpole mentions him in his *Diary of 1755*:—"I, t'other night at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book. 'Lord Montford bets sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber!' How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagers put an end to their own lives.¹ Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well. 'Faith,' said he, 'it is very well that I look at all!'"

Poor Nash! Some unkind spirit wrote a letter purporting to be from the old actor Quin to a certain nobleman, asking him to dethrone Nash and put him (Quin) into his place. A copy of this was sent to Nash, it being found among his papers after his death. The letter stated that he was so disagreeable that he was ruining Bath; that it would be happy for this city if he were dead; and "he is now only fitt to read Shirlock upon death, by which he may seave his soul and gaine more than all the profitts he can make, by his white hatt, suppose it to be died red," etc.

This feeling could not have been general, as many of his friends subscribed for his memoirs, which he was supposed to be writing: with a minimum subscription of ten guineas many hundred pounds were collected, which kept Nash going for a long while. Eventually the

¹ "Both Lord Montford and Sir John Bland committed suicide."

Councillors meanly voted to this octogenarian who had literally made the prosperity of their city, a pittance of £10 a month. It was not enough for his needs, and his gorgeous collection of snuff-boxes vanished, with all the rest of his treasures, so that at his death three snuff-boxes—given by the Prince of Wales, Princess Amelia, and the Countess of Burlington—some family pictures, and a few books were all that remained of his house-full of valuable bric-à-brac.

During his last years he was pestered with letters from the “unco guid,” whose certainty of their own salvation seemed to have filled them with malice towards other people. I give one specimen of such, which is quite enough to condemn the religion of the writer.

“You are as odious to God as a corrupt carcass that lies putrifying in the churchyard. You are as far from doing your duty, or endeavouring after salvation, or restoring yourself to the divine favour, as a heap of dry bones nailed up in a coffin is from vigour and activity. Think, sir, I conjure you, think upon this, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched. Would you be rescued from the fury and fierce anger of God? Would you be delivered from weeping, and wailing, and incessant gnashing of teeth? . . . If you do not remedy in some degree the evils that you have sent abroad, wretched will you be, above all men to eternity. God’s jealousy, like a consuming flame, will smoke against you, as you yourself will see, in that day when the mountains shall quake, and the hills shall melt, and the earth be burnt up at His presence.”

This sort of thing served to hurt the poor old man, but could not possibly do him any good. Of it Goldsmith says :

“In the name of piety, what was there criminal in his



PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

conduct? He had long been taught to consider his trifling profession as a very serious and important business. He went through his office with great gravity, solemnity, and care; why then denounce peculiar torments against a poor, harmless creature, who did a thousand good things, and whose greatest vice was vanity. He deserved ridicule, indeed, and he found it, but scarce a single action of his life, except one, deserves the asperity of reproach."

I would go farther than Goldsmith and say that Nash did an eminently good work in reforming Bath and caring for a very large family for fifty years. He went there as a gambler and good liver. As soon as he found his feet there he put aside his habit of drinking, he kept his mind alert and cool for his work; he showed justice, kindness, and generosity to his "subjects"; and there is on record no mean act of his except the incident of his taking a share in the profits of the gaming table.

Beau Nash died at the age of eighty-eight on February 3rd, 1761. The next day the mayor called the Corporation together, and £50 was voted for the burial of "their sovereign with proper respect." Four days the body lay in state, and then was taken to the Abbey Church. It was preceded by the charity girls and boys singing a hymn, the "city music," and his own band sounding a dirge. In spite of the condemnation so warmly expressed to him in his life, three clergymen walked before his coffin, and the six senior aldermen supported the pall. The masters of the Assembly Rooms followed as chief mourners, then the beadles of the hospital which he had spent a fortune to endow, and lastly came those patients who could walk. It was a peculiarly appropriate following, and all Bath was astir to see it pass, "even the tops of the houses were covered with spectators."

Nash's friend, Doctor Oliver, wrote what he termed "A faint Sketch of the Life, Character, and Manners of the late Mr. Nash." It is lavish in its praise, though it touches somewhat upon the Beau's faults, and is a fitting conclusion to this story of the "King" of Bath:

"This morning died RICHARD NASH, Esq. ; Aged eighty-eight. He was by birth a gentleman, an ancient Briton ; By education a student of Jesus College, Oxford ; By profession. . . .¹ His natural genius was too volatile for any. He tried the army and the law ; but soon found his mind superior to both. He was *born to govern* ; Nor was his dominion, like that of other legislators over the servility of the vulgar, but over the pride of the Noble, and the Opulent. His public character was great, as it was self-built and self-maintained : His private amiable, as it was grateful, beneficent and generous. By the force of genius he erected the city of Bath into a province of pleasure, and became by universal consent, its legislator and ruler. He plan'd, improv'd, and regulated all the amusements of the place ; his fundamental law was that of good breeding : *Hold sacred decency and decorum*, his constant maxim : Nobody, howsoever exalted by beauty, blood, titles or riches, could be guilty of a breach of it, unpunished—The penalty, *his disapprobation*, and *public shame*. To maintain the sovereignty he had established, he published rules of behaviour, which from their propriety, acquired the Force of laws ; and which the highest never infring'd, without immediately undergoing the public censure. He *kept the men in order* ; most wisely, by prohibiting the wearing swords in his dominions ; By which means he prevented sudden passion from

¹ Hiatus in original. Dr. Oliver was evidently at a loss to give a name to the Beau's profession.

causing the bitterness of unavailing repentance—In all quarrels he was chosen the Umpire—and so just were his decisions, that peace generally triumphed, crowned with the mutual thanks of both parties. He *kept the ladies in good-humour*; most effectually by a nice observance of the rules of place and precedence; by ordaining scandal to be the infallible mark of a foolish head and a malicious heart, always rendering more suspicious the reputation of her who propagated it, than that of the person abused. Of the young, the gay, the heedless fair, just launching into the dangerous sea of pleasure, he was ever, unsolicited (*sometimes unregarded*) the kind protector: humanely correcting even their mistakes in dress, as well as improprieties of conduct: nay, often warning them, though at the hazard of his life, against the artful snares of designing men, or an improper acquaintance with women of doubtful characters. Thus did he establish his government on pillars of honour and politeness, which could never be shaken: And maintained it, for full half a century, with reputation, honour, and undisputed authority, beloved, respected and revered. Of his private character be it the first praise, that, while by his conduct, the highest ranks became his subjects, he himself became the servant of the poor, and the distressed; whose cause he ever pleaded amongst the rich, and enforced with all the eloquence of a good example: They were ashamed not to relieve those wants to which they saw him administer with so noble a heart, and so liberal a hand. Nor was his munificence confined to particulars, he being, to all the public charities of this city, a liberal benefactor; not only by his own most generous subscriptions, but, by always assuming, in their behalf, the character of a sturdy beggar; which he performed with such an authoritative address to all ranks, without distinction, that few of the

worst hearts had courage to refuse, what their own inclinations would not have prompted them to bestow.

“Of a noble public spirit and a warm grateful heart, the obelisk in the Grove and the beautiful needle in the Square, are magnificent testimonies. The One erected to preserve the memory of a most interesting event to his country, the restitution of health, by the healing waters of this place to the illustrious prince of Orange, who came hither in a most languishing condition : The Other, a noble offering of thanks to the late Prince of Wales, and his royal Consort, *for favours bestowed*, and honours by them conferred, on this city.

“His long and peaceful reign of absolute power was so tempered by his excessive good-nature, that no instance can be given either of his own cruelty, or of his suffering that of others to escape its proper reward. Example unprecedented amongst absolute monarchs.

“READER

“This *monarch* was a *man*, and had his foibles, and his faults ; which we would wish covered with the veil of good-nature, made of the same piece with his own : but, truth forceth us unwillingly to confess, his passions were strong ; which, as they fired him to act strenuously in good, hurried him to some excesses in evil. His fire, not used to be kept under by an early restraint, burst out too often into flaming acts, without waiting for the cool approbation of his judgment. His generosity was so great, that prudence often whispered him, in vain, that she feared it would enter the neighbouring confine of profusion : His charity so unbounded, that the severe might suspect it sometimes to be the offspring of folly or ostentation.

“With all these, be they foibles, follies, faults, or frailties, it will be difficult to point out amongst his contemporary Kings of the whole earth, more than ONE who hath fewer, or less pernicious to mankind. His existence (For life it scarcely might be called) was spun out to so great an age, that the *man* was sunk, like many former heroes in the weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature ; the unwilling tax all animals must pay for multiplicity of days. Over his closing scene, charity long spread her all-covering mantle, and dropped the curtain, before the poor actor, though he had played his part, was permitted to quit the stage. Now may she protect his memory ! Every friend of *Bath* ; Every lover of decency, decorum, and good breeding, must sincerely deplore the loss of so excellent a governor ; and join in the most fervent wishes (would I could say hopes) that there may soon be found a man able and worthy to succeed him.”

Quite as laudatory, and more amusing, are some lines from Anstey’s “New Bath Guide,” in which Simpkin Blunderhead tells us that—

The gods, their peculiar favour to show,
 Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau :
 The Grandson of Atlas came down from above
 To bless all the regions of pleasure and love ;
 To lead the fair nymph thro’ the various maze,
 Bright beauty to marshal, his glory and praise ;
 To govern, improve, and adorn the gay scene,
 By the graces instructed, and Cyprian queen :
 As when in a garden delightful and gay,
 Where Flora is wont all her charms to display,
 The sweet hyacinthus with pleasure we view
 Contend with narcissus in delicate hue,
 The gard’ner industrious trims out his border,
 Puts each odoriferous plant in its order ;
 The myrtle he ranges, the rose and the lilly,
 With iris and crocus, and daffa-down-dilly ;

The Beaux and the Dandies

Sweet peas and sweet oranges all he disposes
 At once to regale your eyes and your noses :
 Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent lord,
 Respected by youth, and by parents ador'd ;
 For him not enough at a ball to preside,
 Th' unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide ;
 Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
 By man, by perfidious man, is betray'd ;
 Taught charity's hand to relieve the distress,
 While tears have his tender compassion express ;
 But alas ! he is gone, and the city can tell
 How in years and in glory lamented he fell ;
 Him mourned all the giants on Claverton's Mount ;
 Him Avon deplor'd, him the Nymph of the Fount,
 The crystalline streams.

Then perish his picture, his statue decay,
 A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.
 If true what philosophers all will assure us,
 Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
 That the spirit's immortal : as poets allow,
 If life's occupations are follow'd below :
 In reward of his labours, his virtue and pains,
 He is footing it now in th' Elysian plains,
 Indulg'd as a token of Proserpine's favour,
 To preside at her balls in a cream-colour'd beaver :
 Then peace to his ashes—our grief be suppress,
 Since we find such a phoenix has sprung from his nest ;
 Kind heaven has sent us another professor,
 Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.

“The King is dead, long live the King,” is the substance of the last lines, but Bath was never again the place that it had been under Nash.

CHAPTER IX

They looked wonderfully dainty in their well-combed periwigs, their coats powdered half way down their back, their waistcoats of coloured silk or satin richly embroidered with gold or silver lace ; their velvet breeches and coloured stockings, and their great silver-buckled shoes.

J. F. MOLLOY.

DURING the life of Richard Nash there were many remarkable figures in society who lived to dress, men who thought the shape of the shoe-buckle, the quality of the lace hung at the neck, or the exact cut of the coat, to be among the most important things of life. Such men were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Hervey, George Selwyn, Lord Bolingbroke, Bubb Dodington, and others. Of these Chesterfield was the amalgam of the ambitious politician, the literary man, and the beau, and it is difficult to say which of these varied characteristics was the strongest. Lord Hervey was ambitious of office, and extraordinarily devoted to dress in a finicking, dainty way. Bubb Dodington was very much a Beau, but of a somewhat garish and self-assertive type, and M. Barbey d'Aurevilly says that Bolingbroke most deserved the name of all the men of his time ; but then, Bolingbroke was better known in France than any of the others.

Bolingbroke once offended Queen Anne in a matter sartorial. Being summoned to her presence in great haste, he hurried to obey without changing any article of his attire; thus he appeared in a Ramlie or tie-wig, instead of a full-bottomed one, provoking the remark

from Her Majesty, that she supposed he would come to Court in his night-cap next. In full dress Bolingbroke was a gorgeous figure, for though the gallants considered ribbons to be out of date, they still indulged in many fripperies. See him, then, in full-bottomed wig, rising high over his forehead, parted or not at the centre, and flowing down his back to below his waist; his hat is garnished with gold braid and lace, turned up at the side; his full-skirted coat reaching nearly to his knees is of claret colour, though on some occasions he chooses rose or purple. And the coat is a wonderfully ornamented garment. Down one edge are many button-holes to take the gold or jewelled buttons which meet them at the opposite edge, and all are surrounded by gold or silver lace, which also covers the long seams and the pockets. Enormous cuffs are turned back over the sleeves, and rich lace or frilled shirt sleeves hang upon his hands. His blue (sometimes scarlet) silk stockings are pulled well above the knee, almost hiding the short breeches, and a long waistcoat with flapped pockets is of the gayest possible colour. His legs are gartered below the knee with gold braid, finished with gold fringe; square buckles stretch across his shoes, which bear a large instep flap reaching up the front of the ankle, and—a sign of extreme dandyism—the heels are bright red. His long cravat is edged with lace, and is knotted loosely round his throat, and there is no belt to support his sword, which modestly peeps from between the skirts of his coat. He never goes abroad without his snuff-box, his eyeglass, and a cane attached to a ribbon.

The wigs were at this time so enormous that most people who preferred comfort were seeking something more convenient and less expensive. Tom Brown speaks of a man who wore a periwig which "was large enough

to have loaded a camel, and he bestowed upon it at least a bushel of powder." The battle of Ramilies gave the name to a new wig of white hair drawn upwards and back from the forehead, and puffed out at the sides. This had a pig-tail to finish it at the back, and Lord Bolingbroke is said to have invented the ribbons to tie it at top and bottom. The periwig cost from £3 to £30, and Gay, in his "Trivia," notices the fact that it was no uncommon occurrence for a wig to be snatched from the head in a dark street. Powder was much used, and on adjusting his wig the wearer had to cover his face with a glass mask while the hairdresser dredged him with scented flour.

As for the cane, it was sometimes hung on one of the waistcoat buttons, sometimes flourished in the air, but never used as a walking-stick; and it was regarded as a mark of fashion to have the waistcoat sprinkled all down its length with snuff.

In 1697 the Beaux were described as "creatures compounded of a periwig; and a coat laden with powder as white as a miller's, a face besmeared with snuff and a few affected airs." Misson, in his "Travels in England," adds: "They are exactly like Molière's Marquis, and want nothing but that title, which they would assume in any other country but England." To keep the wig in order the Beaux carried looking-glasses on the lids of their snuff-boxes, and elegant combs appeared after every puff of wind, being used with a dainty curve of the hand while conversing with ladies or in any public place.

Though F. W. Fairholt, in his "Costume in England," says that "Charles II. may be said to have given the death-blow to exaggeration in male costume, when he put on *solemnly* a long close vest of dark cloth, with a determination never to alter it," it seems to me that

the Beaux of the time of William III. and Anne managed to effect some striking exaggerations. It is quite easy to imagine Beau Nash like a "golden garland" in his waistcoat and coat covered with gold lace, his silk stockings and high red heels. It is not quite so easy to think of men in the middle and later part of the century so decked out; Lord Chesterfield, for instance, or the circle which surrounded Horace Walpole; and there are few people of to-day who will not listen with incredulity on being told that Charles James Fox, with his obese figure, his untidy dress, his rugged, "saturnine" face, crossed by thick bushy black brows, contentedly reading Herodotus while his furniture was being carted away by creditors, was at one time "an outrageous fop." Yet so it is, all were fops, though many of them were something more than fops.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Lord Chesterfield, who lived from 1694 to 1773, the courtier, the politician, the man of letters, the wit, the beau, and the untiring seeker after fame, would not be included in these pages were it not for his equally untiring desire to make an impression upon all who beheld him. He was a man who, while probably sincere, seemed to say things from courtesy or expediency rather than from feeling or conviction; who, while knowing every one, attracted few friends; ambitious of power, yet always missing it; coveting posts that were refused him, and given those which came as a rebuff; making powerful enemies when he most desired friends; one whose memory lives more by the denunciations of those who disliked him than through the praise of his admirers, yet who with it all was a man of great attainments.

Not only in his youth—in a letter written when in his teens he says: "I shall only tell you that I am

insolent ; I talk a good deal ; I am very loud and peremptory ; I sing and dance as I go along ; and lastly, I spend a monstrous deal of money in powder, feathers, white gloves, etc."—but in his age, he paid great attention to dress, for he was ever self-conscious, and he liked to feel that he was beyond criticism. Going to Paris on leaving "that illiberal seminary," Cambridge, he returned, "the finest young gentleman then to be found in the ranks of the English nobility." We have both Dr. Johnson's and Lord Hervey's words for it that his manners were "exquisite," and as both disliked him, we may be sure that it was true. And above all things he had a ready wit, though Dr. Johnson savagely styled him as but "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits." It was no doubt in part his caustic tongue which gained him enemies, among whom was Queen Caroline, who told Lord Hervey that Lord Chesterfield turned her into ridicule, and that she had often advised him not to provoke her, for if he had more wit than she, she had a most bitter tongue, and would certainly pay him any debt of that kind with exorbitant interest. She added that he would deny having said anything about her, and repeat the offence as soon as she turned her back.

People sought Chesterfield for his wit, and feared him for his indiscriminate use of it—by which he injured himself more than he did others. He would utter his incisive sarcasm so graciously that it would be only after reflection that the victim would thoroughly feel the sting, and so more fully resent it. Hervey quotes two lines from Boileau which he said exactly suited Chesterfield : "Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis, et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis."¹ Queen

¹ He is a little fool who believes every liberty is allowed him, and for a witty saying loses twenty friends.

Caroline neither forgot nor forgave his youthful indiscretions of speech, and they practically wrecked his career. The unfortunate thing is that so few of his sayings have come down to us.

George I. was not exacting when the beauty of his mistresses was in question. Both Madame Schulenberg (the Duchess of Kendal) and Madame Kilmansegge, whom he brought with him from Hanover, raised the wonder of the English people by their plainness and their abundant flesh. Of them Chesterfield said that they were "two considerable examples of the King's bad taste and good stomach." Of Madame Kilmansegge the Princess of Wales once remarked with a scornful laugh, "She looks young—if one may judge from her complexion. She might be eighteen or twenty."

"Yes, eighteen or twenty stone," replied his lordship, who continued: "The standard of His Majesty's taste, as exemplified in his mistress, makes all ladies who desire his favour, and who are near the suitable age, strain and swell themselves like the frogs in the fable, to rival the bulk and dignity of the Ox. Some succeed, others—burst."

Sir Thomas Robinson, who was tall enough to be nicknamed *Long*, and who was said to be very stupid, once challenged Chesterfield to write a couplet upon him. At once Chesterfield wrote and handed him the two lines:

Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
It shall be witty and it shan't be long.

When told that Sir Thomas was "dying by inches," he answered, and the retort must have been irresistible: "If that be so he has still a good time to live."

There were two Sir Thomas Robinsons, of very dif-

ferent build, of whom Lady Townsend said: "I can't imagine why the one should be preferred to the other; I see but little difference between them; the one is as *broad* as the other is *long*."

Chesterfield once addressed a letter to Lord Pembroke, who was given to swimming frequently in the river: "To the Earl of Pembroke in the Thames, over against Whitehall"; and Horace Walpole says, "that was sure to find him within a certain number of fathoms."

The neatest *mot* recorded is that which Chesterfield uttered on hearing of the marriage of an unknown *parvenu* with the daughter of a notorious lady: "Nobody's son has married Everybody's daughter."

He was by some of his contemporaries described as "the ugliest man at Court," and yet scarcely with justification. "His figure is the worst of him," writes Mr. W. H. Craig in his recent biography, "being too coarse and stunted for the pale, intellectual face that surmounts it. The forehead high, but somewhat narrow. The eyes keen, dark, cold, are surmounted by thick, arched, black eyebrows, giving a peculiar character to the face which at once arrests notice. The orbital cavities are very large . . . the nose thin, aquiline, prominent; not so beak-like as the elder Pitt . . . not a badly shaped mouth by any means, with firm, well-cut lips . . . teeth sadly discoloured."

In dress he reminds us of Nash, and the following description of him in the Pump Room at Bath about the year 1730 shows what he was like at that period.

"He wore the ornate evening dress which fashion then demanded—a peach-coloured velvet coat garnished with bullion in various devices, the cuffs edged with deep

ruffles of costly Mechlin, whereof a loosely-tied cravat surrounds the wearer's throat; a wondrously embroidered waistcoat of luminous material, traversed diagonally by a broad blue riband, and descending low upon breeches of dull-coloured satin, which end in legs of rather clumsy model, encased in silken hose, having thereto attached large, though not unshapely, feet inserted in high-heeled pumps, and crossed on the instep by huge buckles that glimmer with a hundred twinkling lights. A gorgeous star on the left breast . . ." signifying that the wearer had been honoured with the Order of the Garter. Mr. Craig sums up the description of this man as "splendour lacking harmony, symmetry lacking charm, elegance lacking ease, suavity without the impression of sincerity, dignity without that absence of constraint which true dignity implies."

Chesterfield had and encouraged a reputation for gallantry, though he was never known to have experienced a great passion. When King George once heard that Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret were each engaged in writing a history of his reign, he remarked:—"I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who, of all the rascals and knaves who have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge. He is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel; that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs."

The Queen said all the three histories would be heaps of lies. "Bolingbroke's would be great lies, Chesterfield's little lies, and Carteret's lies of both sorts."

Chesterfield married, in 1733, Melusina de Schulenberg,

daughter of the lady already mentioned and—it was believed—of George I., for as Walpole says, “she was very like him.” The first George left a will in which a large sum of money was bequeathed to Melusina, but George II. burnt it. Lord Chesterfield intended to take legal steps to recover the £40,000 thus left; but the King, on the advice of the Lord Chancellor, arranged the matter by paying over £20,000. It is said that Chesterfield had been attracted by Melusina when quite a young man, and that she had then and always preferred him to all others. After the marriage they kept up different establishments, she still residing with her aunt—or mother—the Duchess of Kendal, and he at the house next door. She was a good and thoughtful wife, and outlived him several years, but they had no children, the boy to whom the celebrated letters were written being a natural son.

In his old age Chesterfield led a retired life in the great mansion which he had built. His library was a beautiful room, the walls “covered half way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases were, in close series, the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed; over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extended all round in foot-long capitals the Horatian lines :

Nunc . veterum . libris .

Nunc . somno . et . inertibus . Horis .

Lucen . solicter . jucunda . oblivia . vitea .

On the mantelpieces and cabinets stood busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy statuettes in marble or alabaster, of nude or semi-nude opera nymphs.”

Here he wrote much more than was published. "I used to snatch up my pen with momentary raptures, because by choice; but now I am married to it . . . I often scribble, but at the same time protest to you that I almost as often burn."

Chesterfield suffered from an ailment which he said "was goutish-rheumatism or a rheumatic gout," and talked of miserable age. "Fontenelle's last words at a hundred and three were '*Je souffre d'être*'; deaf and infirm as I am, I can with truth say the same thing at sixty-three." However, he lived sixteen years longer. It was his custom to take a drive each day almost up to the last, and when a distinguished visitor called upon him once, and shortly took his leave, the Earl said lightly, "I will not detain you, for I must go and rehearse my funeral." It was also in his old age that he replied to an inquiry concerning a friend: "To tell you the truth, we have both been dead this twelve month, but we do not own it." He was courteous under every circumstance, even though he could not restrain his tendency to say a smart thing. When his valet parted the curtains of the bed on which his lordship lay dying, to announce that Mr. Dayrolles had called to see him, he found strength to make his last effort at speech with, "Give Dayrolles a chair."

In his will he left his servants two years' wages, adding to the clause: "I consider them as unfortunate friends; my equals by nature, and my inferiors only in the difference of our fortunes."

John, Lord Hervey, the persistent enemy of Chesterfield, was as much liked by Queen Caroline as the latter was disliked. He was a strangely vain man, and yet it is difficult to say how much his solicitude for his face



THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY, "OLD Q."
"The Wickodest of Wicked Old Men."



did or did not arise from a desire to hide the evidence of ill-health which must have been there. He was a brother of the handsome and witty Carr, and the second son of the Earl of Bristol.

He himself was evidently good-looking, though almost as many gruesome jests were levelled at his cadaverous appearance as at that of old Samuel Rogers. In dress, in wit, and in that stoical determination to meet every event with a smile, he was essentially a Beau. He is described as being "singularly handsome, fair and effeminate," his features clearly cut, "the forehead lofty and intellectual, the mouth at once delicate and satirical, the eyes full of repose and thought."

Fair as he was, he habitually painted his face, and paint in those days was an extraordinary thing. Many people used white lead to produce "a beautiful fairness," and more than one great lady was said to have died from this poisonous aid to beauty! Of these one was Lady Coventry, the elder of the lovely Gunning sisters, who died at the age of twenty-seven from a disorder said to have been caused by the quantity of paint she laid on her face. It was regarded as almost indecent among women not to paint, and the result was a most obvious effect of pinkness and whiteness which to-day would be thought more suitable for a clown than for any one else.

Pope, who hated Hervey because of his warm friendship with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wrote of him as "the painted child of dirt," saying another time, "his face is so finished that neither sickness nor passion could deprive it of colour." The ballads of the day styled him "Hervey the Handsome." When a young man Hervey spent some time in the country in "the perpetual pursuit of poetry," much to his father's annoy-

ance, and Pope seizes upon this taste for poetry in one of his Satires :

The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say.
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

“Lord Fanny” being Lord Hervey. In the “Dunciad,” too, referring to a dedication made by a writer to Hervey, he alludes to Hervey as Narcissus and a blockhead :

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire and patronis'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.

Unlike the professional Beau, Hervey was intellectually brilliant. He was also a linguist and a politician, ambitious of advancement.

He fought at least one duel. An anonymous pamphlet, probably by Sir William Yonge, had been published, severely criticising Mr. Pulteney, and that gentleman declared Hervey to be the author : so another anonymous pamphlet appeared, this time defaming Lord Hervey. The latter challenged Mr. Pulteney to deny the authorship of it, and that gentleman replied that he would stand by every word in the pamphlet. Of course there was nothing to be done but to fight a duel, and the two met one Monday morning in Upper St. James's Park, which we now name the Green Park. They were both slightly wounded, and Hervey would have been killed but that Pulteney's foot slipped, upon which the seconds declared the duel at an end.

The second offending pamphlet gave Pope the subject for an invective against Hervey in his “Epistle to Arbuthnot,” where, bestowing upon him the name of

Sporus, he twists every virtue, vice, or defect into a thing of shame :

P. Let *Sporus* tremble—

A. What! that thing of silk?

Sporus! that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sence, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings!
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;
As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, the familiar toad!
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.
In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's temper thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest!
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust!

The poet Gay wrote of him in a very different strain upon his marriage with "the beautiful Molly Lepell," a maid-in-waiting much admired at Court.

Now, Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

He was, as has been said, a great favourite with Queen Caroline, who was in the habit of requiring his society each morning after breakfast that she might talk over affairs, and further indulge in gossip and confidences concerning those about her Court and things which interested her. This made Hervey so useful as an intermediary with the Queen, who was a greater ruler than the King, that Walpole could not give him the preferment he desired, though after her death the post of Lord Privy Seal was allotted him. The Queen had a real affection for this courtier, for in spite of his painted face and affectation of manner she knew him to possess sound judgment and to be a faithful friend. She was frequently heard to say: "It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature," she being fourteen years the senior; and in his Memoirs Hervey tells us that she used to call him "her child, her pupil, and her charge." Walpole declares that the "virtuous Princess Caroline" was deeply in love with him. Like Brummell, nearly a century later, Hervey had an irreparable quarrel with the Prince of Wales, probably concerning an intrigue with Miss Vane, a maid-of-honour much favoured by the Prince.

When Frederick, Prince of Wales, married, Hervey wore a suit of gold brocade worth something between £300 and £500. This was in 1736, and to judge from descriptions the actual gorgeousness of men's dress must have been equal to anything in the time of Charles II. Thus, at the reception on the Wednesday following the marriage, the men wore gold stuffs, flowered velvets, embroidered or trimmed with gold; waistcoats of exceedingly rich silks, flowered with gold of large pattern; long open sleeves, with a broad cuff, and skirts stiffened so as to stand out in imitation of ladies' hoops. White

silk stockings and a wig tied behind with a large flat bow were then the fashion.

All his life Hervey suffered from a liability to epileptic attacks, his father ascribing his ill-health to the use of "that detestable and poisonous plant, tea, which had once brought him to death's door, and if persisted in would carry him to the grave." He dieted himself severely, drinking only water and milk tea, eating very little meat, and that only chicken; bread, water, and asses' milk formed his fare sometimes, which gave to Pope his opportunity of calling him "a mere cheese curd of asses' milk." Many are the allusions in contemporary writers to Hervey's thin white face. Walpole, at his downfall in 1742, said bitterly of him that he was "too ill to go to operas, yet, with a coffin face, is as full of his little dirty politics as ever." And a little earlier the Duchess of Marlborough wrote in a letter: "Lord Hervey is at this time always with the King, and in vast favour. He has certainly parts and wit, but is the most wretched, profligate man that ever was born, besides ridiculous; a painted face and not a tooth in his head."

When George II. was having a stormy voyage over the Channel to Hanover, no news being obtainable of him, the Prince was openly spoken of as the Successor, at which Queen Caroline was very depressed, saying that her son "was such an ass that one cannot tell what he thinks." "On the contrary, Madam," said Lord Hervey, "he is a mere bag of sand, and anybody may write upon him." To which Her Majesty replied that such writing could easily be rubbed out. Hervey was a devoted friend to the Queen up to the moment of her death, and in spite of the innuendoes concerning him and Princess Caroline was a true friend to the Princess, for whom his wife showed continued affection.

That he was an immoral man is unquestionable ; it is almost as certain that he was a lovable one. Of him Johnson said to Boswell, "If you call a dog Hervey I shall love him." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu also said that there were three divisions in the human race, Men, Women, and Herveys. He died in 1743, leaving eight children, and a valuable memoir of his life and times.

One of the most remarkable and probably most contemned Beau of the early and middle part of the eighteenth century was George Bubb, better known as Bubb Dodington. He had no advantage of high birth, his father having variously been described as an apothecary and an Irish adventurer, indeed he may have been both ; but when his mother's brother, George Dodington, died he left a large estate in Dorsetshire to George, which caused the young man to change his name. He had sufficient family influence to become M.P. for Winchelsea in 1715, when but twenty-four years of age, and he was sent as Envoy-extraordinary to Spain, where he remained from 1715 to 1717. When he came into his fortune in 1720 he spent £140,000 in completing the mansion begun by his uncle at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire. In London he lived the life of a fashionable man about town, dressing with great splendour in clothes embroidered in gold and silver, which clothes, in later years, he caused to be used as a sort of patchwork covering for his state bed, a fact betrayed by the numerous pocket-holes in the hangings and coverlets. It is said that when he was presented to the Queen on her marriage with George III. his vast figure was covered with gorgeous brocaded garments, some of which "broke from their moorings in a very indecorous manner." He shared with Chesterfield the renown of wearing a wig

of a shape which no other man affected. His dinners were most luxurious, invitations being sought by the men he knew; and as he was generous to his friends, they returned it by ministering to his vanity. They styled him a Wit, and repeated his sayings at the clubs—sayings which were not without humour sometimes, though Horace Walpole declared that he was always aiming at wit and never hitting it. He dined well himself, and liked a nap after dinner. On one such occasion Lord Cobham began to tell a story, and Dodington, who was noticed to be fast asleep, was accused of inattention to his guest.

"Asleep! Nonsense, I heard all that was said," he replied. Cobham told him to repeat the conversation, whereupon Dodington related the story. In some wonder all admitted that he must have been awake, at which their host laughed, adding: "No, I was really fast asleep, but I knew that this was the right time of day for you to tell this story."

Dodington posed as a patron of talent, which caused many poems to be dedicated to him, such as Thomson's "Summer," Young's "On the Love of Fame," and an eclogue by Lyttelton on "The Progress of Love." Fielding also addressed to him an epistle on "True Greatness." Though Dodington wrote verses himself, which Lyttelton described as "very pretty love verses," and some of which were published later, and though he kept a diary which gives good historical information concerning his time, he was noted only in his own day as a man of letters.

If we may believe Lord Hervey—who had a bitter tongue, and ever said the worst of people—Dodington "possessed the *je ne sais quoi* in displeasing in the strongest and most universal degree that ever any man was blessed

with that gift." Yet he also possessed "good parts and a great deal of wit." Dodington had the unforgivable fault of possessing a vanity out of proportion to his attainments, thus arousing both derision and dislike. That he was a "trimmer" in politics was not sufficient to account for the sharp strictures uttered upon him by more modern writers than Hervey; he lived in an age when "sitting on the rail" was popular with the lesser men, and he was but one of many.

Beau Dodington's house in Pall Mall was next the garden which the Prince had bought there of Lord Chesterfield, and while Dodington was in the Prince's favour a door had been made from the house into the garden, the Prince even going so far as to give his favourite free entry by keys into his own house on the other side. At this time Dodington allowed his royal master to command him to any extent, even to allowing himself to be wrapped in a blanket and rolled downstairs for fun. On one occasion the Prince managed to extract a large loan from the Beau, and then turned with glee to those around him, saying: "Dodington is reckoned as a clever man, but I have got £5,000 out of him which he will never see again." Prince Frederick and his friend were equally fond of gambling and of writing verses, but in spite of these similarities, Dodington was ousted from favour by Chesterfield and Lyttelton about 1734.

The Prince's change of sentiment towards poor Dodington was so complete that he caused the door in the Beau's house to be fastened up, put new locks on his own doors so that the old keys would not serve, planted shrubs and even built a wall so as to hide his residence from the windows of the forsaken friend. Dodington did the only thing he could do, he left London and went

for a time into the country, subsequently attaching himself to the Duke of Argyle. In 1737 the Prince tried to make friends again because he wanted Dodington to support the suggested increase of his allowance from £50,000 to £100,000. That Bubb was not quite so bad as he has been painted is shown by the fact that he did not accept this invitation to gain favour and to desert his party; further, when Argyle separated from Walpole, Dodington went with him, thus losing his place in the Treasury.

There are curious stories told about Dodington's love affairs and residences. As to the former, he was at one time much in love with a Mrs. Strawbridge, who lived in Saville Row, Piccadilly, and who liked to make sure of his faithfulness. Dodington being in a particularly amorous mood one day, she taunted him with the fickleness of man, saying that he would surely forget her and fall in love with some one else.

"Never, never," was his reply; "I swear I will never cease to love you."

Mrs. Strawbridge laughed at his enthusiasm, and at last, rendered indiscreet by his desire to prove the depth and stability of his feeling, he wrote out a bond promising to pay her £10,000 if he married another woman while she lived. Mrs. Strawbridge was right however, he fell in love with a Mrs. Behan, and became lost between his desire for a wife and his desire to retain his gold. According to Walpole, he temporised by secretly marrying Mrs. Behan, who also temporised by allowing herself for seventeen years to be regarded as Dodington's mistress. At the end of that time Mrs. Strawbridge died, and Dodington acknowledged his wife.

He had a house at Eastbury, one at Hammersmith—known as La Trappe—and another in Pall Mall, all of

which were filled with tasteless splendour. One bed-chamber was hung with the richest red velvet, his crest—a hunting horn supported by an eagle—being pasted on every panel in gilt leather; a chimney-piece elsewhere was covered with spar representing icicles, and a bed of purple was lined with orange and surmounted by a great plume of peacock-feathers. A door of white marble, supported by columns of lapis lazuli was a fitting entrance to an upper gallery of which the floor was of inlaid marble.

Showing this to the Duke of York he said: "Some people, sir, tell me that this room should be on the ground floor."

"Be easy, Mr. Dodington," replied the Duke, "it will soon be there."

At La Trappe his crest was inlaid with pebbles in the lawn before the door. All through was the display of self, showing that it was not a love of the beautiful which moved him to his domestic extravagance, but a desire of seeing his own magnificence in everything around him.

It was not until 1749 that a real reconciliation took place between him and the Prince, and then Dodington received a promise that he should be raised to the peerage at the King's death. Prince Frederick, however, was inconvenient enough to die first, and Dodington found himself once again afloat. He attached himself to the Princess of Wales, to the Duke of Newcastle, and to others whom he hoped would further his desires, and at last, after the King's death, Lord Bute made him Baron Melcombe of Melcombe Regis in Dorsetshire. Fifteen months later he died at his house in Hammer-smith. One disinterestedly good act recorded of him was what Walpole described as the "humane, pathetic, and bold speech" he made in the House of Commons, in 1757, against the execution of Admiral Byng.

CHAPTER X

The mushroom-squire sat at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a large muff, long peruke, dangling cane, a sword, snuff-box, diamond ring, pick-tooth-case, with handkerchief, etc., all of the newest fashion. . . . He frequently laugh'd, even at serious matters, to shew his white teeth; threw back his wig to discover the fine ring in his ear, and look'd what's a'clock to shew his gold watch.—JAMES PUCKLE, *The Club*.

THACKERAY paints Fleet Street in the time of George I. in kaleidoscopic colours :—

“People this street, so ornamented with crowds of swinging chairmen, with servants bawling to clear the way, with Mr. Dean in his cassock, his lackey marching before him; or Mrs. Dinah in her sack, tripping to chapel, her foot-boy carrying her ladyship's great Prayer-book; with itinerant tradesmen, singing their hundred cries (I remember forty years ago, as a boy in London city, a score of cheery, familiar cries that are silent now). Fancy the Beaux thronging to the chocolate houses, tapping their snuff-boxes as they issue thence, their periwigs appearing over the red curtains. Fancy Saccharessa beckoning and smiling from the upper windows and a crowd of soldiers brawling and bustling at the door—gentlemen of the Life Guards, clad in scarlet, with blue facings, and laced with gold at the seams,” etc.

It must have been a lively, brilliant scene compared with Fleet Street of to-day; and many were the extravagancies of appearance and manner exhibited there—*pace* Mr. Fairholt—for the greater part of the eighteenth century, though towards the end fashion had drifted to

Piccadilly. Yet, if we complete the picture, it loses something of its careless gaiety, which is replaced by an undercurrent of trouble and violence.

Think of the street itself, with its gable-ended houses starting from the dark shadow of Temple Bar. From each house hangs a heavy sign, indicating in some abstruse fashion the trade followed within. There are the Red Lion, Green Dragon, Hog-in-Armour, Queen's Head, Crooked Billet, Golden Bottle (a bank), Fiery Devil, Rainbow, and others, each one painted in bright colours, and hanging threateningly over the pedestrians. But the street is narrow, with a gutter in the centre, along which runs all the refuse of all the houses, and through which trot the horses, carriages, and chairmen, splashing showers of mud over the passers-by, who fight for the wall side as they walk.

At night, the Mohocks, some of them being among the fine and fashionable men of the day, roam about the neighbourhood, breaking windows, stealing knockers, beating the watch, insulting women (one of their favourite tricks being to forcibly stand a woman on her head in the mud), or surrounding a quiet citizen, whom they prick one after another with their swords, the victim being happy to go free with his life. Footpads steal along the walls, and hired ruffians wait in ambush to effect some fine gentleman's revenge.

At this time too Fleet Street is the favourite site for showmen, who exhibit many marvellous things—mandrakes at a penny a peep; an old she-dromedary and her young; an armless, legless, and—to make the matter certain, we are also told—footless and handless man, who writes, threads a needle, shuffles cards, and plays skittles. Giants, dwarfs, fire-eaters, posture-masters, abnormities and deformities of all sorts are from time to time on show in some tavern, court, or in the street itself.

It was not until 1766 that a pavement was put down, and it is not easy to think of our dainty, tripping, gold-laced, red-heeled Beaux seeking this street from pleasure. Yet all streets were alike to them, as they are to us, and Fleet Street was not worse than others; so the "Mermaid," the "Mitre," the "Rainbow," the "Devil," and the "Cock" taverns, Dick's coffee-house, "Hercules' Pillars," and the "Kit-Kat" Club, drew them thither. In these places they drank their coffee, chocolate, and wine, played at hazard, and talked politics and the frivolities of their age—frivolities coarsely expressed, to our thinking, yet in spirit much the same as those uttered to-day. Here came Swift, fearful of the Mohocks, of whom Addison says that Sir Roger de Coverley was just as much afraid; here came Addison and Steele, Congreve, Johnson and Boswell, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, Nash and the witty Selwyn; and here also came a crowd of men, young and old, whose object in life was to dress handsomely and to live softly, to share in intrigues and take part in the conversations of wits. Here were composed lampoons and libels; here scandal was bred and love-letters written; here fortunes were won and lost among effeminate, graceful gentlemen whose highest ambition was to be recognised as the smartest men of their date—gentlemen who were invisible until midday, and then, dressed in lacey cambric shirts, received their visitors in bed, the periwig carefully powdered and flowing over the pillow, the eyebrows painted, and tiny patches placed on cheek and chin. Such a one, when fully dressed and perfumed with jasmine or orange water, his ornamented sword by his side, a scented lace handkerchief hanging from his pocket, and his hands covered with fringed gloves, would then go abroad, perhaps to the Fives Court at the lower end of St. Martin's Street,

where he might listen to concerts or watch Italian performers or French dancers, or perhaps to Lambeth Wells, where he would find choice music and dancing, with a harlequin or other actors to please him. In the theatre at night the gallant was beautifully dressed and conspicuous by his endeavour not only to be seen but to force people to look at him. He was there indeed for that purpose, not to look at the performance. While that went on he would turn his back upon the stage, talk loudly to his companions, and behave in such a way as to be entirely objectionable. In those days the play was over by seven o'clock, and then came the evening, to be filled with the delights of supper or of an intrigue, followed by a night at hazard or whatever game of chance was fashionable for the moment.

Among those Beaux who were a little less effeminate, boxing was a favourite pastime, the strenuous exercise of it being left to professionals, while the fine gentleman indulged in a few rounds to warm his languid blood. The Tennis Court, in St. James's Street, Haymarket, where cock-fights and exhibitions of strength took place, was much frequented by the men of fashion, and which was popular even up to the time of Brummell. The Beaux were often lavish with their money, whether they had it or not, for they thought it better to live meanly in secret than to show a lack of gold in public; and they possessed the gambler's optimism, believing in the old axiom of "light come, light go." It is said that Jack Spencer and his brother Charles, who afterwards succeeded to the Marlborough title, and who were very fine gentlemen, never condescended, when paying the chairmen, to "dirty their fingers with silver."

In the early and middle eighteenth century there were two classes of Beaux, formed by the smart man of the

world and his footman. The latter was allowed both too little and too much licence ; his wages were small—probably not more than £6 a year—but he expected to be constantly tipped, vail being the correct word of the period for tip. His master was free to cane him for any and every fault, and any independent action gave him the reputation of being too big for his place. Yet, as he went where his master went, stood behind his chair at table, stood in the gallery at the play while the gentleman sat in the pit or box, his ideas took their colour from those of his master, his conversation ran upon the same themes, and his life was more or less passed in the same routine. “A sett of genteel footmen,” were the pride of a Beau, who took care that his men should have money for the fripperies of their appearance, and the men themselves were sure in some way or other to obtain those articles which most made them resemble the Beau—a snuff-box, for instance, well lined with the master’s snuff, hair powder, canes, etc.

A writer in *The Gentleman’s Magazine* for March 1832 tells us that the footmen were often chosen for “their size, hair, beauty, rather than for their industry, fidelity, and honesty. When we see them caress’d for what they deserv’d to be hang’d, and preferr’d for being faithful drudges to vice, how can we expect to see them other than they are, the most useless, insolent, and corrupted of people in Great Britain ? ”

Mr. Ralph Strauss, in his recent volume upon Robert Dodsley, tells us that “Tom Waitwell, a footman, complains that he and his brotherhood have had the honour to wait on the Quality at table ; by which kind of service they became wits, beaux, and politicians, adopted their masters’ jokes, copied their manners, and knew all the scandal of the beau-monde ; but are now supplanted by a

certain stupid utensil call'd a *Dumb Waiter*, which answers all purposes as well except making remarks and telling tales ; and it is for this very reason they are preferr'd, tho' it obstruct the channel of intelligence ; and families will want conversation when they want information to abuse one another"—which illustrates the fact that the footmen were in the habit of putting in their word when the masters talked—"and People must bear with 'em or else pay 'em their Wages."

Among those who were pre-eminently regarded as Beaux in the middle of the century were George Augustus Selwyn and his friend George James, better known as Gilly, Williams: Wits and lovers of dress both ; for we find in Jesse's collection of letters to George Selwyn unending allusions to velvets, muffs, fans, and other frivolities. It is curious that the reign of the muff was so prolonged. It started in England in the time of Charles II., and was practically in use until the nineteenth century. It altered in shape and size with every fashion, now being almost entirely made of ribbon or lace, now of miniver, and then of satin, or of feathers. One year it was small—"I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it cost but fourteen shillings," writes Horace Walpole to George Montague—and sometimes it is very large ; in 1765 it became "monstrous." When Charles James Fox was fighting his celebrated battle at Westminster, his partisans carried great muffs made of the fur of the red fox. The Earl of March acknowledges as a present from Selwyn a muff. "I like it prodigiously ; vastly better than if it had been tigré, or of any glaring colour."

George Selwyn was born in 1719, and lived to be seventy-one. He was a man of a curious mixture of character, tender to children, yet taking a morbid interest in

human suffering ; a Member of Parliament, who for nearly fifty years snored through the debates, yet the wittiest man of his time ; one who was a link in the chain of wits which, beginning with Lord Dorset, was continued by Lord Chesterfield, George Selwyn, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sydney Smith, and Douglas Jerrold. He was a noted conversationalist, setting a whole table in a roar of laughter. One of his most often repeated *mots*, though by no means his best, was uttered when Walpole grumbled to him that politics had not improved since the time of Queen Anne, adding : " But there is nothing new under the sun."

" Nor under the grandson !" replied Selwyn, alluding to George III. His wit was never bitter, Dr. Warner declaring that it was,

Social wit which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of life.

Selwyn matriculated at Oxford, went on the grand tour, and returned to the University in 1744, being rusticated the following year for a reputed insult to the Christian religion, his answer being that the use of a chalice at a wine party was but a freak done in liquor to ridicule the theory of Transubstantiation. Dr. Newton, of Oxford, writing upon this matter, says : " The upper part of the society here, with whom he" (Selwyn) " often converses, have, and always have had, a very good opinion of him. He is certainly not intemperate nor dissolute, nor does he ever game, that I know of or have heard of. He has a good deal of vanity, and loves to be admired and caressed, and so suits himself with great ease to the gravest and the sprightliest." Here we have the keynote to his character—the desire of the approbation of others, a desire which naturally brought about its own fulfilment.

Selwyn was not handsome, his nose was long, his

chin a little receding, face clean-shaven according to the fashion. In his time the perwig for ceremonial occasions had given place to the tie-wig, and for ordinary use to a small wig, drawn back from the forehead with a double row of curls round the neck. Bag-wigs were however largely used ; the fashion being said to have been initiated by footmen who put their curls into a leather bag to keep them out of the way of the plates. A gentleman's "bag" was made of silk and held the hair, which otherwise would have hung down his back. In 1766 the Hon. Henry St. John asks Selwyn, who is in Paris, to allow his servant to buy him four bags ; "let them be rather large, with a large plain rosette."

Selwyn had a singular passion for seeing corpses and executions, and there are many stories of the lengths to which he would go to gratify that passion. On one occasion a friend betted a hundred guineas that he would not be able to refrain from going to Tyburn to see a man hanged. He accepted the bet, but was discovered in the crowd dressed as an old apple-woman, and he paid the money. He even went to see his friend Lord Balmerino executed at the Tower, and when reproached with his cold-bloodedness, replied that he could not help going ; and if he had shown bad taste in going to see Lord Balmerino's head cut off, he made every reparation in his power by going the next day to see it sewn on again before burial. Walpole gives this retort as made after the execution of Lord Lovat, adding that when the body was stitched together, "George" (Selwyn), "in my lord chancellor's voice, said 'My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise.'"

At the trial of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnoch, Selwyn saw Mrs. Bethel, a daughter of Lord Sandys, who had what her friends called "a hatchet face," looking

wistfully at the rebels. "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners before they are condemned," he was heard to murmur. It was Selwyn's love of the gruesome that made Lord Holland, the father of Charles James Fox, say, when he was ill: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, be so good as to show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be delighted to see me."

Walpole affirmed that Selwyn only thought in execution phrases. "He came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man he would drop his handkerchief for the signal!" an allusion to the stage criminal who thus signified his readiness for death. Horace had a great affection for Selwyn, and mentioned him over and over again in his Diary. Once when in town there was an alarm of burglars in the house next to his in Albemarle Street, the owner of which was away. Walpole rushed next door and managed, after securing one thief with aid from other people, to send word to Selwyn at White's Club. The man who delivered the message had been burgled himself, and was still sore about it, so he stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and, with a hollow, trembling voice, said:

"Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments, and he has got a housebreaker for you."

Selwyn jumped up eagerly, and with a squadron from the club went to Albemarle Street. When he arrived he found that one man had been captured, and two "centinels" had run away, so the members of White's, with Walpole and Selwyn at their head—the former in nightgown and slippers, a lanthorn in one hand and a carbine over his shoulder—marched all over the place to look for more. Their chief find was an enormous bag of tools.

When Damien, who had attempted the life of

Louis XV., was put to a horrible death in Paris, Selwyn went over there and posted himself close to the platform. Being repulsed by the executioner, he told the man that he had journeyed from London solely to be present at the death of Damien, whereupon—and probably, though we are not told so, on the presentation of a handsome *douceur*—the man caused the people to give way to Selwyn, saying : “Faites place pour monsieur, c’est un Anglois, et un amateur.” Another story runs that he went upon the platform as an English executioner.

Some one of the same name as Charles James Fox having been hanged at Tyburn, Fox asked Selwyn if he had been there. “No,” replied Selwyn, “I never go to rehearsals”—a reply which must have raised the envy of many lesser wits.

Selwyn made a joke at any one’s expense, and at every opportunity. Fox was once speaking of the successful peace he had made with France, saying he had persuaded that country to give up the gum trade to England. “That I am not surprised at, Charles,” replied Selwyn, “for, having drawn your teeth, they would be damned fools to trouble about your *gums*.”

When a subscription was proposed for the benefit of Fox, some one observed that it was a matter of some delicacy, and wondered how Fox would take it. “Take it ?” exclaimed Selwyn ; “why, *quarterly* to be sure !”

Republican principles were all the rage in London during the Revolution, and on a May-day Selwyn and Fox met the chimney-sweepers decked out in all their gaudy finery. “I say, Charles,” said Selwyn, “I have often heard you and others talk of the *majesty* of the people, but until now I have never seen the young *princes* and *princesses*.”

When Charles Fox lodged with a congenial spirit at



GEORGE SELWYN, THE HONOURABLE RICHARD EDGCUMBE, AND "GILLY" WILLIAMS
Painted by Reynolds for Horace Walpole



Mackay's, an oilman in Piccadilly, some one remarked that the two, with their dissipation, would ruin poor Mackay. "Oh no," said Selwyn, "they will make his fortune, for he will have the credit of having the finest pickles in London in his place."

Selwyn was a great gambler, and kept the bank at Brooks's, but it is said that later he overcame his liking for play, because it was "too great a consumer of time, health, fortune, and thinking." Thus he was able to die in affluence, a circumstance enjoyed by very few gamblers of the eighteenth century.

Little is known to-day of Gilly Williams but that he was the son of a celebrated lawyer and uncle by marriage to Lord North, and was a close friend of Walpole's. He is said to have been the gayest among the gay and wittiest among the witty, and he was certainly very interested in his clothes. It is amusing in reading the letters addressed to Selwyn when in Paris in 1766 and 1767, to find how often clothes were the subject of the pen. Gilly Williams, the Earl of March, and the Hon. Henry St. John were great upon this subject.

"Vernon writes that you would send him a velvet, something of this pattern, for a coat, waistcoat and breeches," writes the Earl of March. In another letter he asks for two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, but nothing which smells of musk or amber; he also desires some patterns of spring velvets and silks for furs, and asks that inquiries should be made at Calais about his coat lined with astrakan. Then, "Lady Townsend has sent me a fan for you, which I will send you by the first opportunity if I don't bring it myself." And ten days later he writes: "I have two fans for you from Lady Townsend, which you shall have by the first opportunity."

The Earl of March, who was later known as the wicked Lord Queensberry, was a Macaroni in his own right; he took great respect for his clothes, fell in love when inclined, and played desperately. He writes, in 1766: "I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls" (Mlle. Zamperini). "This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society." He writes again a little later: "I want a dozen pair of silk stockings for the Zamperini, of a very small size, and with embroidered clocks. I should also be glad to have some riband, a cap or something or other for her of that sort. She is but fifteen. You may advise with Lady Rochford, who will choose something that will be fit for her, and that she will like."

We wonder if any lady nowadays would choose gifts abroad for any Zamperini.

On the question of fans, which were much used by the Beaux—or Macaronis, as for a time they were called—the Earl wrote in December 1766: "She" (Lady Townsend) "sent me two when she thought I was going to Paris, but she was in great haste to get them back again. I believe she was afraid they might be seized upon by some of the opera people if they remained in my house." George Selwyn did not get the fans sent to him for some weeks, but they grew from one to two, and from two to four, being at last carried out by Lord Fitzwilliam, with a promise of three more to come through another friend. A dozen pairs of gloves, lined with a kind of wash-leather, the tops lined inside with silk, are also requested by Earl March.

The constant cry of Gilly Williams was for velvet.

All through the letters one comes upon allusions such as the following: "Have you asked about my velvet? As much as would make a large pin-cushion would do for me, and I should like another suit like my last, if I could smuggle it." Again, on November 18th: "As to my velvet, if you see any prospect of conveying it to me, make it up; if not, when I want a new skin I will repair to Spittal Fields, and take the best their looms will afford me." On the 25th we hear again of the velvet. "As to my velvet, think no more of it. If the Duchess of Northumberland was my friend she could put it out of the reach of the Custom House Officers, but, as it is, when I want to be fine I'll repair to your old weavers and take some remnant of an old pincushion, which will do for me." And further: "As to my velvet, do what you will with it; I do not care one farthing about it. Remember I do not want bell riband; it is that instrument that the ladies work the bell-ropes upon; any woman will show you what."

There are others who ask Selwyn to send them clothes. Lord Bolingbroke for instance, a successor to the Bolingbroke of an earlier chapter, and known as "Bully," seems suddenly to have waked up to the fact that by his own inertia he was losing his reputation, his position, and his wife. So he determines to take to politics, and "has a complete *bore* of two hours every night," next to Lord Temple in the House. "The Viscountess (his wife) is shut up altogether with Topham Beauclerc." Then, Bolingbroke pays attention to his appearance and writes to Selwyn saying that no one is better qualified to form and polish the mind of a fine gentleman than he, and also by being in Paris, to adorn and improve the outside. So he asks for several pairs of lace ruffles, two for winter and two for spring; a

suit of plain velvet, that is without gold or silver, the colour, pattern and design being left to Selwyn's taste. The letter is written in a curious mixture of the first and third persons, probably intended to be facetious. "A small pattern seems to be the reigning taste amongst the Macaronis at Almack's, and is therefore what Lord B. chooses. Le Duc, however, must be desired to make the clothes bigger than the generality of Macaronis, as Lord B's shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and length of the waist, Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaronis now about town, and become the object of their envy. But Lord B. has not so set his heart upon rivalling all the Macaronis in dress, as to wish Mr. Selwyn to give himself much trouble about it. There is nothing Mr. Selwyn can import from France that will give Lord B. half the satisfaction as the immediate importation of himself, for no one . . . can admire Mr. Selwyn more, or love him with half the sincerity and warmth, as his Obedient humble servant B."

When Selwyn heard that one of the Foley family had hurried over the Channel to avoid his creditors he murmured drowsily: "It is a passover which will not be much relished by the Jews."

Selwyn seemed to be of a sleepy nature, and it is said that the effect of his witticisms was greatly augmented by the listless and drowsy manner in which he uttered them; while Walpole alludes to the way in which he turned up his eyes when impassively saying something very sharp. Walpole notes in his journal: "I don't know a single bon-mot that is new: George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that when I tell you that t'other night having lost eight hundred pounds at hazard, he [Selwyn] fell asleep upon the table with

near half as much before him, and slept for three hours with everybody stamping the box close at his ear."

As has been said, though Selwyn was a member of the House for nearly fifty years, most of the time he spent there he was asleep, though naturally he was useful in divisions. However, he resented being sent to sleep by bores, as is shown by his remark upon Burke, who, from the nature and length of his speeches, was in the earlier part of his career called "the dinner bell." "What! is the House up?" asked a nobleman of Selwyn, who was quitting the chamber. "No," he said wearily, "but Burke is."

When Sir Joshua Reynolds was reported to be a candidate for the borough of Plympton, the idea that an artist and literary man should hope to get into the House caused much amusement at the clubs. "You need not laugh at him," said Selwyn; "he may very well succeed, for Sir Joshua is the ablest man I know on a canvas."

A member of the Administration then in power asked Selwyn what he thought of the constitution of Great Britain, and he replied gravely, "The constitution of England, my lord, and that of your humble servant are alike in a rotten condition, though I must own that I have the advantage—for I call in an *able surgeon*, but our poor country is committed to the care of a *parcel of quacks*."

Lord Lansdowne told Moore that when George Grenville was taken ill and fainted in the House, George Selwyn cried out, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?"

Two other witticisms upon members of the Government are worth repeating. One night Sir L. Fawkener, the Postmaster-General, was losing large sums at piquet

at White's, and Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, said, "See how he is robbing the mail!" On another occasion Selwyn, who was watching the Speaker at a hazard table at Newmarket tossing about bank bills, exclaimed: "Look how easily the Speaker passes the money bills!"

From about 1765 Macaroni became the correct word to designate a Beau, and in spite of being forty-five, Selwyn became one of the leaders of that class, though there is no evidence to show that he went to the absurd extremes in dress that the younger Macaronis, such as Charles James Fox and the Earl of Carlisle, adopted from 1770 to 1775.

He was a member of the Jockey Club, also of White's and Brook's (or Almack's) at the time when play was at its highest. A notorious gamester once won so much money of a member of the Manners family at one of the clubs that he was enabled to set up a carriage, and was complimented by Selwyn upon the equipage.

"Yes," replied the gamester, "it is very well, but I cannot think of a motto for the arms I have had painted on the panels."

"Oh! that's easy enough," replied Selwyn, with demure countenance and eyes turned upwards; "why not put 'Manners make the man!'"

"How does your new horse answer?" asked the Duke of Cumberland of Selwyn. "I really don't know, for I have never asked him a question," was the reply.

Selwyn took a great delight in the children both of Lord Carlisle and of Lord Coventry, but he had an absorbing affection for little Maria Fagniani, who was generally known as "Mie-Mie." She was presumably the daughter of the Marchese Fagniani and his wife, but both Selwyn and Lord Queensberry claimed to be her

father, the pretensions of each being alternately encouraged by the fair Marchioness, for the sake of what she could gain. Selwyn, however, secured the custody of the babe when the Fagnianis went back to the Continent, and was in a terrible state of rebellion on receiving intimation that the child's grandparents objected to her being left in England. Many times did the mother write, at first seductively, then violently, calling his behaviour "devilish," and at last on a threat that the Marchioness was coming to fetch Mie-Mie, George Selwyn gave way, having a special travelling carriage built for the little maid, and sending his confidential servant with her. His friends wrote sympathising with him in his loss, as though death and not a legal guardian had deprived him of his loved little one.

After a time, however, Mie-Mie came back, and under his care grew into a charming girl. A contemporary wrote later: "A great event has taken place in Selwyn's family. Mademoiselle Fagniani has been presented at Court. Of course Miss Fagniani—for she was presented as a subject of Great Britain—was very splendid; but George was most magnificent and *new* in every article of dress."

Lady Coventry once asked him his opinion of her new gown, which was sky-blue, and covered with silver spangles as large as a shilling, and his answer was: "Well, I think you will be good change for a guinea." At which the beauty laughed. Lady Harrington, however, showed herself more obtuse as to his meaning when, having at the coronation of George III. covered herself with all the diamonds she could beg, borrow, or steal, and "with the air of a Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance," she complained to Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have

a wig and a stick. "Pho," said he, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." Which saying Lady Harrington repeated to every one, believing the reflection to be on Lady Portsmouth.

Selwyn seems to have suffered from some trouble with his eyes—for Lord Carlisle begs him to be careful with them—and he was for some years a sufferer from gout and dropsy, but almost to the end he was a social butterfly. William Wilberforce, dining at Richmond with the Duke of Queensberry, speaks of him as being among the guests. "George Selwyn, who lived for society, and continued in it till he looked really like the wax-works figure of a corpse."

On the day of his death, January 25th, 1791, Horace Walpole was writing to Miss Berry, and part of the letter ran: "I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities."

CHAPTER XI

Again, wert thou not at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year or place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes

CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*.

IN 1764, when White's Club had got over the exuberance of its youth, and reckless gaming was going out of fashion between its walls, Almack's was started. White's had already been divided into the Old and New, both of which were beginning to discountenance high play, and so Almack's was planned chiefly to give new opportunity in this respect.

The younger members of the new club formed themselves into a brotherhood called the Macaronis, the name, it is said, having been taken from the introduction of macaroni from Italy, and being first used at Almack's. The members of the brotherhood were distinguished by the elegance of their dress and manners, both acquired abroad; for the condition of entry into the order was that the applicant should have travelled. Gilly Williams, Bully Bolingbroke, and Selwyn were all Macaronis, and in February 1765, so popular had Almack's become that it was said that "the Macaronis have demolished Young White's by admitting almost the whole club, and are in danger of being deserted in their turn by their members being chosen by the Old Club."

Horace Walpole has a good description of the play at Almack's in the middle of the eighteenth century. Speaking of the gambling and extravagance of the young men of quality he writes: "They had a club at one Almack's, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of £50 each rouleau; and generally there was £10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above £20,000 for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamesters, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as is worn by footmen when they clean knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him, with a large rim to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl, with an edge of ormolu, to hold their rouleaus. They borrowed great sums of the Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called the outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, the Jerusalem Chamber. His brother Stephen being enormously fat, George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds of flesh."

The founder of Almack's, of which Gibbon, the historian, spoke as "the only place which still invites the flower of English youth," was a Scotchman named Macall; but subsequently it was taken over by a wine merchant named Brookes, being thenceforth known as Brookes's.

Almack's Rooms—distinct from the club of that

name—in King Street, St. James's, now known as Willis's, was so called from Almack's niece and heiress, Mrs. Willis, who inherited them in 1781. It was a club of both sexes, and, as Horace Walpole tells us, it was founded in 1770 by Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Lloyd. Dancing, not play, was the amusement there, and for a subscription of ten guineas a ball and supper were given once a week during twelve weeks. Ladies nominated and chose the gentlemen as members, and *vice versa*. This was the club which afterwards became so exclusive, and which had the reputation of being a marriage mart.

Lord March, Lord Carlisle, and Fox all joined Almack's; Lord Carlisle being at one time security to the extent of £16,000 for Charles Fox, which he had lost at play there; and he himself lost £10,000. He, however, dropped play; but Fox ruined himself, and had he been permitted would have ruined many others.

For some years the Macaronis were all members of the club, and were known simply as men of rank and fashion; then the name was applied to almost any fast gallant; and from 1770 to 1775 it was used to designate those who went to the absurdest extravagancies in dress and manners. Hogarth's paintings will show what was the dress of a Beau in 1742. In 1755 an old craze revived—that of patching. The cabriolet or one-horse chair was introduced then, and the fine gentlemen had cabriolets painted on their waistcoats, embroidered on their stockings, or patched on their faces; and ladies wore miniature cabriolets, horses, coachmen, and all on their faces and heads. Once more the wigs grew large, first with the women and then with the men; and from 1770 the head-dress of the Macaronis must have been the wonder of England. It consisted of an immense pad rising one

of two feet above the head, the hair being combed upwards over it. There is also enormous curls set horizontally to the face on either side, a bow large enough to hide the shoulders finished it at the back, and a little three-cornered hat, called a *Neversaise*, surmounted the whole.

These *Macaronis* are pictured as slim, youthful men with wigs, wearing silk waistcoats stricter than *incineros*, and skirted coats, so cut away in front as to indicate the birth of "tails"; these, with the small clothes, being made of *grayona* velvets or satins. The breeches are very tight to the body, and finished at the knee with ribbons or strings, a fashion which died out when Jack Rann, or "Sixteen-string Jack" as he was called from this fashion, was hung wearing them. The cravat, tied in a bow and made of extremely fine lace, was a cherished item of a *Macaroni's* dress, and was so costly that he often possessed only two at a time.

The *Macaronis*, in fact, went to the extreme in femininity, giving most of their attention to ribbons, laces, and fashions—sitting among the ladies, simpering, mincing, sniffing at scent-bottles. They made a cult of inane frivolity, and regarded a curl awry as of more importance than a life in jeopardy. They carried muffs or fans as weather might demand, and so thoroughly did they play their part that Dr. Warner (a *Boswell* to *Selwyn*) sends *Selwyn* on one occasion "the prettiest work-bag in the world."

Long canes, hung with silver or gold tassels, were essential to their equipment, as also gilt scent-bottles, dainty gloves, and jewelled spying glasses, sometimes set at the top of the cane, through which to ogle women—the ogling being of a distinctly bold and forward character. Their conversation was of embroidered waistcoats, worked stockings, patterns from abroad, described

with an accompaniment of French phrases and mincing oaths; and their love-making was as unhealthy as the rest of their actions and habits. As to the last they rose late and then lounged about town; meeting at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's Street, to discuss the scandals of the day.

Betty was one of the "characters" of her time. She was born in St. James's Street, and she died there on August 30th, 1797, aged sixty-seven; it being her boast that she had only slept out of St. James's Street twice in her life—once when she paid a visit to a friend in the country, and once on the occasion of an Installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor. Horace Walpole was frequently in her shop. Fox, Lord Byron, and other men of varying qualities, knew her well.

From Betty's the Macaroni would be carried in his chair to pay his little round of visits, to go afterwards to the play-house—for the performances took place in the afternoon—and laugh while Foote, "the celebrated buffoon," as Walpole styled him, demolished some one's character. Little intrigues and high play would round off the useless day for these little men, who were of little service to any one in the world.

This was one type of Macaroni, but it had its antithesis in the Buck, which yet shared some of the same eccentricities; they were, in fact, the obverse and reverse of one medal, for they were alike in their idleness and their devotion to dress and amusements. Both were probably a natural development of the dull and aimless life which wealth at that time gave to its possessors; the youth revolting on the one hand against the insipidity of existence, and seeking excitement in boxing, in aping the ways of criminals, assaulting people in the street, and delighting in fights of every description, being known

as Bucks or Bloods, while the Macaronis, or Frolics, lacking the brutality of their brethren, had no resource but to allow their energies to run entirely to dress, love-knots, gambling, and insincere love affairs.

The *Court Miscellany* of the time published an article upon the Bucks which at least showed that those perverted gentlemen were condemned by sensible people for their practices.

“There is a part of taste,” a paragraph runs, “that seems at present extremely prevailing in these kingdoms, which deserves particular attention, that of imitating the dress of grooms, the walk or roul of common sharpers and pickpockets, the oaths of fish-women, chair-men, draymen, and porters; with all the additional flowers of rhetoric and figures of speech extracted from Newgate itself. Where this refinement will end, it is not easy to guess, since it is already practised by almost all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, under the notable sanction of that senseless and despicable class of people called ‘bucks.’”

It is not improbable that George, Prince of Wales, was indirectly responsible for some of this rowdyism, for he loved prize-fighting, and on one occasion, when he was present, so excited and brutal became the sport that one man was hammered to death, his face being unrecognisable as that of a human being. Dog-fights and cock-fights were also popular, though regarded as but a mild sport compared with that of the ring.

Rowdyism degenerated into violence. There is a story of a watchman which has often been told, and in some of its details was true of many watchmen. Three young “Bucks” crossing St. John’s Square, Clerkenwell, unfortunately met one of these quiet and useful public servants. As there was some semblance of authority

about a watchman, these brave lads considered that they had a pardonable animosity to all such, and at once attacked him. Being three to one they easily administered an unmerciful beating, but the watch, seizing one Buck by the waistcoat, hung on with all his strength, and shouted "Murder" at the top of his voice. As the voice carried far, the courageous gentlemen took to their heels, at the expense of part of the waistcoat, which remained in the hands of the assaulted one. In a pocket the watchman found three golden guineas, and so he disappeared in the other direction, feeling that such golden ointment was sufficient salve for his aching body.

The display of brutal physical strength was the most fascinating occupation in the life of a Buck, and like his protagonist, the Mohock, he cared little whether it was exercised at the expense of women or wealdings. No woman dared be in the street at night, and if by any mischance a lady was abroad in her carriage, she risked the safety of her coachmen, the possession of her purse, and the most unpardonable insults to herself.

A writer to *The World*, in 1755, gives us Blood and Beau as the two rival fine gentlemen. The Blood was, however, scarcely so violent as the Buck, though his manners were bad enough. "At a coffee-house which I frequent at the St. James's end of the town, I meet with two sets of young men, commonly distinguished by the name of Beaux and Bloods; who are perpetually interrupting the conversation of the company, either with whistling of tunes, lipping of new-fashioned oaths, trolling out affected speeches and short sentences; or else with recitals of bold adventures past, and much bolder which they are about to engage in. But as noise is more becoming a Blood than a Beau, I am generally diverted with the one and always tired with the other."

Another Macaroni was Topham Beauclerk, a great-grandson of Charles II., whom he much resembled in appearance and in manners. "He was the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, third son of Charles, first Duke of St. Albans—Nell Gwyn's son—and was born in December 1739. The elegance and fascination of his manners, his inexhaustible fund of agreeable information, his delightful conversational powers, his love of literature, and his constant and enviable flow of animal spirits, rendered him a universal favourite, as well with the grave and wise, as with the dissipated and the gay. Even the great moralist Dr. Johnson (to whom Beauclerk had been introduced by their mutual friend Bennet Langton) half forgave the lax principles and libertine habits of the young man of pleasure: so fascinated was he by the charm of his manner and the brilliancy of his wit." So says J. H. Jesse in his *Life of Selwyn*.

When Bennet Langton introduced Johnson to Beauclerk the sage thought it strange that Langton should associate with one who had the character of being loose in principle and practice, but in a short time he modified his opinions, and became a companion of the Beau's. "What a coalition," said Garrick; "I shall have to bail my old friend out of the round house yet." However, Beauclerk valued learning too much and was too polite to offend Johnson by infidel or licentious sentiment, and Johnson had some desire to correct the evil in his friend's character. Relative to Beauclerk's love of satire Johnson said: "You never open your mouth but with the intention of giving pain; and you have given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention." At another time he adapted one of Pope's lines to Beauclerk,

"Thy love of folly and thy scorn of fools."

“Everything thou dost shows the one, and everything thou say'st the other.” Again, “Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue,” somewhat annoyed Beauclerk ; and Johnson added : “Nay, sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him.” Johnson also said half-enviously of Beauclerk : “Everything comes from him so easily it appears to me I labour when I say a good thing.”

On one occasion Beauclerk had been up until three in the morning with Bennet Langton, and they went to rouse up the doctor instead of going to bed. After much hammering Johnson appeared at his window wearing a little black wig and grasping a poker. Seeing friends instead of thieves, he said : “What, is it you, you dogs ? I'll have a frisk with you.” Whereupon he dressed, and the three sallied forth into Covent Garden, where, after trying to help the market-men and being treated suspiciously, they went into a tavern, Johnson brewing a bowl of bishop, a mixture of wines, oranges, and sugar. After this and a row down the river to Billingsgate, Johnson and Beauclerk determined to make a day of it, while Bennet went off to breakfast with some ladies—“to go and sit with a set of wretched, *un-idea'd* girls,” as Johnson said. Garrick, being told of this episode, remarked, “I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the *Chronicle*.” And Johnson afterwards observed, with laughing scorn, “*He* durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him.”

Boswell once remarked of one of Johnson's friends to Beauclerk, “Now that gentleman against whom you are so violent is, I know, a man of good principles.” “Then he does not wear them out in practice,” was Beauclerk's sharp but quietly uttered answer. Topham

Beauclerk was once assisting Miss Pitt, sister to Lord Chatham, out of a carriage, and by some awkwardness the lady slipped and sprained her leg, after which she swore that she would lean upon the shoulder of no Macaroni for the future.

He married Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, two days after she had been divorced from Lord Bolingbroke—already mentioned as Bully—and it is said she made him a very good wife. Both were delicate people, who at their marriage believed that neither of them had more than a year to live, but Beauclerk's life had still twelve years to run, and his wife survived him twenty-eight years.

As for the Earl of March, who wrote to Selwyn so ceaselessly about his clothes, and who believed himself the father of *Mie-Mie*, he became in 1778 the Duke of Queensbury—Old Q.—“one of the wickedest of wicked old men,” who in his youth belonged to the Hell Fire Club, who all his life, which lasted eighty-six years, divided his attention among the racecourse, the gaming table, chorus girls, and the elegancies of daily existence. He rode his own racers, paid a doctor to keep him well, deducting fees when he was ill, and thus, when he died, left his physician his creditor for £10,000; and, as an old man, kept a servant and pony in readiness to follow any pretty face which attracted him as he sat on his balcony in Piccadilly. It is a fact that there was a popular prejudice against drinking milk in London at this time, because it was believed that the Duke bathed each morning in milk which was subsequently sold to consumers.

At his house opposite the Green Park, the scene of *Paris and the Goddesses* was enacted, he, as Paris in the garb of a Dardan shepherd, holding a golden apple in his hand, and three beautiful women presenting them-

selves before him in the invisible clothing worn by the goddesses, one of whom received the prize, of which, maybe, she was proud in after-life! He died with at least seventy unopened letters from women of every rank lying at the foot of his bed, they having arrived after he was too ill to read them.

The Macaronis held sway until 1775; by that date they had cut their waistcoats so short as to reach only to the waist, had made their coats short in front and given them tails at the back something like the present dress clothes. Blue was a favourite colour for coats, but in the evening some delicate shade in velvet was used, often with a white waistcoat made of silver tissue. The buttons were costly and fanciful. In winter the men carried muffs hung round their necks with ribbon, and with a bunch of ribbons to ornament it in the centre. As an old ballad runs—

For I ride in a chair with my hands in a muff,
And have bought a silk coat and embroider'd the cuff;
But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
So the taylor advis'd me to line it with skin.

With the rise of the absurd Macaroni head-dress we find the women becoming even more extravagant, until in 1783 a wig two or three feet high was once more the fashion. Fairholt, one of our authorities upon dress, gives it as a fact, confided to him by a lady who had seen it worn, that her mother had on one occasion a sow and pigs in the curls of her hair. They were made of blown glass, of which many other strange things were fashioned for the adornment of the head-dress. A caricature of the period shows a lady's head laid out as a cinder ground, a group of cinder sifters on the top, a dust cart winding its way up one side of the chignon, and a sow and piglets rootling among the curls.

Then gradually things changed ; less and less tow was used ; the wig became smaller and smaller, flattened at the top, bushy at the neck with a little tail ; and it remained for the French Revolution to give a definite form to the change in dress.

Charles James Fox, the Macaroni, placed his mark on the new fashion. Republican in politics, he became republican in dress, threw aside his laces and velvets, his silk stockings and muff, his dapper cane, and his large wig. He set the fashion of negligence. Buff and blue were the colours which the Whigs assumed when they sat in Parliament, much to the annoyance of the King, as they were the American colours ; and we are told that Fox generally wore in the House of Commons a blue frock coat, and a buff waistcoat, "neither of which seemed to be new, and sometimes they appeared threadbare." He and his friends are accused of having thrown a discredit upon dress which spread through the Clubs and into private assemblies. But it was during the era of "Jacobinism and Equality," in 1793 and 1794, that what were regarded as "the elegancies" of dress received their death blow, to be revived a few years later by George Bryan Brummell. Wigs disappeared, giving place to the natural hair curled, and then to the crop ; powder had gone, the cocked hat was no more made, buckles gave place to shoe strings, ruffles no longer fell over the hands, and pantaloons encased the legs.

Of Fox, the much-loved, various anecdotes are told, especially to show that he shared in a most extravagant degree the Beaux' failing, the love of play. He was brought up to play : when only fifteen his father, Lord Holland, gave him sums of money definitely for that purpose. He was gay, eager, warm-hearted, and unselfish ; he "loved all the poets," and could read four languages



THE WIG IN ENGLAND
A Macaroni ready for the Pantheon



besides his own ; he was a follower of all outdoor sports, and, as has been said, was at one time " an outrageous fop." He was ruined at hazard, being sometimes reduced to borrowing a guinea of a waiter in order to pay a debt, and had many dealings with the Jews. In the heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers we find :—

Hark where the voice of battle sounds from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war ;
The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.

At the birth of his elder brother's son the Jews refused him any more credit, and Fox remarked : " My brother Ste's son is a second Messiah, born for the destruction of the Jews." His father once paid his debts to the extent of £140,000 ; on another occasion he won £70,000 at hazard and lost it all at Newmarket, with £30,000 in addition. A friend, passing his house in St. James's Street, saw a cart loaded with furniture move away from his door, and going in found Fox in an empty room reading Herodotus. On expressing his surprise at this philosophic calm, Fox asked good-humouredly : " Well, what else is there to do ? "

Another friend was once drinking tea with Mrs. Fox in South Street, when the door opened and Charles James came skipping into the room in high spirits. Cutting capers he cried enthusiastically :—" Great run ! great run ! vingt-et-un ; lucky dog ; to-morrow morning pay the Jews ; pay them all." Alas ! it was Friday, and he could not pay the Jews on Saturday, so the money went back to the club that night.

Fox had always a ready tongue. On one occasion, when creditors became importunate, he told them that he would discharge his debts as soon as possible.

"But Mr. Fox, save the day," was the cry.

"The Day of Judgment," he suggested.

"But that will be too long a day for us," was the retort.

"All right, Miss!" was the pleasant answer, "we will wait a little day after."

Telegrams had an affection for Fox, often speaking of his guile, simplicity, childlike, and profoundness.

During his great Westminster election Fox solicited a shopkeeper for his interest and vote, upon which the man offered him a bribe. Fox most courteously thanked him for his kindness, saying he would not deprive him of his treasure for anything, as he was certain it must be an heirloom. One night, at Brooks's, he made some adverse remark on Government powder, in allusion to something that happened. Adams considered it a reflection upon himself, and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald, his second, said: "You must stand sideways." Fox replied: "Why, I am as thick one way as the other." "Fire!" was the order given. Adams fired, Fox did not; and when they said he must, he answered: "I'll be damned if I do; I have no quarrel!" The fighters then advanced to shake hands, and Fox said: "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been Government powder." The ball hit him in the groin, and fell into his breeches.

Of Fox's political life it is unnecessary to enter here; it was too important, and yet too much of a failure. When he died, in 1806, Redding says: "Literally the tears of the crowd incensed the bier of Fox. I saw men weeping like children."

Fox had always stood by the Prince of Wales, and there is little doubt that George was the central figure of

a circle of young men who gave a tremendous attention to dress—he was necessarily the central figure, for he spent £10,000 a year on clothes alone, three times as much on his stud, and at the age of twenty-two had debts that amounted to £160,000. At his first Court ball he wore a coat of pink silk with white cuffs, a white silk waistcoat embroidered with different-coloured foil and covered with French paste, while he wore a preposterous hat which was trimmed with five thousand steel beads in two rows, finished with a button and loop of the same beads. But recklessly extravagant as he was, courtly and royal as were his manners, earning for him the title of “the First Gentleman in Europe,” there was one other, with not a tithe of his income and opportunities, who was better dressed, better mannered, and a better gentleman; one whom George sought as a friend, and followed as a master for a time; one who picked the slovenly Beaux out of their dirt and sartorial indifference, and showed them how a self-respecting man attended to his body and to his appearance: and this was George Bryan Brummell.

CHAPTER XII

"A 'fine' gentleman is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room, but a 'pretty' gentleman must have some wit, though his dress may be more careless."—*Guardian*.

LORD BYRON said that Europe saw three great men in the early part of the nineteenth century ; but no one now, in the early part of the twentieth century, could guess at the names of more than one of the three. It may be that Lord Byron was joking, but it is quite possible that he was serious when he named the curious trio. Third in his little list he placed himself, the second person was Napoleon Buonaparte, and first and foremost was George Bryan Brummell, the "King of the Beaux" and "Le Roi de Calais."

Brummell was so thoroughly a Beau that he escaped classification with those who approached but did not equal him. He was not a fop, for a fop is a fool, and Brummell was no fool. He was not a coxcomb, for a coxcomb desires attention before all things, and will wear any absurdity rather than be ignored ; and Brummell considered it the worst of taste to be so dressed that public attention was attracted.

"He was so well dressed," said a friend to him of another man, "that people turned to look at him."

"Then he was *not* well dressed," was the emphatic rejoinder.

However, Brummell's character—gay, good-humoured,

irresponsible, vain, impertinent, and kind—will show itself in his history.

It has been repeated many times that Beau Brummell was the son of a confectioner and the grandson of a Treasury porter, though there is no evidence to prove the truth of either assertion. The chief things known of his origin are, that his grandfather kept a shop in Bury Street, St. James's—perhaps a confectioner's—but of what character is not stated; that his father as a boy attracted the attention of Mr. Jenkinson, who lodged in the house, and who afterwards became the first Lord Liverpool. Mr. Jenkinson gave the youth a clerkship in the Treasury office, from which he rose to being Private Secretary to Lord North, and succeeded in obtaining various emoluments. This Mr. Brummell died in 1794, leaving £65,000 to be divided among his children.

George, the second son, was born on June 7th, 1778, and seems to have been much the same as other boys. The earliest story we have of him—one which has provoked much contempt among some of his superior biographers—is that when visiting an aunt, in his childish days, he began to cry energetically because he could not eat any more damson tart. At twelve years old he went to Eton, where he was nicknamed "Buck" Brummell. By that time the meaning of Macaroni and Buck had changed somewhat, the one denoting unrefined extravagance rather than elegance, and the other having lost its character for violence. So the boy, already known for his daintiness about clothes, earned very early the sobriquet which denotes a love of dress.

There is one story of his school-days which is thoroughly typical of his attitude to events all through his life. He hated violence of any sort, holding himself always aloof from it, and yet near enough to prevent it if possible.

The Windsor bargemen and the Eton boys had a fight, and one man—particularly disliked—was being roughly handled by an overwhelming number of boys, some of whom suggested throwing him into the Thames. Brummell, watching the scene from the bridge, shouted when the noise died away for a minute :

“ Don't, pray don't send him into the river ! He is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it is almost a certainty that he will catch cold.”

The absurdity of the penalty, when the boys were ready to drown the man, struck upon their excited minds ; they burst into laughter and released the bargeman, who was out of sight in a flash.

William Jesse, who has written a long life of Brummell, records asking an old fox-hunting squire whether he knew George at Eton, and was answered : “ I knew him well, sir ; he was never flogged ; and a man, sir, is not worth a d—n who was never flogged through the school.” *Autre temps, autre mœurs !*

A schoolfellow of Brummell's spoke highly of him in later years. “ George was my fag for three most happy years. No one at the school was so full of animation, fun, and wit. Every one petted him, and he seems never to have quarrelled or fought ; he was very clever, very idle, and very frank, and at that time not in the least conceited.”

From Eton he went to Oriel at Oxford, where he studied very little. Lister, who in 1824 wrote a novel called *Granby* in which Brummell is portrayed, gives him a fairly bad character as a snob and a tuft hunter—a character distinctly at variance with that which he had gained at school, with that which was his through life, and one which most of his biographers repudiate for him.

Before he left Eton he was introduced to the Prince on

the terrace of Windsor Castle, and he used to say that his later intimacy with George, Prince of Wales, arose from that interview. Gronow gives us a different incident in which Brummell first bent the knee to his royal patron, stating that it was at the house of his aunt, Mrs. Searle, presumably his father's sister, as none of his mother's sisters bore that name. This account runs to the effect that at the beginning of last century a cottage stood at the entrance to the Green Park which is opposite Clarges Street, round which was a courtyard with stables for cows. The whole place looked comfortable and pretty, and was inhabited by two old ladies, who dressed in the style of Louis XV., with high lace caps and dresses of brocaded silk.

It was during the autumn of 1814 that Captain Gronow went idly into the Park to look at the cows, which were famous for their breed; and as he watched the process of milking one of the old ladies asked him to come into her enclosure. The young man remained some time, and thanking the old lady, whose name was Searle, for the honour she had done him, accepted an invitation to go to see her the next evening. On his second visit he had a long conversation with Mrs. Searle, who was a charming conversationalist and proud of her blood. She told him that she was aunt to Beau Brummell; that George III. had made her gatekeeper of the Green Park; and that the Princess Mary had furnished her cottage. She also added that one day the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the beautiful Marchioness of Salisbury, called upon her and stopped, as Gronow had done, to see the cows milked. George Brummell, fresh from Eton, happened to be with her, and the Prince, drawn by his nice manners, talked to him. Before he left Prince George said: "As I find you intend to be a soldier, I will give you a commission

in my own regiment." The youth, filled with gratitude, knelt and kissed the Prince's hand. Shortly after, George Brummell's commission in the 10th Hussars was made out, and he went to Brighton with his regiment.

Mrs. Searle added regretfully: "But a change took place in my nephew's behaviour; for so soon as he began to mix in society with the Prince, his visits to me became less and less frequent, and now he hardly ever calls to see his old aunt."

Jesse, however, says that some of those who sought amusement for the Prince told him that the young Etonian had grown up a second Selwyn, upon which Prince George expressed a desire to see him. No matter what led up to it, Brummell, at the age of sixteen and when the Prince was thirty-two, received the honour of entering the Tenth, the Prince's Own Regiment, and spent his time between Brighton and London. At the Prince's wedding he was in close attendance upon His Royal Highness, and went down to Windsor in the escort of the newly wedded pair.

Brummell made but a farcical soldier, and all the stories told of him at this period were of the "funny" order. He was with the Prince so much that he was seldom with his corps, but he was more than welcomed by his fellow officers when he came, as he kept them in roars of laughter. It is said that he did not even know his own troop, but could always tell his front line by a man who possessed a large blue nose. On one of his absences, the advent of recruits necessitated a re-arrangement of the corps. The next time Brummell attended he was late as usual, and he galloped up and down the squadron looking for his blue-nosed soldier. At last he found him, and contentedly stopped his horse.

"Mr. Brummell, you are with your wrong troop,"

shouted the Colonel. Brummell turned round to look at the nose, murmuring : " No, no, I know better than that ! A pretty thing if I did not know my own troop."

During a review at Brighton he was thrown from his horse ; one account has it that he received a kick from a horse which broke his nose, "and the good looks he carried from Eton were greatly impaired by that unlucky accident." His portraits, however, give no evidence of this. When his regiment was ordered to Manchester he resigned his commission, the Prince being little pleased, yet more or less mollified by the young man's remark :

" I *could* not go, your Royal Highness. *Manchester!* Besides, *you* would not be there. I have therefore with your Royal Highness's permission determined to sell out ! "

" Oh, by all means. Do as you please, do as you please," was the answer.

There are one or two instances of Brummell's ready wit and impudence which show how he managed to get out of one difficulty by inviting another. Though he withdrew from the army he was given a commission in the Belvoir Volunteers, and on one occasion General Binks was sent down to inspect the corps.

The General arrived, the men and officers were ready, but Major Brummell was not present. After waiting a considerable time, the inspection commenced, and towards the end of it the Major was seen dashing across country in pink. He came, cap in hand, full of apologies : " Meet close at hand ; thought he should be home in time ; horse landed him in ditch," etc., etc. The General, however, was enraged, and roared his denunciations of the Major so that all present could hear, promising a report to the Commander-in-Chief not only of his neglect, but

of the state in which he presented himself. "You may retire, sir," was the conclusion of the harangue.

The Beau bowed low and retired ; but having gone a few paces he returned, saying in a low voice, "Excuse me, General Binks, but in my anxiety I forgot to deliver a message which the Duke of Rutland entrusted to me when I left Belvoir this morning ; it was to request the honour of your company at dinner."

These words, so unexpected and so pleasing, naturally caused a revolution.

"Ah ! really I am much obliged to his Grace ; pray, Major Brummell, tell the Duke I shall be most happy, and"—here he raised his voice, that those who had heard before might hear again—"Major Brummell, as to this little affair, I am sure no man can regret it more than you do."

Brummell retired with smiles to consider how to inform the Duke of the liberty he had taken in adding to his party at dinner. This is a story which Brummell used to tell himself, so it may have been embellished, but it was very amusing as he told it.

The Beau was never very great on riding, or hunting, though he was always beautifully dressed for such occasions, having, it is said, introduced white tops to hunting boots.

He was at this time often at Brighton with the Prince. Driving into the yard of an hotel on the way there with four horses, some of his old army friends greeted him from a window with shouts of welcome, and the question, "Why, George, how long have you driven four horses ?" "Only since my valet refused to sit behind two," was his answer ; and such answers as these—light-hearted, apt, always ready—made him popular wherever he went.

Brummell's fortune had been accumulating, and a

year after he left the army he took £30,000 or £40,000, settling down at No. 4, Chesterfield Street, close to the house once occupied by George Selwyn. He did not live extravagantly, keeping only two horses for riding in the Park, and a very small establishment. Here he gave dainty little dinners, which the Prince himself honoured sometimes; and here he gradually slipped into the position of arbiter of dress. The Prince deferred to him in every detail concerning his clothes; he was known to drive to Chesterfield Street in the morning, remain a long time watching his host dress, propose that Brummell should dine him, and then stay through a drinking bout into the night.

When we think of the effect the dress of that time must have had upon those who had been used to colour and endless variety, it is easy to believe that there was great regret over the "slovenliness," as it was called, that followed the new simplicity in clothes. Our Beaux had never been noted for their cleanliness, and now that white ruffles had given place to muslin stocks and often black ribbon, there seemed even less need to be exacting on the score of soap and water. Cloth was being used instead of velvets and silks, knee breeches were replaced by long pantaloons tight to the leg; Hessians, short or long, were worn instead of the dainty shoe, and worst of all the hair was cut "à la Brutus." The lace-cleaners and wig-makers had long been in despair, the hairdressers petitioned the King, and there was a battle royal over powder. In 1795 the scarcity of flour and the poverty of the exchequer induced Pitt to levy a tax upon every head powdered with flour, which at first caused new powders to be invented; the son of the Duke of Atholl, for instance, took out a patent for horse-chestnut powder.

The Duke of Bedford and some of his friends were

so determined that Pitt should get nothing out of his tax that they bound each other to the payment of a large sum of money if any of them wore their hair powdered or tied. Thus it was that these social conspirators met in September 1795 at Woburn Abbey, repaired to the powdering room and had the unusual luxury of cropping, washing, and brushing. They must have felt very happy after it was done, for the hot greasy heads brought much discomfort to their owners, not to call it torture. However, after a century and a half of larded, powdered hair, warranted not to need "opening" for three weeks, six weeks—one hairdresser went so far as to say three months—the custom of washing the head had become more or less mythical, so that when the whole grand mixture of wig, tow, wool, curl, glass ornament, feather, ribbon, etc., had vanished, and men and women both appeared with "crops," they still smudged grease over their heads and considered them clean.

In one sense Brummell was in a difficult position; without seeing beauty in the dress worn during his young manhood, he had to accept it, for it was against his principles to make any startling innovations. Whether he deliberately worked out new ideas about the details of dress in order to maintain his supremacy it is difficult to say; it may be that he would have dressed with as great care had he been on a South Sea island. But it is quite certain that he sought purveyors of clothes until he found those who would follow his instructions to a nicety, that he instructed them with the utmost particularity, and made the fortune of many a man by his patronage. Once, of an expensively dressed person, he said: "Yes, his tailor makes him; now I, I make my tailor."

So he gave his attention to small things—the cravat, the fashion of his hair, the precise cut of this or that

part of the coat or waistcoat, the exact tone and quality. Many absurd and untrue tales were told of him after his death : that he employed three coiffeurs, one to arrange the hair on his temples, one for the front, and the third for the occiput ; that it took three glovers to make him a glove, one for the thumb, one for the fingers, and one for the palm and back ; that he wore white satin pantaloons and carried a clove carnation, artificially scented, in his button-hole. So great was the interest in him that a Frenchman, writing for information, ended his note with, "In fact, give me as many details of his appearance as possible. When we talk of Brummell, the way in which he cut his nails is important !"

In actual fact, the one great advance Brummell made upon the fashions was the wholesome one of cleanliness. "I have three great wishes connected with my wardrobe,—that I may never be without good linen, plenty of it, and country washing," he was once heard to say.

He wore his hair rather long and waved, and "Apollo" Raikes says that he continued to use powder as long as he remained in England, rather priding himself in retaining this remnant of the *vieille cour* among the crops and roundheads.

In arranging his dress he was so particular about shades and materials, that when he was finished for the day—or rather morning—he was so perfectly turned out that, to quote Byron's estimate of him, "the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat, and

'You might almost say the body thought!'

He was self-conscious, yet indifferent ; extravagant, yet judicious. His superiority in dress gave importance to his wit, and his sparkling conversation added import-

ance to his dress. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether, wanting wit, his dress would have been sufficient to make his name live, or wanting dress, his wit would have made him a man of mark. Lord Alvanley was a greater wit, and he tried to be as well dressed; he was also a favourite with the Prince, yet the "Dictionary of National Biography" does not include his name in its pages. Is this because, though well dressed, he copied Brummell, but did not initiate for himself, or because his wit was less pointed? Or is it not rather that Brummell had more than wit and dress, and possessed such a marked individuality, that he stood alone? I give Raikes's estimate of his character, too full of praise and too full of condemnation, yet it is the judgment of a contemporary and thus valuable.

"He was always studiously and remarkably well-dressed, never *sauvé*; and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilette, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention. His manners were easy, polished, and gentlemanlike, stamped with what St. Simon would call '*l'usage du monde et du plus grand et du meilleur*,' and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarity in others, or more *pitoyable* in his criticisms, or more despotic as an *arbitre algamburam*; he could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world by a single word. His dress was the general model, and, when he had struck out a new idea, he would smile at observing its gradual progress downwards from the highest to the lowest classes. Without many accomplishments, he had a talent for drawing miniatures in water-colours. He was a fair judge of paintings, but particularly of *Sèvres* china, old lacque, *brillants* and all those objects of art which were encouraged

by the old French Court, and which in those days were much more rare in England than they have since become. He had a fine collection of valuable snuff-boxes; one of which, remarkable for two fine Petitots of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan, I bought at the sale of his effects at Robins' auction rooms for 125 guineas.

"It is only justice to say that he was not only good-natured, but thoroughly good-tempered. I never remember to have seen him out of humour. His conversation, without having the wit and humour of Alvanley, was highly amusing and agreeable, replete with anecdotes not only of the day, but of society several years back, which his early introduction to Carlton House and to many of the Prince's older associates had given him the opportunity of knowing correctly. He had also a peculiar talent for ridicule (not ill-natured), but more properly termed *persiflage*, which, if it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, was I fear too often exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

"He was liberal, friendly, *serviable*, without any shuffling or tortuous policy or meanness, or manœuvring for underhand objects; himself of no rank or family, but living always with the highest and noblest in the country, on terms of intimacy and familiarity, but without *bassesse* or truckling; on the contrary, courted, applauded, and imitated, protecting rather than protected, and exercising an influence, a fascination in society which no one even felt a wish to resist.

"Here we must stop and mark the reverse of the medal—never did any influence create such wide and real mischief in society. Governed by no principle himself, all his efforts and example tended to stifle it in others. Prodigality was his creed, gambling was his lure, and a reckless indifference to public opinion the

very groundwork of his system. The cry of indignation that was raised at his departure, when he left so many friends who had become his securities to pay the means of his past extravagance, some of them at the risk of their own ruin, was a low and feeble whisper when compared to the groans and sighs of entire families who have lived to deplore those vices and misfortunes which first originated in his seductions. What a long list of ruin, desolation, and suicide could I now trace to this very source !”

Looking back upon those times after the lapse of a century, it is possible to see things in better proportions. Brummell had less power than Raikes gives him, and he had less desire to work evil, for he was not naturally a gambler. Play had assumed terrific proportions before George Brummell was born, and continued to be excessive as long as the Regent lived. It is true that Brummell belonged to Watier's, or the Dandies' Club, where the gambling was so high that suicide was frequent among its members, yet the Beau did not take to gambling there in earnest until his affairs became dangerously involved, and two or three years later he “declined” membership, as the clubs euphoniously describe it. He was neither licentious nor a drunkard, and lived a far cleaner life than many of his associates, worst amongst whom may be mentioned Lord Yarmouth, who married Selwyn's Mie-Mie, and who was said to be more debauched than old Q. himself, and George Hanger, who was colonel, lord, gipsy, coal merchant, and inhabitant of the King's Bench prison all in one.

Brummell's great triumph was his neckcloth. The cravats had for a time been of muslin passed round and round the throat, bagging out in front and



CHARLES JAMES FOX, ONCE AN "OUTRAGEOUS FOP."

rucking up to the chin. Brummell hit upon the happy idea of starch. Why no one else had thought of it is a mystery, as starch had been in use since the time of Elizabeth. This is said to have been after his first quarrel with the Prince, and that he had been seeking for some method by which he could show superiority in appearance. He should have been satisfied with the result, as the first day he wore his new invention great excitement is said to have prevailed among his friends.

Brummell used a piece of white muslin, to which he gave a particular turn to make it fall into correct folds. If the first attempt did not show that the completion of the process would be satisfactory the muslin was thrown aside and another taken; indeed, on occasions many were spoiled. A friend, going to see him one morning, met his valet on the stairs with his arms piled with muddled cravats. "These are our failures," he said, showing them.

The method of perfecting the set of the cravat seems somewhat ludicrous. The collar, fixed to the shirt, was so broad that when standing up it hid Brummell's face and head. The neckcloth was a foot wide, and being placed round the collar the problem began. The first attack was made when the collar was turned down; this being satisfactorily accomplished, the Beau, his chin raised to the ceiling, gently dropped his lower jaw, making a fold in the muslin, which with the edge of the discarded shirt was pressed into permanent shape. This process was repeated until crease after crease having been created, the cravat was the right size. If one crease went wrong, another was tried, and the whole process was repeated.

It is curious that among the many amusing retorts

Brummell made about clothes there are none upon the cravat, though once he poked fun at the Dandies who copied him to such an extent that their neckcloths were so stiff they could not turn their heads. Seated one night next but one to Lord Worcester, and staring straight in front of him, he asked : " Is Lord Worcester here ? "

" Yes, sir," said the waiter.

" Then will you tell his lordship I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him."

After a pause Brummell asked : " Is his lordship ready ? "

" Yes, sir," replied again the waiter.

" Then tell him that I drink his lordship's health," said Brummell, suiting the action to the word, but never turning his head.

The bon mots and persiflage of a wit are always open to the charges of impertinence, impudence, and unkindness, and writers have been lavish with them when mentioning Brummell. It is rather like taking a quotation without its context, for in his best days Brummell was rarely rude, though his words, apart from his manner, would sometimes give the appearance of rudeness. He was once walking with a young nobleman up St. James's Street, when he suddenly stopped, asking his companion what he called those things on his feet.

" Why, shoes ! " was the reply.

" Shoes ! are they ? " said Brummell, stooping doubtfully to examine them, " I thought they were slippers."

At that day the subject of blacking for boots was almost as important as that of snuff. Lord Petersham, who gave his name to the Petersham coat, loved experimenting, and made his own boot-polish, to say nothing of his own snuff. Indeed, his lordship must have missed his vocation, for Gronow tells of finding

him in a room of which one side was lined with canisters of tea, Congou, Pekoe, Souchong, Bohea, Gunpowder, Russian, and many others; while on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, painted with names in gilt, all filled with snuff, there being so much of it that on the Earl's death it took three days to sell it by auction, when it realised £3,000.

Brummell one day complained wistfully that his blacking ruined him, as it was made of the finest champagne, a jest which many have taken seriously and exclaimed upon in horror. There is a story that a friend having died, Brummell, thinking of his highly polished boots, hurried to the valet, hoping to secure him. But when the man gave the information that: "The Colonel paid me £150 a year, and I should now require £200," the Beau made him a bow saying, "Well, if you will make it two hundred guineas I shall be happy to attend upon *you*!"

Brummell's elder brother William was a very handsome man, and one morning a clubman approaching Brummell, said: "Do you know your brother is in town? isn't he coming here?"

"Yes, in a day or two," replied Brummell softly; "but I thought he had better walk the back streets till his new clothes came home."

When we remember that the Prince spent many thousands a year in dress, it is difficult to say what his friend's idea of fitness might be in this matter; but it could only have been raillery which made the Beau reply to a question of dress expense, asked him by an anxious mother who was just launching her son into the world, "Well, I think, that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, it might be managed for £800 a year!"

Brummell's affectation of superiority is amusingly shown by his criticism upon an action during war. When

the British Army retreated from Burgos Colonel Freemantle was sent forward to find quarters for Lord Wellington and his staff. After many miles of desolate country had been passed, only a hut could be discovered, so in this a good fire was lit and preparations made. Freemantle went back to communicate with his lordship, and on his return found an officer of the line had made himself comfortable before the fire. Being asked to retire as the hut was for the service of the Commander of the Forces, the officer retorted that he would give it up neither to Lord Wellington nor to Old Nick himself. "Then I must send for the provost-marshal, whose prisoner you will be until court-martialled for disobedience," was the reply. Whereupon the officer retired. Freemantle, meeting Brummell at White's, told of this incident, and the Beau exclaimed: "If I had been in your place, Freemantle, I should have rung the bell, and desired the servants to kick the fellow downstairs."

CHAPTER XIII

"Do you see that gentleman near the door?" said an experienced chaperon to her daughter, whom she had brought for the first time into the arena of Almack's; "he is now speaking to Lord ——"

"Yes, I see him," replied the light-hearted and as yet unsophisticated girl; "who is he?"

"A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favourable impression of you, for," and she sunk her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell."

JESSE: *Life of Brummell.*

IN 1811, during some structural alterations at White's, the famous Bow Window was built out over the entrance. No sooner was the last workman out of the place than Brummell took possession of the window; there he and his set constituted themselves the high priests of fashion, and the "Bow Window" became an institution in fashionable life. Only those who formed the inner circle of the club ever sat there, and an ordinary frequenter of White's would as soon have reposed on the throne in the House of Lords as have taken a place in the Bow Window. Every one in it was very apparent to passers-by, and it became a serious question whether salutations should or should not pass. After grave discussion it was decided that no greeting should be given from any window in the club to those in the street. A rule not always strictly adhered to, for we are told that on the arrival of the Queen in London on June 7th, 1820, as she drove down St. James's past White's, she bowed and smiled to the men who were in the window.

In the Bow Window many a scandal had its origin, and much criticism was levelled at the fashion of London. Luttrell, in his "Advice to Julia," published in 1820, describing town in August, shows something of what went on there usually.

"Shot from yon heavenly bow at White's,
 No critic arrow now alights
 On some unconscious passer-by
 Whose cape's an inch too low or high,
 Whose doctrines are unsound in hat,
 In boots or trousers or cravat ;
 On him who braves the shame and guilt
 Of gig or Tilbury ill-built,
 Sports a barouche with panels darker
 Than the last shade turned out by Barker,
 Or canters with an awkward seat
 And badly mounted up the street.
 No laugh confounds the luckless girl
 Whose stubborn hair disdains to curl,
 Who, large in foot, or long in waist,
 Shows want of blood as well as taste.
 Silenced awhile that dreadful battery,
 Whence never issued sound of flattery ;
 That whole artillery of jokes,
 Levelled point-blank at humdrum folks,
 Who now, no longer kept in awe,
 By Fashion's judges or her law,
 Close by the window, at their ease,
 Strut with what looks or clothes they please."

A certain Colonel of the Guards named Sebright, who was extremely conservative in dress, and to the day of his death wore the old corduroy knee-breeches and top-boots, had an angry contempt for the Dandies. From the windows of the Guards' Club he would watch White's, which was opposite, and abuse them, especially Brummell and Alvanley, saying : "Damn those fellows ; they are upstarts, and fit only for the society of tailors."

Once he dined with Colonel Archibald Macdonald when Brummell, Alvanley, and Pierrepont were also of the party. Though the three knew how much the Colonel disliked them they each asked him to take wine with him. And to each invitation he replied gruffly : " Thank you ; I have already had enough of this horrid stuff and cannot drink more."

William, second Lord Alvanley, who joined the club in 1805, was one of Brummell's greatest friends. He was the son of a most irascible barrister named William Pepper Arden. A Frenchman, who heard Arden pleading, was told that his name was " le Chevalier Poivre Ardent."

" Parbleu, il est bien nommé," he replied.

Alvanley succeeded Brummell in the Prince's favour, and was thought by Gronow to be the greatest wit of the early part of the century. Gunter, the noted confectioner who first made ice-cream in England, and who of course amassed enough money to live as well as any of his aristocratic customers, was once riding a very restive horse which showed signs of bolting. " He is so hot, my lord, I can't hold him," he said to Alvanley.

" I-ice him, Gunter, i-ice him !" lisped Alvanley, who had a slight fault in his speech.

Another habitué of the bow-window was Viscount Allen, named from his elegance and important manner " King Allen," to whom is attributed the remark that " the English could make nothing well but a kitchen poker."

Lord Yarmouth, the original of Disrael's Lord Monmouth in " Coningsby," was another occupant of the Bow Window. He has generally been said to have been pictured as the Marquess of Steyne by Thackeray ; if so, Thackeray must have drawn the man as he was in

1848, and put him, as a stout, bald old man, into a period when he was not more than forty years old. Mr. Lewis Melville contends that the Marquis intended by Thackeray was Francis Seymour, the second Marquis of Hertford, and not the son whose title, as long as his father lived, was Lord Yarmouth. Against this must be set the fact that Thackeray's description of the Marchioness of Steyne agrees with that of Lady Yarmouth. However, at the time of the installation of the Bow Window, Lord Yarmouth was only twenty-nine, and followed Brummell closely in dress, though later, when the Beau had disappeared, he posed as the leader of fashion himself.

The Earl of Sefton, though scarcely a Beau, shone with reflected glory, for he had his seat among the Beaux, and lived in the set. He was one of the founders of the Coaching Club, driving splendid horses.

The Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Lord Beaufort, had been a Macaroni at Almack's, and was a Dandy at White's, for many of the Dandies (the name came into use in the second decade of the nineteenth century) were "men of uncertain age." Others were Ball Hughes, so rich as to be known as "Golden" Ball; "Apollo" Raikes, so called because, being a City Dandy, he rose in the east and set in the west, and Sir Lumley Skeffington, the most amiable of Beaux, of whom it was said "that under all his double-breasted coats and waistcoats he never had any other than a single-hearted soul." Captain Gronow, or No-grow, though cited as a Dandy, was never admitted to the inner circle at White's, and was thus debarred from the Bow Window, being probably for that reason somewhat embittered against it. Thus, writing in 1860, he says :

"How insufferably odious, with a few brilliant exceptions, were the dandies of forty years ago. They

were generally middle-aged, some even elderly men, had large appetites, gambled freely and had no luck, and why they arrogated to themselves the right of setting up their fancied superiority on a self-raised pedestal, and despising their betters, Heaven only knows. They hated everybody and abused everybody, and would sit together in White's bow window, or the pit boxes at the Opera. They swore a good deal, never laughed, had their own particular slang, looked hazy after dinner, and had most of them been patronised at one time or other by Brummell or the Prince Regent."

The last phrase shows the curious way in which the name of Brummell was often put before that of the Prince. It reminds me of a tailor's anecdote which is given somewhere. A gentleman who liked to be in the fashion went to one of the Prince's tailors to be measured for a suit, and while the clever master-tailor, named Schweitzer, was measuring him, they discussed the cloth to be used.

"Why, sir," said the artist, "the Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John, you must be right. Suppose, sir, we say Bath coating—I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference."

At that time the correct morning dress was, according to Brummell, Hessians and pantaloons, or top-boots and buckskins, with a blue coat and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat; in the evening a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons buttoning tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and Opera hat were *en règle*; and Brummell put them on with such exactitude, such a consideration of colour and fitness, that, as Lord Byron said, there was nothing peculiar about his clothes but "an exquisite propriety."

The then Duke of Bedford asked Brummell's opinion once upon a coat he was wearing. The Beau examined him from head to foot, told him to turn round, and continued the scrutiny. At last, feeling the lapel delicately with thumb and finger, he said, in a most earnest and amusing manner: "Bedford, *do* you call this thing a coat?" A reply which is so obvious as well as so irresistible, that one regards the criticism of "unfeeling rudeness" made upon such chaffing speeches, as almost as good a joke.

As it was in the days when Nash was "King" of Bath, so it was when George was Prince Regent, the snuff-box was an essential article of dress. Every man carried one, and many made collections of boxes. The Prince was never seen without one, though it has been stated that he did not care for taking snuff; his wish to do as others did was, however, strong enough to make him from time to time raise a pinch to his nose.

Beau Brummell had a valuable collection of boxes, jewelled, enamelled, and miniatures, of which he was very proud; and he is said to have added certain scent to a snuff which he presented to George, and which was after always known as "Regent's Mixture." A box newly presented to him was being handed round and particularly admired at a party, when one man, finding it difficult to open, tried raising the lid with a dessert knife. The Beau was in an agony as to the fate of his treasure, but fearful of being impolite, he said to his host: "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster?"

The Prince of Wales never permitted any one to take a pinch of snuff out of his box; and once when Brummell, accompanied by his friend Pierrepont, called upon Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Prince, annoyed at their

visit, administered a snub. Brummell took a pinch of snuff and carelessly placed his box on a small table nearly opposite to His Royal Highness, who remarked sharply, "Mr. Brummell, the place for your box is in your pocket, and not on the table!"

This reminds me of a similar remark the Prince once made to his rowdy friend, Lord Barrymore, who, having called at Carlton House, placed his hat on a chair, upon which, in his best sarcastic manner, His Royal Highness said: "My lord, a well-bred man places his hat under his arm on entering the room, and on his head when out of doors."

Mrs. Fitzherbert always disliked Brummell, who offended by espousing the cause of the Princess of Wales; and it is not unlikely that in indirect ways she was largely responsible for the quarrel between Prince and Beau, though the reasons were many and slight which led up to the final breach.

Brummell as Trebeck is described in the novel *Granby* as the most "consummate tuft-hunter," and as cutting a friend a term at Oxford that he might gain the notice of some embryo baronet or earl, but, as we have seen, Thomas Raikes gives him a character differing from this; and had he been a snob, his attitude towards his royal friend, when matters became strained between them, would have been quite other than it was.

Our master in character-drawing, Meredith, has in *Evan Harrington* a word to say of the two men which is illuminating. In comparing the great Mel and his wife, he says that Henrietta Maria had a Port, and Melchisadec a Presence, and that the union of such a Port and such a Presence is so uncommon that all England might be searched through without finding another. "By a Port, one may understand them to in-

dicating something unsympathetically impressive ; whereas a Presence would seem to be a thing that directs the most affable appeal to our poor human weaknesses." He illustrates this by adding that "His Majesty, King George IV., for instance, possessed a Port : Beau Brummell wielded a Presence. Many, it is true, take a Presence to mean no more than a shirt-frill, and interpret a Port as the art of walking erect. But this is to look upon language too narrowly."

Really, when one considers the Prince and the way in which he treated friends and lovers alike with the profoundest indifference to their feelings and ingratitude for their devotion, we can understand Mrs. Fitzherbert's disgusted plaint on hearing that Brummell was to be given the Consulship at Caen. "The King has given his consent. . . . Some people are more partial to their enemies than kind to their friends."

Nor is it difficult to accept Thackeray's estimation of the Prince, who, when he died, left behind him not broken hearts or sorrowing friends, but just clothes, clothes, clothes—cupboards full, rooms full, boxes full ; a day, a year, fifty years old ; inanimate, stupid things which knew nothing of their owner, but every one of which he remembered with interest. "But a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur coat, a star and a blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truffitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing !"

Brummell, like Lord Chesterfield, could not restrain his tongue. Prince or beggar had to receive the retort which leaped to his lips, and he had sometimes to suffer

the effect of his own words. From all that is told us, the war between him and the Prince was one of ill-manners on the one side and sharp speech on the other, and the Regent never could forgive plain criticism. One of the speeches made with flippant impertinence, which rankled with the Prince, became popular through its versification by Moore.

Upon receiving some affront from his royal friend, Brummell said it was "rather too good. By gad, I have half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old George into fashion." Whereupon Moore put into the mouth of the Prince the following :

Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal, except—now I think on't—Beau Brummell,
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion.

There can be no possibility of doubt that Brummell very seriously offended the Prince Regent—so seriously that the latter refused to speak to his former friend even when he was in poverty and in exile. How far this was the fault of Brummell himself and how far it was the outcome of the littleness of George's mind it is difficult to say, for there have been so many stories told to account for the quarrel that it is not easy to accept one rather than another. Though it might perhaps safely be hazarded that Brummell's partisanship of the Princess of Wales, and his dislike to Mrs. Fitzherbert, was a very likely source of anger on the Prince's part.

Brummell was never a flatterer. When he was but a boy of sixteen his pleasing appearance and elegant manners had attracted the Prince ; his authoritative air upon those matters which interested His Royal Highness, such as dress, snuff, and other frivolities, kept the

friendship strong through many years ; but if George the Beau deserved the epithet of "selfish" so often given him, George the Prince was something more than selfish. He loved and respected only one person in the world, and that was himself ; so opposition from any one meant enmity in return from him.

Brummell himself could never be quite certain as to the cause of offence ; he had been allowed such latitude of speech, having been accustomed to saying to the Prince things which no one else would have dreamed of uttering, that it was with some surprise that he was forced to accept the fact that "the first gentleman in Europe" (so named as much because of his nicety in dress as for any other reason) was irrevocably set against him. This disfavour seems to have been shown in a series of snubs, but never openly put into words, and for a season Brummell met each snub with a complacent impertinence ; and having by far the sharper tongue, said many more disagreeable things to his royal master than that Prince could say to him. Such could have been his only consolation in the matter, coupled with the knowledge that he had never toadied for favour.

Beneath all the superficial play of ill-temper and biting repartee there must have lain in the Prince's mind a rancouring jealousy of the man who was even more elegantly dressed than himself, who kept his figure and his good looks while he—much to his chagrin—was getting fat, whose spirit was so high that he dared to show open disapproval of the treatment given to the Prince's wife, and of the attitude taken by the woman who looked upon herself as his wife. To-day we are inclined to regard Mrs. Fitzherbert with quite as much compassion as we do the uncrowned Queen, and to feel less uncertainty upon her moral life than upon that of her rival ; but

then there were many who regarded the *ci-devant* actress as a presumptuous and light woman who dared to think herself, though a commoner, entitled to share the throne. And this was Beau Brummell's attitude.

There is probably nothing which provokes enmity so quickly as satire, and though Brummell's satire was generally good-natured, yet that does not count when a person is annoyed with the satirist. For instance, there was a huge and corpulent person named Ben; some one says it was a gentleman who habitually rode in the Row. Jesse says it was a burly porter at Carlton House (the residence of the Prince), who was so tall that he could look over the gates. As the Regent was then increasing in size, Brummell often spoke of the Prince as "Our Ben," and of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was also at that time getting more than plump, as "Benina." Once, too, at a ball given by Lady Jersey, the Regent asked Brummell to call Mrs. Fitzherbert's carriage, and in doing so he loudly demanded *Mistress* Fitzherbert's carriage, laying particular emphasis on an epithet even then regarded as insulting.

This nickname of "Ben," or "Big Ben," stuck to the Regent, and was used by other people than Brummell, for when Moore visited Dr. Parr, that learned man told him that he had written whole sheets of Greek verse against Big Ben (the Regent) and showed them to his friend, upon which Moore said that the actual Greek word used meant inflated or puffy.

There is the story, so variously told and so consistently denied by Brummell, of the bell; a story, the truth of which most contemporary biographers also deny, though there seems to be no doubt that such an incident did happen.

It must be remembered that Brummell was a constant

guest at Carlton House, and had been extremely intimate with its royal master. One version runs that after the Prince had begun to feel antagonistic towards his favourite, Brummell won £20,000 at White's from George Hartley Drummond, which fact, being repeated to the Prince, induced him to invite Brummell again to his table. The latter, glad to be back in his accustomed place, became excited and drank too much wine. According to this story the Prince had only invited his old friend from a motive of revenge, and pretending to be annoyed by his hilarity, said to the Duke of York: "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." Whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence.

The generally received, but quite unauthentic version, is that Brummell said at the dinner table: "George, ring the bell;" that the Prince rang the bell, and when the servant appeared ordered Mr. Brummell's carriage.

Jesse says that Brummell and Lord Moira were engaged in an earnest conversation at Carlton House, when the Prince asked the former to ring the bell. "Your Royal Highness is close to it," replied Brummell unthinkingly; upon which the Prince rang the bell and ordered his friend's carriage, but Lord Moira's intervention caused the liberty to be overlooked.

Brummell himself said, in the hearing of Jesse, "I was on such intimate terms with the Prince, that if we had been alone I could have asked him to ring the bell without offence; but with a third person in the room I should never have done so; I know the Regent too well."

In any case it may be assumed that Brummell was too good a judge of his own interest to risk so much at a time when he hoped to be reinstated in favour, simply for a foolish display of intimacy.



BEAU BRUMMELL

The probably true explanation is that this incident was one of those which, having some foundation in fact, was fitted to the wrong person. Admiral Payne, then Comptroller of the Household, had a young nephew, a midshipman, who was sometimes asked to dine at Carlton House. Boasting of the honour in the cockpit this lad was led to wager that he would ask the Prince to ring the bell. A few days later, being again invited to dine with the Prince, he primed himself with champagne and actually did ask His Highness to ring the bell. The Regent promptly complied, and when the page-in-waiting appeared, said good-humouredly, “Put that drunken boy to bed.”

Lord Houghton, believing the story to be of Brummell, says the matter was “very much altered by the circumstance that the Prince was sitting on a sofa close to it” (the bell), “so that the speech of the familiar guest was rather uncourtly than ungentleman-like.”

I must add an incident which happened in Calais years after, when Brummell was living there. The workmen in the *tulle* factory discussed him, as did every one else, and one day two of these men approached a gentleman in the street who was something like Brummell, he overhearing one of them say, “Now, I’ll bet you a pot that’s him.” Then one came up to him, saying, “Beg pardon, sir, hope no offence, but we two have a bet—now aren’t you ‘George, ring the bell?’” Though the bet was lost, the men shared the pot.

There was a further incident which was a factor in the quarrel, and an account of which has been given by one of Brummell’s contemporaries. The Beau had acquired a valuable snuff-box which the Prince desired, and for which he offered in exchange another box to be decorated on the lid with a miniature of himself set in jewels.

Of course the Beau agreed, and the second box was ordered of a jeweller, there being much consultation over it. Just as it was completed, Brummell called upon Mrs. Fitzherbert in the country, and as he drove up to the door Prince George came out upon the steps and told him he must drive back to town as Mrs. Fitzherbert would not receive him. No explanation was given and none asked. A day or so later, when Brummell went as arranged for the snuff-box, the jeweller told him that he had been commanded to send it direct to the Prince, which had been done. The latter never sent it on to the Beau, and was careful not to return that which he had secured by his broken promise. Why this all happened Brummell did not know, but he naturally ascribed it to Mrs. Fitzherbert's dislike of him.

But before these things happened Brummell went through a period of splendour, during which he found himself the most-sought-after man in England, and to that youthful time may be attributed many of his great impertinences. He was so sure of welcome that he went where he would, whether he were invited or not, and occasionally he met a well-deserved snub.

Having thought himself invited to some one's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was "an exceedingly good place for stopping one night in." Apropos of visiting it may be added that Brummell never went out for a night without taking with him an elaborate dressing apparatus of silver, including a silver basin; "For," said he, "it is impossible to spit in clay."

The rather terrible Johnson-Thompson incident occurred while his relations with the Prince were

strained. Two ladies, one named Thompson living in Grosvenor Square, and one named Johnson inhabiting Finsbury Square, gave parties on the same night. To the former the Prince was going, and therefore Brummell could not be invited. However, he appeared, and his hostess informed him publicly that he had had no invitation. This open rebuff, though deserved, was quite enough to bring out his prickles.

"Not invited, madam? surely there must be some mistake," and he searched all his pockets slowly for a card. At last, finding one, he showed it to the angry lady, who snapped out:

"My name is Thompson, sir; this is from a Mrs. Johnson."

"Indeed!" said Brummell, with a cool drawl. "Dear me, how unfortunate! Really, Mrs. Johns—Thompson, I mean—I am very sorry for this mistake, but, you know, Johnson and Thompson—Thompson and Johnson, are really so much alike. Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a good-evening!" With a profound bow he retired slowly, to the anger of some and the amusement of others.

His impertinent remarks to men are many, though they were persiflage rather than rudeness; for instance, when, having dined with a certain wealthy young man, Brummell asked who would drive him to Lady Jersey's, his host cried, delighted with the opportunity:

"I will; wait till my guests are gone, and my carriage is quite at your service."

"Thank you! it is very kind of you indeed! But D—k," said he, very grave, "how are you to go? you would not like to get up behind, and yet it would scarcely *do* for me to be seen in the carriage with you." A sally which was greeted with a roar of laughter, in which his host joined.

There is also that other dinner story which has been adduced as a proof of his unpardonable rudeness, making it wonderful that he should get through life with a whole skin. Being invited to dine by a very aspiring and little-known man, he was asked to make up the party himself, so he invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, his verdict upon the evening being: "It was an excellent dinner, quite unique, but conceive of my astonishment when my host actually sat down and dined with us!" When annoyed and on the defensive Brummell could and did say very rude things; but assumed rudeness of this sort, uttered to raise a laugh, scarcely merited such extreme criticism.

Just as unthinkingly he has been accused of snobbish pretension when answering a beggar who asked him for charity, "even if it were only a farthing."

"Fellow, I don't know the coin, but if a shilling will help you in finding it, here is one." Jesse adds that he softened "the apparent disdain of the address with the gentleness of his voice and manner!"

Long after he had left England a carriage builder was advertising a certain form of carriage with a new step, and used Brummell's name. "Mr. Brummell considered the sedan chair the only vehicle for a gentleman, it having no steps; and he invariably had his own chair—which was lined with white satin, quilted, had down squabs, and a white sheepskin rug at the bottom—brought to the door of his dressing-room, which on that account was on the ground floor. From thence it was transferred with its owner to the foot of the staircase of the house which he condescended to visit." He also said that Brummell would not enter a coach, and records a conversation with him on this subject. "Conceive," said the Beau, "the horror of sitting in a carriage with an iron apparatus,

afflicted with the dreadful thought, the cruel apprehension, of having one's leg crushed by the machinery! Why are not the steps made to fold outside? The only detraction from the luxury of a vis-à-vis, is the double distress! for *both* legs, excruciating idea!”

Once, when chair and carriage alike failed him, he had to go to a party in a hackney coach. He thought he entered the house without this painful fact being known, but as he ascended the stairs a footman stopped him, to his horror and disgust, with: “Pardon me, sir, but do you know there is a straw in your shoe?”

It was Brummell who gave his sobriquet to Byng. This Dandy had a quantity of curly hair, and one day, driving in a curricule with a French poodle by his side, he met Brummell and stopped to speak with him. “Ah!” said the Beau, “a family vehicle, I suppose.” And Byng was known as Poodle ever after.

Brummell valued, or pretended to value, his own favours highly, as many anecdotes show. An aspiring young man was once introduced to him as desiring his patronage, but he did not eventually shine in the ranks of the Dandies. “And yet I did my best for him,” said Brummell commiseratingly. “I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's,” that is from St. James's Street to Bruton Street.

Having borrowed some money of a city Beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: “Do you know what has happened?” “No.” “Why, do you know, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I have called the dog ‘Tom,’ and let myself dine with him.”

CHAPTER XIV

Our grand-nephews will behold in George Brummell a great reformer; a man who dared to be cleanly in the dirtiest of times; a man who compelled gentlemen to quit the coach box, and assume a place in their own carriage; a man who induced the ingenuous youth of Britain to prove their valour otherwise than by thrashing superannuated watchmen; a man, in short, who will survive for posterity as Charlemagne of the great empire of Clubs.

CECIL DANDY.

WHEN Brummell was deserted by the Prince he was still courted by high society; his appearance was studied with the same attention, and his favour desired eagerly by young men whose ambition was to be acknowledged as Dandies. He found warm friends in the Duke and Duchess of York, as the latter liked him very much, his fine manners and his bright spirits having a great charm for her. She felt that it was Brummell's influence which more or less reformed the manners of the smart young men who, when the Duchess first arrived in England, were notorious for their excesses, their self-assertiveness, and their want of courtesy. The worst of these were, in her Royal Highness's opinion, Charles Wyndham and Colonel Hervey Aston, both of whom she greatly disliked.

The Duke of York was, to put it euphemistically, a man with many friends whom his wife could not possibly accept; but they lived harmoniously, she at Oatlands and he in London, though the Duke generally took a party down to his wife's home for the week-ends. Oatlands was a fine estate lying between Walton Bridge and

Weybridge, and here was perhaps to be found the nearest approach to a gentle refined Court that England had seen for a long time. Among those often invited were Alvanley, Brummell, Yarmouth, Foley, and Greville.

The Duchess is described as a very great lady in the fullest sense of the word, displaying sound sense and judgment, kindness, beneficence, and charity. She was particularly fond of animals, and kept many, there being eagles, macaws, monkeys, kangaroos, and ostriches in her park, and of dogs there was no end.

At Christmas time the Duchess turned her great dining-room into a German fair, with booths along each side stored with good things, a tree in the centre hung with cakes and goodies, and a table at one end of the room upon which was displayed the presents brought to her by her visitors, while at the other end was another table holding the presents she had given to them. Tom Raikes speaks of one Christmas gift which he possessed, being a morocco pocket-book, embroidered in gold by Her Royal Highness, with a gold pencil-case and amethyst seal. The intention always was that the presents should be inexpensive, but George Brummell, in his prosperous and magnificent days, could not yield to such an idea. He once brought as his offering a Brussels lace gown which had cost him one hundred and fifty guineas. It made the presents by the other men look small, and it was naturally regarded as bad taste to give such an expensive thing.

It is said that the Duchess seldom went to bed, but took a few hours' sleep, sitting dressed on a couch or chair, now in one apartment, now in another, and delighted in taking solitary walks at dead of night or in the small hours of the morning. At three o'clock she breakfasted and dressed, when, surrounded by all her

dogs—which never numbered less than forty—she went into the park or village. When any of these animals died, they were decently interred in a spot set aside for the purpose, close by the fish-pond. Guests at the Park were allowed to follow their own inclinations, no ceremony being observed; they went to church or stayed away, amused themselves in the gardens and grounds, and had a restful, idle time.

It seems that the Duchess was not a good household manager, for, according to Charles Greville, a frequent visitor, there were a great many servants, but nobody to wait upon the visitors; a vast number of horses, but none to use. One of the Duchess's foibles was her extreme tenaciousness of authority, which she showed sometimes by appropriating all the horses to herself; though she seldom rode or drove them, she wished it to be seen that she had the privilege of preventing others from doing so.

Among the favoured visitors to Oatlands was "Monk" Lewis, so named from the title of his widely read, sensational novel, "Ambrosio, or the Monk." He was a small man, by no means handsome in appearance, "having queer projecting eyes like those of some insect." He was also a fop, and many thought a bore, though it was his turn for epigram which gained him the friendship of his royal hostess. One day, after dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis's ear. He was much affected, his eyes filling with tears, and on being asked what was the matter, replied, "Oh, the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me!"

"My dear fellow," said Colonel Armstrong, "pray don't cry; I dare say she didn't mean it."

On another occasion Lord Erskine said, over the dinner-table, many scornful things of marriage, concluding

with the sentiment "that a wife was nothing but a tin canister tied to a man's tail," which made Lady Ann Culling Smith most indignant. Lewis, with a smile, wrote the following verse, which he handed to Her Royal Highness :

Lord Erskine at marriage presuming to rail,
Says a wife's a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And the fair Lady Ann, while the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? if taken aright
A tin canister's useful, and polished, and bright;
And if dirt its original purity hide,
'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

He is said to have been a man with a very tender heart, who showed great consideration and love for his mother under difficult circumstances, and, possessing estates in Jamaica, did his utmost to make the lot of his slaves happy. But his good qualities and talents were marred by conceit. He died at the age of forty, on his way to Jamaica—Thomas Moore says, of taking emetics to prevent sea-sickness, in spite of the advice of those about him ; elsewhere it is stated that he died of yellow fever.

Once, when visiting Oatlands, Brummell would eat no vegetables, and a stranger to him asked if he had never eaten any in his life, to which he replied :

"Yes, madam. I once ate a pea !"

This, of necessity, brings to mind other stories connected with the dinner-table. A bore asked him, apropos of nothing, whether he liked port. Brummell looked blank, then assumed a puzzled air of trying to remember : "Port—port? Oh, port! Oh, ay; what, the hot, intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?" He had, however, definite opinions concerning

port. It had been the custom to drink porter with cheese, but he laid down the law that port, not porter, should be drunk with that useful food. "A gentleman never *malts* with his cheese, he always ports," was his remark. A friend once casually asked him where he was going to dine the next day, and Brummell responded with a drawl that he really did not know. "They will put me in my carriage and take me somewhere."

Brummell did not marry, though he never could get to know a pretty and well-born woman well without making her an offer of marriage. Not that he believed she would accept it, but that he thought he was paying her a very great compliment. The girls grew to understand this, and to treat the matter as a joke, though it is said that one lady was much inclined to take him. Once he planned an elopement, but a servant turning traitor, the pair were caught at the street corner.

One story, which says something for his vanity, is told of him when staying at a country house. He approached his host with every appearance of sorrow, saying that he must leave him that morning.

"Why, you were not to go till next month," returned the hospitable peer.

"True, but I must go now."

"But why? why?"

"Why, the fact is—I am in love with your countess."

"Well, my dear fellow, don't mind that. So was I twenty years ago. Is she in love with you?"

Brummell hesitated; then said, with his eyes on the carpet: "I—I believe she is."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the earl; "I will send for your post-horses immediately."

Years later, when he had won a very large sum at Watier's Club, he seriously thought of marriage, but

the project fell through from some cause. Being rallied about it, Brummell looked pensive, sighed, and then said reluctantly: “My dear fellow, what could I do? It was impossible, for I found that she actually ate cabbage.”

Concerning the second imperishable retort which Brummell made when the Prince carried his rudeness a little farther, there are as many versions as there are concerning the bell. It is difficult to say which is true, for most of them are told by contemporaries. That version related to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald by Lord Houghton is one of the most credited. After remarking that this story was usually told in such a way that it is simply insolence devoid of all humour, Lord Houghton added that it certainly had its vindication.

Brummell was one of the committee of the fête given by the three most fashionable clubs to the allied sovereigns in 1815, which was several years after his rupture with the Regent. The fête was given in the garden of Burlington House, in a monstrous marquee, and the committee lined the passage through the house, each royal guest shaking hands from side to side as he went along. Brummell was standing opposite to Sir Henry Mildmay, with whom the Prince shook hands; then, instead of taking the Beau in his turn, he missed him and saluted the next opposite member. As he presented the reverse of his portly figure to Mr. Brummell, the latter, leaning over it, said to Sir Henry in a loud aside, “Henry, who is our fat friend?” Lord Houghton continued, that considering the old intimacy—indeed, as far as the difference of state permitted, the friendship between Prince and playfellow—this was felt at the time to be rather a witty retort to a provocation than an unmannerly insult.

Here is another version of the incident. Brummell,

having fallen out of favour, was of course to be *cut*, as the phrase is, when met in public. Riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the Prince, who spoke to the friend without noticing Brummell, he affected the air of one who waits aloof while a stranger is present ; and then, when the great man was moving away, said to his companions, loud enough for the Prince to hear, and placidly adjusting his bibs, " Eh ! who is our fat friend ? "

A similar cut was administered to Brummell at the Dandies' ball, two years earlier, given by Brummell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Lord Alvanley and Mr. Pierrepoint ; and some add the retort to that occasion.

The four gentlemen, having won a very large sum at hazard, determined to give a ball, but did not know what to do concerning the Prince, who had quarrelled both with Brummell and Sir Henry ; however, Pierrepoint sounded His Royal Highness, who was eager to be present, so an invitation was sent him. On his arrival this fine-mannered Prince, the first gentleman in all Europe, showed his breeding by making his most elegant bow to Alvanley and Pierrepoint and shaking both by the hand ; but of the other two gentlemen he took no notice.

It was as finished and courteous an act as that of the bully who kicks a man when he is down, for hosts cannot retaliate upon their guests, and the Prince knew it. Brummell was so angry that he refused to attend His Royal Highness to his carriage when he departed ; but if the question which has been placed by many writers to just as many different incidents did spring to his lips, it is not possible to blame him for it ; and if it came into his mind, then it is quite certain that he uttered it.

The Prince is credited with the added rudeness of

pretending that he administered this snub as a test of Brummell's submissiveness. "Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him good-humouredly, I would have renewed my intimacy with him," he afterwards remarked. And some of the writers (all men) who report this seem to regret that Brummell had not behaved with a greater prudence ; I think no woman, whom perhaps the *nuances* of behaviour in social life affect more keenly, could have forgiven either affront ; though it is necessary to remember that good manners were more superficial in those days than they are now.

That Brummell was enraged his subsequent behaviour shows, though outwardly he treated the matter with his usual amusing impudence. He was going down Pall Mall one afternoon when the Regent came from his carriage to enter a picture gallery, being saluted by the sentries. Brummell, pretending not to see the Prince, accepted the salute for himself, graciously taking off his hat and keeping his back to the carriage, the Prince looking very angry.

Next came an incident in the vestibule of the Opera House. The Prince was leaving the play as usual before it ended, and stood near the stove while waiting for his carriage. Presently Brummell came down, talking eagerly to some friends and not seeing the Prince. He too had to wait, and the audience flowing out pressed him gradually back until he was driven near the Regent, who saw him but of course would not move. To prevent collision one of the royal suite touched Brummell on the shoulder ; he immediately turned round and saw that there was not more than the distance of a foot between his face and that of his once friend. An eyewitness, describing the incident, says : "I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did

not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes, the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell however did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince."

There is little evidence that Brummell ever suffered from ill-health or any malady, until that sad period in Caen came when many ills attacked him. It is however on record that he once had a cold, the fact being made important by his reply to a sympathising inquirer: "Why, do you know that on the Brighton road the other day, that infidel Weston" (his valet) "put me into a room with a damp stranger."

On another occasion he was met limping along Bond Street. Being asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was that it was his favourite leg."

On a friend asking, during a cold and rainy summer, if he had ever before seen such a one, he replied, "Yes, last winter."

Brummell seems never to have been engaged in a duel, though in later years he used to amuse his Calais friends with an account of one such with which he was once threatened. He had no desire to end his life in a violent way, and explained his aversion to duelling on the score that in any row he was always inclined to knock under rather than take a part.

"I once had an affair at Chalk Farm, and a dreadful state I was in; never in my life shall I forget the horrors of the previous night! Sleep was out of the question, and I paced my room, cursing the cruelly good joke because of which I was on the eve of being torn from Lady — and

Roman punch for ever! The dawn was to me the harbinger of death; and yet I almost hailed it with pleasure; but my second's step on the stair soon spoiled that feeling; and the horrid details, which he carefully explained to me, annihilated the little courage that had survived the anxieties of the night. We now left the house, and no accident of any kind, no fortunate upset, occurred on our way to the place of rendezvous; where we arrived, according to my idea much too soon, a quarter of an hour before the time named.

"There was no one on the ground, and each minute seemed an age, as, in terror and semi-suffocation, I awaited my opponent's approach. At length the clock of a neighbouring church announced that the hour of appointment had come; how its tones, brought by the wind across the fields, struck upon my heart! I felt like the criminal, when he hears the bells of St. Sepulchre's for the last time. We now looked in the direction of town, but there was no appearance of my antagonist; my military friend kindly hinted that clocks and watches varied, a fact I was well aware of, and which I thought he might have spared me the pleasure of hearing him remark upon, but a second is always such a 'd——d good-natured friend.' The next quarter of an hour passed in awful silence, still no one appeared, not even on the horizon; my companion whistled, and confound him! looked much disappointed; the half hour struck—still no one; the third quarter, and at length the hour. My centurion of the Coldstream now came up, this time in *truth* my friend, and said to me, and I can tell you they were the sweetest accents that ever fell on my ear,

"Well, George, I think we may go."

"My dear M——," I replied; "you have taken a load off my mind, let us go *immediately*."

There is also a story that one morning in the height of his popularity an irascible gentleman called upon him demanding an explanation of some remark he had made to a noted courtesan, and high words ensued. Brummell ordered his visitor out of the room, but finding that this had no effect, he enforced his commands with a red-hot poker which had by chance been resting in the fire. There was no further talk of seconds, for the visitor went quickly.

In addition to White's and Brooks's there were three other clubs which became notorious in the early part of 1800. One was Weltjie's Club, formed by the Prince and his brother the Duke of York. The Prince withdrew from Brooks's when his two henchmen, John Willett Payne and Sir Banastre Tarleton, were black-balled there, and persuaded his cook Weltjie to open a club. Though it was well patronised by royalty, the Prince losing large sums there at times, it was never popular with the younger men, who preferred the two older clubs, and in 1807 the Maddocks, the Calverts, and Lord Headfort, instituted a new centre for those interested in harmonics, under the managership of a man named Watier. Watier was so superlative a cook that his dinners soon became renowned, and all the young men of fashion went to try them. As they were not generally musical, catches and glees were changed for cards and dice, and the height of the play rendered it easy for Watier to charge what he liked for a dinner, the game being generally macao.

Brummell moved from Chesterfield Street to No. 13, Chapel Street, Park Lane, a move for the worse, for he had lived beyond his income, and was trying to retrench. This motive at last made him take to play in earnest, and he played as he dressed, too well for his pocket. Yet for a time he won considerable sums.

It was at this period that he told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," he said, "I sup early; I take a—a—little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne about twelve, and my man gets me to bed by three."

At Watier's Club Brummell was "the supreme dictator, the club's perpetual president." To him all questions of dress or manner were referred, as well as the shapes and sizes of the snuff-boxes used there; he was kind to young men who came with an introduction, and according to Raikes won many thousands at macao in two or three years, losing not more than a fourth part of it. Like Nash he was generous at play, and would on occasions do his best to save a friend from loss. Tom Sheridan was not in the habit of playing, but having dropped into the club one night after having drunk somewhat too well at dinner, he tried to woo Fortune.

Brummell watched him for a time, and seeing his friend, who was none too well off, losing steadily, he suggested that Sheridan should give up his place and go shares with him. Sheridan had put down £10, so Brummell added £200, and in ten minutes became the possessor of £1,500. Rising from the table he counted out £750 to Sheridan, saying: "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again." That Sheridan went home gladly with the money may be unquestioned; that he took the latter piece of advice is doubtful.

One incident over the macao table is amusing to recall, though it must have been more alarming than amusing to those assembled. A member of the club known as Bob Bligh had a violent enmity towards his cousin, Lord Darnley, trying to horsewhip him whenever they met in the street, and being constantly imprisoned and bound over to keep the peace. This man, who was

regarded by every one as absolutely mad, happened to be playing at the same table as Brummell on an occasion when the latter lost considerably. Brummell pretended to be very upset, and cried, in a tragical way: "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol!" Upon this Bligh drew two pistols from his coat pockets, and putting them on the table said: "Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." Many of those present would have liked to walk away quietly and quickly, for loaded pistols in the hands of a madman were too dangerous to be pleasant.

Of the members of Watier's Club it may be said that most were reckless players, and yet it was rarely known, if ever, that any man took an unfair advantage. Brummell set the fashion of good breeding and good temper, and losses were sustained with outward equanimity and without quarrel.

Yet, as may be gathered from the following story, good manners sometimes were forgotten, and Brummell was impudent at the expense of good taste; his rudeness being levelled against a man who was something more than an idler in the world, and therefore, according to the fashion of the time, a fair butt for jokes. Alderman Combe, a city brewer, was a great gamester, and while Lord Mayor he was one evening busily engaged at the hazard table at Brooks's; Brummell, who was the caster, cried: "Come, *Mash-tub*, what do you set?"

"Twenty-five guineas," answered the Mayor.

"Well then, have at the Mayor's pony only, and seven's the main," replied Brummell, who "continued to throw until he drove home the Mayor's twelve ponies running." Then pocketing the money he rose, and

making a low bow said: "Thank you, Alderman; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours."

"I wish, sir," replied Combe, "that every other blackguard in London would say the same."

The answer was so unexpected, that for once the Beau had no retort ready, the only case on record in which he did not get the better in a wordy fight.

At this time gaming had again grown to an alarming height, more than fortunes were lost, and Mr. John Maddocks, one of the club's founders, was the first of a number of men who sought suicide. He cut his throat at his house in Stratton Street, "under the momentary influence of mental aberration"; but whether macao or hazard, or indeed gambling in any form was the reason, we are not told.

At first Brummell was not lucky at play, and this caused him deep depression, for the well-known usurers, Howard & Gibbs, to whom the Beau owed much money, and who had taken extraordinary sums from him in interest, refused further loans without the securities of his friends. He was so popular that it was not difficult for him to get these securities, but it was a stage nearer to the inevitable end.

He gave up play in despair one night—or it might better be said one morning, for it was nearly 5 a.m.—and was walking with Raikes through Berkeley Street, railing against chance, and creditors, and everything in general, when his observant eye saw something glittering in the gutter. Picking the thing up he found that it was a crooked sixpence. At once his complaints stopped, hope returned, and with a laugh he said: "My luck has changed, this is the promise of it." Like any other superstitious child he did not go to bed until he had drilled a hole into the sixpence and hung it on his watch-

chain. Mr. Raikes thinks that this incident took place in 1813, and it is certain that for two years afterwards Brummell was a constant winner on the turf—probably taking as much as £30,000—as well as being a winner at the club.

Brummell himself told a different story about the sixpence from that given by Raikes. Some one had given him the lucky coin, saying that everything would go well with him as long as he kept it, which promise came true. Then by mistake he gave it to a hackney coachman, and from that minute everything went wrong, one disaster succeeded another till ruin seized him.

“Why did you not advertise for it?” asked a friend.

“I did, and twenty people brought me lucky sixpences, but mine was not among them.” Then, he added, with a laugh, “I have no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of his set, got hold of it.”

It was the fifth night of terrible ill-luck that forced the Beau to exclaim aloud, “I wish some one would bind me never to play again.” His friend Pemberton Mills at once offered him a ten-pound note on condition that he should forfeit a thousand if he played again at White’s within a month. Brummell took the money and did not appear at the club for some days, doing his best to resist temptation, which at last, however, became overwhelming. He went back and played feverishly; Mills seeing him would not claim the forfeit. He touched his friend gently on the shoulder, saying: “Well, at least return me the ten pounds.”

Lord Byron had often played at the same table with the Beau; it was he who first called Watier’s “The Dandy Club,” of which he regarded Alvanley, Brummell, Pierrepont, and Mildmay as the chiefs, saying of them:



George Brummell

A BALL AT ALMACK'S

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"I liked the Dandies, they were all very civil to me, although in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, most damnably. They persuaded Madame de Staël that Alvanley had a hundred thousand a year, etc., etc., till she praised him to his face for his beauty, and made a set at him for —, and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at five-and-twenty. I had gamed and drunk, and taken my degrees in most dissipations, and having no pedantry and not being overbearing, we ran on quietly together. I knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's (a superb club at that time), being as I take it, the only literary man, except two others (both men of the world), Moore and Spencer, in it."

For a time Brummell raised money on the mutual security of himself and some one of his friends, and in an attempt to settle his affairs he drew out the last £10,000 that remained of his capital. Then came a quarrel over the division of a loan raised on security, in which the Beau was accused of taking the lion's share. To this Lord Byron ascribes the flight to France. "When Brummell was obliged by that affair of poor M——, who thence acquired the name of Dick the Dandy-killer (it was about money and debt and all that), to retire to France," etc.

Generally reticent about his affairs, Brummell took no one into his confidence, and it is probable that his winnings went partly to pay debts; even if so, he was so thoroughly overwhelmed with his obligations that he confided to Raikes one morning in 1816 that he was at the very end of every resource, and would have to leave the country that night. Though there were many people

who suffered loss from this extravagant man, there exists no statement as to what were his liabilities. That they were enormous must be judged from the fact that Brummell himself was quite convinced that he would never be able to return to England.

On May 16th, 1816, the Beau dined off a cold fowl and a bottle of claret, which was sent him from Watier's, and wrote the following note. It was a last shot at fate, a gamester's attempt to retrieve a fortune by borrowing a groat.

"MY DEAR SCROPE,

"Lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.

"Yours,

"GEORGE BRUMMELL."

To this his intimate friend, Scrope Davies, answered :

"MY DEAR GEORGE,

"'Tis very unfortunate; but all my money is in the three per cents.

"Yours,

"S. DAVIES."

When in Calais Brummell wrote to Lord Charles and Lord Robert Manners, who had been his sureties, expressing the grief he felt at having been obliged to leave England to save his freedom, and to have left them responsible for so much, offering every reparation in his power, which, according to Raikes, was not inconsiderable.

The rooms he eventually fixed upon were in the house of M. Leleux, a bookseller, where he remained until September 1830, and being quite unable to realise the necessity for strict economy, he furnished them luxuriously, indulging his taste for buhl and sending a courier to Paris to seek out costly elegancies.

On May 22nd he wrote the following letter to Thomas Raikes :

“ Here I am *restant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence ; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep called *conscience*, which all my endeavours to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who bears it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment ; but I will not trouble you upon that subject. You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my way of life and *propria persona*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy indeed it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness, but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenous to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters.

“ The English I have seen here—and many of them know me—I have cautiously avoided ; and with the

exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly, without my knowing he was arrived. He had the good nature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water. As to the alteration in my looks, you will laugh when I tell you your own head of hair is but a scanty possession in comparison with that which now crowns my pristine baldness"—Brummell was already getting bald—"a convenient, comely scalp, that has divested me of my former respectability of appearance (for what right have I now to such an outward sign?); and if the care and distress of mind which I have lately undergone had not impressed more ravages haggard and lean than my years might justify upon my unfortunate *phiz*, I should certainly pass at a little distance for five-and-twenty. And so, let me whisper to you, seems to think Madame la Baronne de Borno, the wife of a Russian officer who is now in England, and in his absence resident in this house. Approving and inviting are her frequent smiles as she looks into my window from the garden-walk; but I have neither spirits nor inclination to improve such flattering overtures."

A few days after Brummell's flight his possessions were sold on the premises, including probably the portrait which forms our frontispiece. A copy of the title-page of the book of sale is given on the opposite page.

Among the things put up was a very handsome snuff-box which was found to contain a piece of paper upon which was written in Brummell's handwriting: "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me."

A Catalogue
of
A Very Choice and valuable assemblage
of
Specimens of the rare old Sèvres Porcelaine,
Articles of Buhl Manufacture
Curiously chased plate
Library of Books
Chiefly of French, Italian and English Literature, the best
Editions and in fine condition
The admired drawings of the Refractory School Boy, and others
exquisitely finished by Holmes, Christall, de Windt
and Stephanoff
Three capital double-barrelled Fowling Pieces
By Manton
Ten dozen of capital Old Port, 16 dozen of Claret (Beauvais)
Burgundy, Claret, and Still Champagne
The whole of which have been nine years in bottle in the
Cellar of the Proprietor ;
Also an
Assortment of Table and other Linen, and some articles of
neat Furniture
The genuine property of
A MAN OF FASHION
Gone to the continent
Which
By order of the Sheriff of Middlesex !
Will be sold by auction
BY MR. CHRISTIE
On the premises, No. 13, Chapel Street, Park Lane
On Wednesday, May 22nd, and following Day.

CHAPTER XV

On Wednesday he was very affectionate with that wretched Brummell, and on Thursday forgot him ; cheated him even out of a snuff-box which he owed the poor dandy ; saw him years afterwards in his downfall and poverty, when the bankrupt Beau sent him another snuff-box with some of the snuff he used to love, as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the King took the snuff, and ordered his horses and drove on, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favourite, rival, enemy, superior.

THACKERAY, *The Four Georges*.

THE Beau's life in Calais became very methodical ; he rose at nine, and breakfasted on *café au lait*, read papers or books till twelve, then commenced his toilette ; and when this, which lasted nearly two hours, was completed, he held his levee and sat chatting with his friends. English people were often passing through Calais, and, though Brummell was as particular as ever about the friends he made, he gradually was drawn into a French circle, scarcely as aristocratic as that surrounding the Regent, but pleasant enough. At four he took his walk upon the ramparts or in his garden at their foot, accompanied by his dog Vick, of whom he was very fond. At five he went back to his room, dressed for dinner, which was sent in from Dessin's (an hotel near by) at six, and at which, in spite of his jibe to the Mayor, he drank a bottle of Dorchester ale, followed by a glass of liqueur brandy and a bottle of Burgundy. A friend of his in Calais said that only once during his long residence there was he known to be drunk, and then he was so disgusted that he inflicted solitary confinement upon himself for

eight days. At seven he would go to the theatre, where he had a small box, or spend the evening in his garden.

For a time he had many visitors, for the friends he had left in England thought much of him still. Lord Westmoreland, when passing through Calais, once asked him to dine with him at three. "Your Lordship is very kind, but I really could not *feed* at that hour," was his characteristic reply.

One morning a soft rap on his door seemed to announce some pleasant friend, and "Come in!" cried Brummell. The door opened slowly to admit the head only of one of the firm of moneylenders, Howard & Gibbs. Brummell was astounded; then, in an access of rage, shouted: "Why, you little rascal! are *you* not hung yet? Begone!" The head obeyed, the door closed, and the incident with it.

The Calais circle grew to expect and sometimes even to anticipate his stories, and he had the credit of saying both funny and rude things which probably never emanated from him.

Once some rude remark that he either did or did not make being repeated, Brummell received a call from the injured gentleman's second, who in a very peremptory way demanded satisfaction or apology, giving five minutes for the latter. "Five minutes, sir?" cried the Beau in a cold sweat; "in five seconds or in less if you like." He told some one later that he loved notoriety but not of that kind.

In his long and hopeless exile Brummell practically lived upon the kindness of his friends. Among those who saw him from time to time and who sent him substantial tokens of their regard were the Dukes of Wellington, Rutland, Richmond, Beaufort, and Bedford;

Lords Alvanley, Sefton, Jersey, Willoughby d'Eresby, Craven, Ward, and Stuart de Rothesay. Those who wrote most often to him were the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord Alvanley, and Mr. J. Chamberlayne. The Duchess sent him some little Christmas present every year—something worked by herself, which when opened betrayed the pleasant rustling of bank-notes. The Duke of Gloucester always looked him up when in Calais, and the Duke of Argyle was often his benefactor. The Duchess of York however died in 1820, and so the Beau lost one of his best and most loved friends.

Brummell hoped to be made Consul at Calais, but the then Consul, who at the time was in ill-health, recovered, and the vacancy did not occur.

He never lost his interest in clothes while his mind was whole, and there in Calais he seized on a poor French tailor, nor did he leave him till he had taught him the proper cut; and out of a very indifferent ninth part of a man, he made a rich one.

In 1818 he wrote to Raikes :

"I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon colour, and *cramoisi*. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity. There is nothing to be seen here but rascals in red coats waiting for embarkation. God speed them to the other side the water, for on this they are most heartily loathed."

In the same year there was "much talk in town," about Brummell's Memoirs. Murray (the publisher) told Moore that the report was he had offered £5,000 for the Memoirs, but that the Regent had sent Brummell £6,000 to suppress them! Upon Murray saying he really had

some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummell "I (Moore) asked him (Scrope Davies was by) what he would give me for a volume in the style of the 'Fudges,' on his correspondence and interviews with Brummell. 'A thousand guineas,' he said, 'this instant.' But I rather think I should be tempted to quiz Master Murray, in such a work, a little more than he would like."

Brummell had kept a diary, which he called the book of his life, but he told a friend that he had promised the Duchess of York not to publish it. After his death it was not found; he had probably destroyed it, either intentionally, or inadvertently during his insanity.

On February 13, 1820, Brummell wrote to Raikes as follows:—"He is at length King. Will his past resentments still attach themselves to the crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favourable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have during so many years operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice; that unfortunate—I need not particularise.

"You ask me how I am going on at Calais? miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the patience and mercy of my claimants are exhausted, I shall submit without resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time," etc.

Another letter is written in better spirits, and as Mr. Raikes says, much in the style of his conversation while in London:—"I hear you meditate a *petit domicile* at

Paris for your children ; you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else ; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or to thumping the 'Woodpecker' upon a discordant spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents ; and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms," etc.

In 1821 King George once more struck at the man who had been for a time his closest friend, and struck him when in distress. He went through Calais, staying some days there, on his way to Hanover. The town was *en fête* and the townspeople crowded to the landing stage to welcome the King of England. Brummell knew too much of His Majesty to hope for recognition, yet beneath the feeling that he would pass unnoticed what vague possibilities stirred in his mind ! There was just a chance that the King would remember older and fairer days, would please the Beau's heart and salve his spirit by a word of recognition. He could not bring himself to go to the wharf—he was too stirred and too fearful—so he went for his customary walk. Returning, he found the crowd so great that he could not get across the road to his lodgings, and was obliged to wait on the opposite side while the procession passed. Mr. Leleux, his landlord, who stood at the door of his book-shop, heard the King say, in a loud voice, as his carriage passed, "Good God ! Brummell !"

As soon as he was able for the press, the Beau "crossed over, as pale as death, entered the house by the private door and retired to his room without addressing me!" to quote the words of Leleux himself.

A royal dinner was given at Dessin's, and Brummell sent his man to make the punch, giving him some excellent maraschino for the King's glass. The King at first was in low spirits; it is suggested that he feared Brummell might make his appearance, but his old friend and enemy contented himself with delicate attentions without courting a snub which at that stage of his life would have been unbearable.

The next morning every member of the King's suite but one called upon Brummell and joined in persuading him to ask an interview of George IV. But he could not do it; he felt that a definite refusal to see him would be an indignity which he could not court. He had written his name in the book at Dessin's, and seeing that the King knew all about him he felt that he could not go farther. Mr. Leleux says that one evening His Majesty was out of snuff and the Consul came to Brummell to tell him. He took up one of the boxes lying upon the Beau's table, saying: "Give me one of yours."

"With all my heart," was the reply; "but not that box, for if the King saw it I should never have it again!" implying there was some history attached to it in which George IV. was concerned.

At the theatre the Consul presented the box, and at the first pinch George uttered an exclamation, asking:

"Why, sir, where did you get this snuff? There is only one person I know who can mix snuff this way?"

"It is some of Mr. Brummell's, Your Majesty," answered the Consul, and there the matter ended.

The next day the King left for Cassell, and said to Sir Arthur Paget in the yard at Dessin's, loudly enough for those around to hear, "I am leaving Calais and have not seen Brummell"—whether in satisfaction or regret is not recorded.

There were stories afloat that he had enclosed a hundred-pound note in the snuff-box and sent it back to his quondam friend, but M. Leleux denied this emphatically. "Had that been so I must have known, for Mr. Brummell was in great need of money, and remained so. It was his habit to pay some of his bills as soon as he was in funds, and he did not do so at this period."

All through his life Brummell, in spite of his unpardonable extravagance, had endeavoured to pay his tradesmen's bills; and Jesse tells a story which proved that the shopkeepers of Calais did not suffer from his stay with them, however much the moneylenders may have done for a time. While in Calais the captain went into a tobacconist's some time after Brummell had left, and in answer to some remark he made the woman who waited upon him said: "Go and see Dessin's before you disparage our hotels; your King slept there, and a friend of his lived here many years—we used to call him the 'King' of Calais; he lodged at that house," pointing to M. Leleux's, which was nearly opposite. "Ah! he was a nice man, very elegant, and with much money—he always paid his bills, sir, and was very good to the poor. Every one was sorry when he left. I wonder King George did not take better care of his friends."

Some of the Beau's friends died, others forgot him, the post of Consul was still well filled, and his affairs became more and more melancholy. When Greville went to Calais in 1830 he found Brummell dressing; "some

pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding ; full of gaiety, impudence, and misery."

On his return to England Greville again solicited help from the Duke of Wellington, who had already done his best for the Beau in trying to get him a Consulship, offering to take all the responsibility of it upon himself ; but Lord Dudley had objected, saying the King would not like it. Wellington had then gone to the King, who abused his old favourite, saying he was a d—d fellow, and had behaved very ill to him, but at last gave his consent. Even then Dudley had refused the appointment, saying that he had no acquaintance with Brummell. But at last, in 1830, Wellington secured for him the Consulship at Caen, with a salary of £400 a year—a good fortune which came too late. By that time Brummell owed so much money in Calais that the question was if he would be able to leave at all, for his creditors, though ready to trust him when in their midst, were not disposed to let him go without a settlement. For them he sold his buhl and other effects, which did not realise half enough. Eventually he prevailed upon his banker to advance him 12,000 francs, in return for which he made over, by a letter of assignment to Mr. Hertslett of the Foreign Office, £320 per annum, being all but £80 of his salary as Consul. In September of 1830 he at last left Calais, and through the good offices of his friend the Consul he travelled to Paris with a King's messenger free of expense. The Consul asked the messenger on his return what kind of travelling companion he had found in Mr. Brummell ?

"Oh, a very pleasant one indeed, sir, very pleasant."

"Yes! but what did he say?"

"Say, sir, why nothing; he slept the whole way."

"Slept the whole way, and you call it pleasant. Perhaps he snored?"

"Yes he did, sir!" then added gravely, "but I assure you Mr. Brummell snored like a gentleman."

For a week Brummell stayed in Paris, being entertained by Lord Stuart de Rothesay, the Prince of Benevento, and other great people. It was his last entrance into high life; and though he may not have thought of it in that light, he made the most of the week's enjoyment. The day after his arrival in the capital he sought through all the jewellers' shops for a snuff-box; and not finding one that he liked, he ordered one that should be worthy of him, valued at 4,000 francs! And his income was only 2,000 francs! That same week, in the Rue Matignon, a great pile of boxes and packets, enough to hold the sartorial possessions of an Emperor, were being got ready for departure. They belonged to Count d'Orsay, who was on the eve of coming to England. This was the nearest to a meeting which the two greatest Beaux who have ever existed made.

In reading of his life in Caen the chief impression given is one of unending anxiety from debt and lack of means. Many of his patrons believing him to be in receipt of a sufficient income sent him no more delicately offered presents; and this irresponsible spender of money found himself reduced to keeping up the appearance of a gentleman on £80 a year. It was an utter impossibility. In 1831 he wrote: "For ten days I have actually not had five francs in my possession, and I have not the means of procuring either wood or peat for my scanty fire, or of getting my things from the washerwoman." And this sort of thing continued until his death. His was a more

or less useless life, brightened now and then by little kindnesses done, such as teaching the daughter of his landlady how to write English and correcting the themes she brought home from school. Captain Jesse knew him when at Caen, and says his appearance was peculiar only from its extreme neatness ; and adds that his habit of criticism was unimpaired : "he remarked everything in a stranger's dress, his very shoe-strings not escaping criticism."

In 1832 came the terrible decree for abolishing the Consulate at Caen. There are several versions of this affair. One, that the Government wrote to Brummell asking whether he really considered a Consul necessary at Caen ; another, that hoping to gain the Consulship at Havre or Leghorn he volunteered the information that there was no work for him to do at Caen. "Your Lordship will also bear in mind that my bread depends upon the trifling emoluments which I receive as Consul at Caen. Should your Lordship, therefore, on my suggestion, think fit to abolish the office, I trust some means of subsistence will be provided me by the Government." So, says a Caen gentleman, ran part of Brummell's letter to Lord Palmerston. But wherever lay the cause the Consulate was abolished. Palmerston made many promises, and left the Beau penniless, to die "a driveller and a show."

As soon as the news got abroad his creditors flocked around him, one of whom vowed that if he appeared in the street he would have him arrested, and if he stayed at home he would starve him into coming into the street. This was prevented by a number of young Frenchmen going to this creditor with the threat that if he molested Brummell they would never dine at his shop again. In the midst of his troubles he had a

paralytic seizure, and was for a time very ill. From this he recovered, he saw the world with his usual desire to note all that was important in his life. Being invited to assist at a wedding, he was very gay and full of fun. A few days after a friend met him in the street, and asked if he had heard anything of the wedded couple.

"No," said he, "but I believe they are still living together."

A Mr. Armstrong, a man of strict business instincts to whom he owed money, went over to England on his account, and saw money in his own hands, with the best results; for on his return all the Beau's debts were paid.

It was about this time that Brumwell sent a copy of his verses, "The Butterfly's Funeral," to a lady in Caen: verses which had been first published in 1804 by John Wallis under feigned initials, of which the last was B.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL

Oh ye who so lately were hyphenous and gay
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead.

No longer the Flies and the Embers advance
To join with their friend in the Grasshopper's dance;
For see his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark! to the funeral dirge of the Bee
And the Beetle who follows as solemn as he;
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
And the Moth, who was grieved for the loss of a Sister,
Bent over the body and silently kissed her.

The corse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silkworm had spun ;
By the help of the Hornet, the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarves came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall.
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glowworm soon frightened him back.

The Grub left his nutshell to join in the throng,
And slowly led with him the Bookworm along,
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be placed on her tomb :

EPITAPH

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave ;
'Twas here we to Beauty our obsequies paid
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow ;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning his friend, shall the Grasshopper sing."

In his best days Brummell kept an album for poetry, to which Sheridan and other well-known persons contributed, and he was in the habit of writing effusions himself. He also painted in water-colours, and could sing well ; in fact, he had some quite respectable "parlour tricks."

It was in the spring of 1834 that Brummell had another stroke. He was dining at the table d'hôte, when he found that the soup was trickling down his chin. With a terrible suspicion in his mind he put his napkin to his face and quietly went out to seek a mirror in a little room near at hand, and it was with a sinking heart that he found his mouth all awry. For some weeks

he was ill, and when he was convalescing he made a sketch from memory of Lady Worcester, which he sent to a friend, with the words: "It is the first thing I have attempted since my resurrection; for you must know that I have been in the other world, and I can assure you I found it no paradise."

Lord Alvanley and various other friends in England clubbed together to allow Brummell £120 a year, making Armstrong their agent in disbursing it. Of this half was to go to the proprietor of L'Hôtel d'Angleterre, where the Beau lodged and boarded, the rest was for his other expenses. It should have been enough; yet when he was incapable of seeing to his own affairs at all he was for years in the most abject poverty.

But before things had become so bad a very terrible misfortune fell upon him. M. Leveux, the Calais banker—to whom as long as he retained the consulship Brummell had remitted the £320 a year, and so had repaid something more than half the amount due—determined to throw him into prison for the remainder, hoping that his English friends would pay the debt. So one morning in 1835 his dwelling was surrounded by gendarmes, while the gateway and back entrance were lined with subordinates; as the French said, "No debtor had ever been so handsomely arrested before in Caen."

The *juge de paix* with two gendarmes passed through the Beau's salon into his bedroom, where he was asleep. His first intimation of his trouble was when he was roughly awakened by the soldiers. When he really saw that it was not a horrible dream he gave way to a burst of grief, and the scene was all through of a most distressing kind. He was not even allowed to dress alone, and had to slip into his clothes in a hurry, such as he had probably never known before.

At the gaol he was put into a room with common criminals, in which the only furniture was the three truckle beds of his companions ; and he was left to pace the stone floor until a chair was found upon which he could sit. He felt it as a child would feel ; and when a friend went to see him the next day, he flung himself into his arms and sobbed. Later, one of the judges used his interest and got him permission to share a room in the daytime with a political prisoner, and in the night he slept in a narrow passage a few inches wider than his bed, which was infinitely better than the common room.

When his horror and distress had subsided with time, the first thing Brummell asked for was a looking-glass ! And though he considered he had not enough to eat—half the skeleton of a pigeon, a mutton-chop the size of half-a-crown, and a biscuit like a bad halfpenny—he was even more troubled over his toilette. Eventually his dressing-case was taken to him, and the editor—the political prisoner—with whom he shared the sitting-room, was amazed at the three hours' operation which then went on daily.

“He shaves himself each day ! each day he washes every part of his body in a vast basin brought for his use, for which his valet Lafleur carries twelve or fifteen *litres* of water and two of milk.”

Lafleur was another prisoner, a drummer—so named by Brummell, after one of his servants, but really known as Levine—who amused himself by waiting on the Beau, and who did not mind bringing the water that cost nothing, but the milk ! how it could have been converted into a glass of wine !

So even in prison Brummell was extravagant and selfish. As friends eventually sent him his dinner from

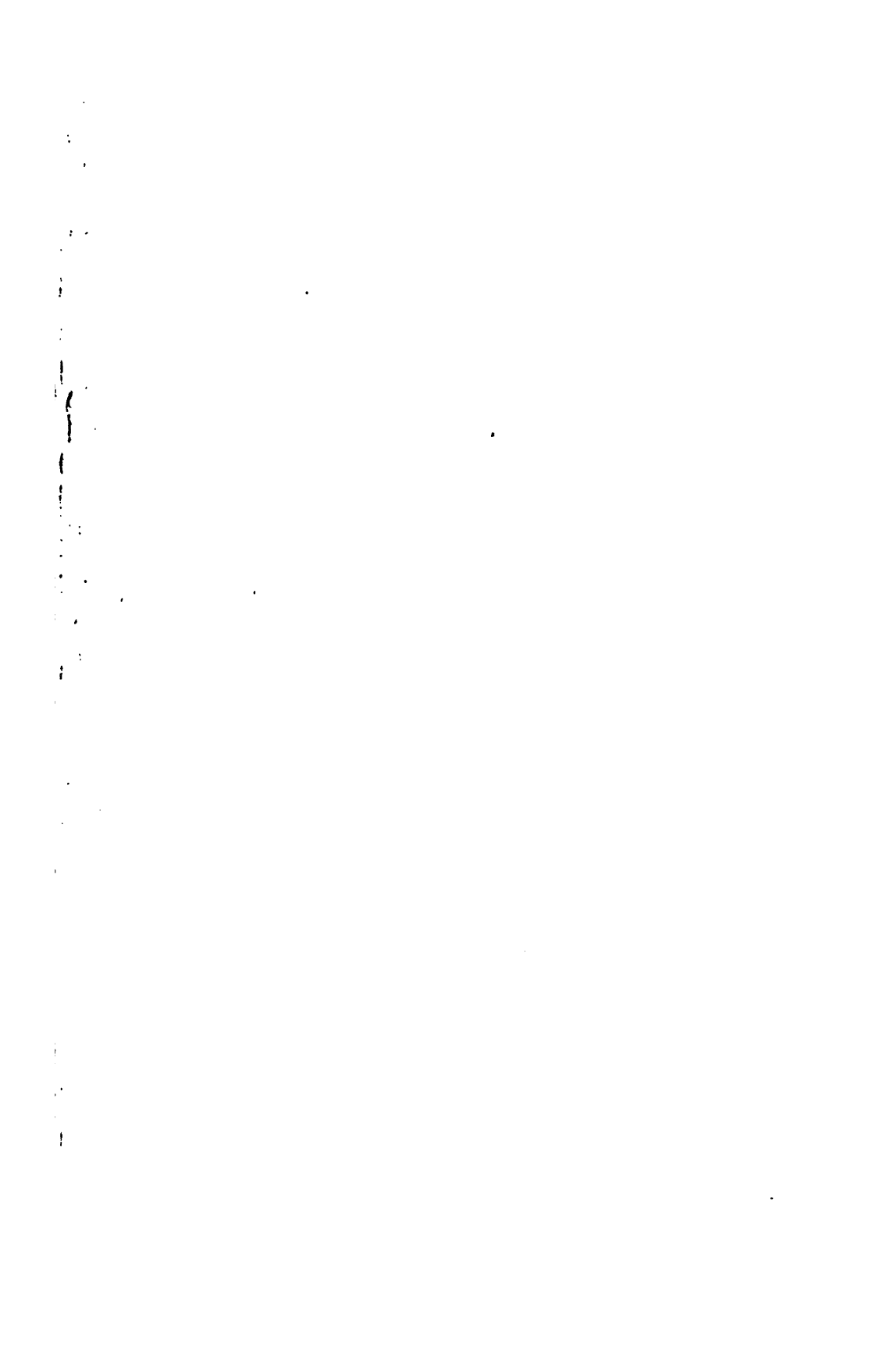
outside, the good-natured "valet" was paid by receiving the Beau's "diurnal portion" in addition to his prison fare.

At one time Brummell was reduced to rubbing himself down with his dirty shirts, and then they went to the wash! Think of him with no towel! He had to beg his friend Armstrong to send him from his lodgings some *patched* boots! Yet he would descend at two o'clock into the debtors' court with his neckcloth as white and well tied, his hat smoothed to a hair, and his whole exterior as perfect as if going to pay a call, and there he would entertain visitors—both French and English—for his friends never forgot him. And when they were gone he received the attentions of the other poor debtors with kindness—a bow to one, an amusing remark to another, made him popular with them all.

Once again Lord Alvanley and the Duke of Beaufort did their best to help Brummell, for Armstrong went again to England to gather what he could, and was so successful—King William himself sent a hundred pounds—that the debt to Leveux as well as everything he owed at Caen was paid. The attorney who came to tell Brummell the good news that he was free was astonished that it was received without any manifestation of emotion, for he did not understand the training of the Beau's earlier life, which made it a law to endure joy or sorrow alike with calmness. That evening Brummell went to a large *soirée* at the house of a general, and as he came into the room every one rose with surprise and congratulation, for they did not yet know of his release. He bowed his thanks, saying: "Gentlemen, I am most obliged for your kindness and charmed to find myself once more among you. I can assure you that to-day is the happiest of my life, for I have come



BEAU BRUMMELL AS AN OLD MAN AT CAEN



out of prison"; after a slight pause he gravely added, "and I have eaten some salmon."

Whether Brummell really had a heart is a problem; if so it was very small and entirely enveloped in his vanity. He seems to have shown little gratitude to the friends who had made his prison life bearable, and then only to those people whom he liked and approved. Indeed, he appeared to desire nothing so much as to forget that time of humiliation. Yet he sent partridges and kind messages to the still imprisoned editor, and did not forget Levine and other prisoners. But one gentleman who carried a toothpick, evidently an heirloom, which he used not only for his teeth but for his nails and his ears, so horrified Brummell that he would not call upon him, though indebted to him for much kindness during his prison term.

As long as his mind was clear Brummell received his money, but he was so extravagant in small ways that gradually Armstrong paid everything for him, protesting when absurdities, such as blacking at 5s. a bottle, were bought. He also spoke strongly about the old Beau's washing bills, for he still had a change of linen every day. This was a sorrow and perplexity to Brummell, until once a lady laughingly told him that he would look better if he wore a black cravat. The advice took hold of him; he bought a black cravat, and from henceforth the man of fashion, even the shadow of him, had disappeared. Brummell, relieved of debtor's fears, curtailed of credit and money, was like any ordinary poor old man reduced to doing and wearing just what his circumstances allowed.

His mind weakened, he would forget where he was, and mistake the person to whom he talked. He became wretchedly poor, his clothes even falling to tatters, and

his cleanliness was forgotten. He told the same stories in garrulous fashion over and over again, for though not really old, old age had captured him before its time. At last, in all Caen there was only one door open to him, and when some under-bred person asked of Mrs. B——n (the full name is not given): "How can you admit such a driveller?" the answer was: "He is never in our way; and though it is true he is not now the amusing character he once was, I like to see him take his seat before my fire." That he slept most of the time there did not disturb this good Samaritan.

Sometimes he thought he ought to give a party, so he would arrange his apartment, set out the candles, and get the house-attendant to be with him. At eight o'clock this man would open the door of the room and announce the "Duchess of Devonshire." At the sound of this name Brummell would rise from his chair and greet the cold air from the staircase as though it were the beautiful Duchess herself, making his most courtly bow, and saying: "Ah, my dear Duchess, how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you at this short notice! Pray bury yourself in this armchair; do you know, it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but, poor thing, she is now no more." Then, his eyes filling with tears, he would sink into his chair, looking vacantly into the fire, until Lord Alvanley, Lord Allen, the Duke of Beaufort, or some other old friend was ushered in. At ten the attendant announced the carriage of each invisible visitor, and this ghostly party would conclude.

Infirmity grew upon him, and though those at the hotel presumably did what they could, he was much neglected. It was at this time, his memory having gone, that he destroyed letters, and probably his journal and

books, which he had treasured through his life. He loved a good fire, but it is feared he did not always have it. It is not possible to understand how with £60 a year to spend for himself he should have been so destitute, without clothes or comfort, unable to buy an extra cup of coffee or a biscuit. Think of a man with more than a pound a week for etceteras having but one pair of old trousers which he had to mend himself. Either the money could not have been sent regularly, or it must have been diverted on its way. One wonders what Armstrong, who received the money to disburse for him, was doing to allow such terrible neglect as eventually fell upon the witless, paralysed Brummell, for in Caen in those days £120 was a good income.

It was in October 1838 that "an unknown gentleman" called to see Brummell, and was so distressed at the Beau's condition that he gave the landlord an address to write to him (without giving his own name), and called to see Armstrong for an explanation. This gentleman must have been Lord Alvanley, who told Raikes in that year that he had lately seen Brummell in Caen, his intellect impaired and scarcely able to recognise any one. It may have been Lord Alvanley's exertions which at length—at long length—procured for Brummell the chance of entering the Bon Sauveur, a convent where the insane were cared for humanely and kindly. No dungeons, no whips, no chains were allowed, and weak intellects were given the chance of strengthening. To move Brummell a carriage was ordered, for a promise had been drawn from him that he would take a drive with the *maître d'hôtel*. However, on the morning he had forgotten all about it, and eventually force had to be used to get him downstairs, his cry being: "You are taking me to prison—loose me, scoundrels! I owe nothing."

As soon as he saw that resistance was useless he became tranquil, but the excitement had roused his intelligence, for on the way he recognised an old friend and shrank back in the carriage, saying: "I am not fit to be seen in such a *déshabiller* as this." When he heard the bolts drawn at the gates of the convent, he wept bitterly, moaning, "A prison—a prison," and did not cease until he found himself surrounded by the kindly sympathetic faces of the nuns. His spirits rose at once, and he joked Auguste, Armstrong's servant, on being married, and complimented the nun whom he regarded as Auguste's wife upon her good looks. She only smiled kindly, and taking him into a room settled him in an arm-chair before a blazing fire, such as his soul loved, and there, in the room occupied a few months earlier by Marshall Bourrienne, who died at the Bon Sauveur, he lived out the rest of his days.

In a pleasant house, surrounded by a beautiful flower garden, and with a man to attend on him, Brummell peaceably and happily passed his time, full of politeness and gratitude for the attention shown him, and known as the most docile patient who was ever nursed at the convent. The only disturbing incident was when an officious English clergyman tried "to lead his mind to religion," and had the presumption afterwards to write of this old man, who was entirely incapable of retaining or even receiving any mental impression, "I never came in contact with so painful an exhibition of human vanity and apparent ignorance and thoughtlessness of and respecting a future state."

Brummell grew very weak, and in the evening of March 30th, 1840, after a few moments of apparent anxiety and fear, he repeated, at the instance of the nun, the *acte de contrition*, and died imperceptibly, being

buried in the “dreary Protestant cemetery of the town, a wilderness of weeds and fennel.”

Many have been the accusations levelled against George IV., but none have been more persistent or more forcibly expressed, than those relating to his treatment of Brummell. On May 18th, 1844, *Punch* devoted nearly a page to the two men, giving a suggested drawing for a statue of Brummell to be erected in Trafalgar Square. The letterpress runs to the following effect:—

“*Punch* has received exclusive intelligence of a subscription which is now quietly growing at White’s, at Brookes’s, at the Carlton and other Clubs, for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL, the man who invented starched neckcloths, and gave its newest gloss to blacking. The sculptor, whose name we are not at present permitted to reveal, has sent in a drawing of the contemplated statue, which, carved in wood, we here present to the world at large. Brummell’s neckcloths, the trophies of his life, are, it will be seen, chastely grouped behind him.

“Trafalgar Square has very properly been selected as the place for the erection. There again will dwell in kindly neighbourhood GEORGE THE BEAU and GEORGE THE FOURTH. Their lives were lovely, and their joint memories will be appropriately eternized in congenial bronze. The grandson of the pastrycook and the descendant of the Guelphs will be reconciled by the good offices of posterity, and the peculiar virtues that each possessed be brought out in stronger relief by the association. Looking at BRUMMELL, we shall remember, with glowing admiration, the man ‘who never failed in his tye.’ Beholding GEORGE THE FOURTH,

we shall not readily forget the man to whom all ties were equally indifferent.

"Many and deep must be the reflections suggested by the two statues.

"GEORGE THE BEAU, by the force of his genius, made himself the master of a Prince. He taught Wales 'what a coat was like.'

"GEORGE THE KING, wanting blood royal, might have made himself master of journeyman tailors.

"GEORGE THE BEAU, in beggary, refused to sell the letters of his former friends.

"GEORGE THE KING, when Prince of Wales, sold his party at the first opportunity.

"GEORGE THE BEAU had wit.

"GEORGE THE KING had only malice.

"GEORGE THE BEAU would make a joke for joke's sake.

"GEORGE THE KING 'hated without cause and never forgave.'

"GEORGE THE BEAU felt compunction for his starving 'washerwoman.'

"GEORGE THE KING ran half a million of money in debt, and sending his bills to be paid by a starving people, felt for no one.

"We might go on with the parallel, but believe we have said enough to shew the great beauty of contrast that must be revealed by the juxta-position of BEAU BRUMMELL and the 'Fat Friend.' It is whispered at some of the clubs, that, in addition to the Beau's statue in Trafalgar Square, there will be placed there the *vera effigies* of another of King George's early companions; namely that of the lamented Marquis of Hertford."

CHAPTER XVI

O Delicatessen has an anxious life!

(Sing hey, for the gay petunia tie!)

He spends whole days in a stubborn strife

When the crease of a trouser runs awry,

And he battles gamely, laying low

Recalcitrant curls on his unctuous mop.

(Sing ho, for we know that the hats are in a row,

And the socks are all a-dangle in the hosier's shop!)

WILFRID BLAIR, *The Tailor's Man.*

THAT Brummell's example had a tremendous effect upon other men there can be little doubt, yet on the other hand I may safely use the hackneyed phrase and declare that he in his turn was but a product of his time. Had there been no Prince George, son of George III., there would still have existed George Bryan Brummell, but no books would have been written about him, no columns devoted to him in important dictionaries, and the fear enunciated by Captain Jesse would have been a fact "that posterity will hardly accord to George Bryan Brummell one line in the annals of history." He might indeed—he would still have—floated to the top of society, but without the remarkable opportunities given him by the Prince, without the quarrel, famed through Europe because of Brummell's retorts, his impression would not have been made deeply upon all grades of social life.

Yet in dress he would have reigned supreme because he had strength enough to go his own way; he disdained alike the foppishness of those who still retained some

remnants of the Macaroni period, and the careless ease of those who took their ideas from the French citizens and *sans culottes*, cropping their heads and calling it dressing the hair "à la Brutus" or "à la guillotine!"

Brummell guided fashion rather than made it, and there were crowds of young men who noted each day every article he wore that they might copy it on the morrow. Copyists there have always been and will always be. There was one who before Brummell's time made the Prince his model, and when for a joke His Royal Highness covered his pigtail with his coat, allowing some one to whisper to his flatterer that a new fashion had arisen, this gentleman appeared the next day without his pigtail, to the uncontrollable amusement of the Prince's Court, for really, to be seen without a pigtail! it was almost as indecent as appearing without clothes!

But those who followed Brummell!—what a host they were! Looking back upon them at the distance of a century they seem to be a crowd of foolish children, many with old faces and stooping backs: irresponsible, joking, swearing creatures who did nothing but play; who sat in the Bow Window and laughed at the passers-by; who sat over the gaming tables and poured money from side to side; who formed the Jockey Club and played with their beautiful horses; men under a fairy spell, incapable, like Peter Pan, of growing up, though steeped to the lips in the knowledge of evil. They delighted in nicknames such as "Poodle" Byng, "Apollo" Raikes, "Red Herrings" (Lord Yarmouth), "Peagreen" Haynes, "King" Allen, "Kangaroo" Cooke, "Conversation" Sharp, "Golden" Ball, "Teapot" Crawford, "The Mosaic Dandy" (John Mills), "The Red Dandy" (Rufus Lloyd), "The Black Dandy" (Edward Montague), and "Prince" Boothby; the last, however, rather preceded

than followed Brummell. Not that they were all Beaux, far from it, for as I have pointed out, the Beau was the real thing, a Beau because he could not help himself, because the beau-like quality was either born in him or so unconsciously nurtured that it became his nature. The men mentioned above were known as the Dandies, not so much because they all followed an ideal in dress, but because they all lived in one circle. The most remarkable of them were the Dandies in reality—those who took excessive care of their appearance; the rest were their companions, and so they all passed under one name.

“Dandy” was not exactly a term of respect when first used, it was applied to men who a century earlier would have been known as Fribbles, or Pretty Fellows, or Dappers, “who, instead of supporting the dignity and manliness of their own sex, incline to the delicacy and manners of a female”; who still carried muffs and wore an eyeglass on the top of a cane; who fastened their waistcoats with gold or jewelled buttons to match the studs in their frilled shirt-fronts—I have a set of such which have been handed down through four generations—who wore stays that the true meaning of “Dandy” might not be lost.

Cotgrave, in 1650, gives that meaning as “the handle of a curry-comb, a slender little fellow, a dwarf.” The old writers consider dandy and dandyprat as synonymous, and Camden traces its origin in dandyprat, a small coin issued by Henry VII. worth $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ Bulwer, in his “Man-transformed, or The Changeling” contrasts a huge distorted figure with:

“Sometimes with lacings and with swaiths so strait,
For want of space we have a Dandiprat.”

Torriano, in his Italian Dictionary, regards it as “a dwarf, a pretty little man, a mannikin”; and we all know the

nursery rhyme of "Spicky spandy, Jacky dandy." It seems fairly well proved that dandy means a slight little thing ; something well polished and groomed, with clean-cut outlines and gentle curves. A bantam is known as a dandy-cock, and a slim cutter, with some peculiarity about its masts, is also called a dandy.

The "Green Man of Brighton" had his successors among the later Dandies—fops who desired nothing so much as notoriety, and really because of their eccentricity in dress became the lions of London and Paris. Gronow tells us of a certain Captain T—— who set up in Paris and created much gossip, not only because of his perfect English carriage and horses, but by his remarkable dress. He always designed his own coat, which had wide, bagged sleeves, wore trousers capacious enough for a Turk, and had "an ingenious mode of making the collar of the coat a sort of receptacle for a voluminous quantity of shirt frill ; indeed, the collar appeared to descend from his ears all the way down his back, so that you might suppose he was looking out of a black chimney-pot. He was handsome in face, and had a profusion of hair, which was curled and arranged so that his snaky locks seemed to be always trying to escape from his head, being only held there by a tight-fitting little hat more suitable for a boy. He always wore a pair of golden spurs with rowels the size of a small dessert plate, and so strutted about Paris to the amusement of every one."

From the same source we have an account of a dinner given in Paris by Lord Pembroke, when Captain Gronow was invited to meet Lord C——, probably Lord Clanwilliam, a Dandy of that period. There were many gentlemen, among them Henri de Noailles, waiting the arrival of the celebrated Dandy with much anxiety as to their own dress. True to the bad dandiacal manners Lord C——

came long after the dinner hour, and made a terrific impression, though scarcely that which he anticipated. Short of stature and inclined to be stout, though only five-and-twenty, he wore a coat very much thrown open, a transparent and elaborately embroidered cambric shirt adorned with a variety of splendid jewels, an exceedingly short rose-coloured waistcoat, just covering his ample chest and cutting his large square body exactly in two. His hair was long, straight, and straw-coloured, which he continually tossed back or let fall over his large expressive eyes. The Parisian exquisites could hardly believe that they saw the English Lovelace, the *fleur des poix* of whom they had heard so much.

One of the most extraordinary of these seekers after an evanescent fame was Robert Coates, generally known as "Romeo" Coates, born in 1772 in Antigua, his father having been a merchant and sugar-planter there. Having been educated in England and having later gone back to his native place, Coates returned after the death of his father and took up his residence at Bath. He was at that time thirty-five, though one who knew him said he looked fifty, having a wrinkled, sallow face, expressive of cunning rather than of any other quality. In the daytime he always, even in summer, wore fur, but in the evening he was like a butterfly out of the chrysalis, for his father had left him not only much money, but an enormous collection of diamonds, which the young man wore in every possible place that fashion allowed for buttons or buckles. Like Beau Feilding he had a carriage built in the form of a shell, which was drawn by white horses, and upon the bar of which a large brazen cock was perched, with the motto, "Whilst I live I crow!" and this bird was emblazoned on every bit of the harness and carriage.

"Diamond" Coates, or "Cock-a-doodle-do" Coates,

From this he got the name of "Romeo"; but the titles he loved were "The Amateur of Fashion" and "The Celebrated Philanthropic Amateur." He acted in London, and was personated in *At Home* by Charles Mathews, but eventually audiences grew tired of him and hissed him off the stage. At last, having spent or given away much of his money and diamonds, he went to Boulogne, where he married; but later, coming to an arrangement with his creditors, he settled down in England on what remained of his fortune.

Moore used to tell a story illustrating the grotesque extravagance, in their ideas of dress, of a Dandy who slipped in the street, falling under a cart-wheel which went over his neck. "But he got up safe and well when the cart had passed. His neck-cloth was so thick and well wound that nothing could have hurt the neck inside it."

Lord Blessington told Moore that he was once at dinner with a Dandy who, when a shoulder of mutton appeared, put up his glass to spy it, saying he had never seen such a thing before, to which a quick-witted Irishman at once retorted: "Then I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line*."

To pass from the ridiculous Dandies to those who were a link between the Macaronis and the Dandies of the days when George IV. was king, there are several men who to the time of their death might have gone under the title of Buck. Among these were Colonel George Hanger, who was born in 1751, the brothers Barrymore, and Lord Norfolk—untutored, primitive creatures of whom the only thinking, human person was Hanger, though because of his "Life" and his theories, written by himself but compiled by William Combe, his reputation is unsavoury enough.

Colonel Hanger was a soldier, a sportsman, and a great lover of horses. As a boy he went to Eton, where he seems to have passed the greater part of his time in making love to the tradesmen's daughters in Windsor. "A carpenter's wife was the first object of my early affections; nor can I well express the nature of my obligations to her. Frequently have I risked breaking my neck in getting over the roof of my boarding house at night, to pass a few hours with some famous grisette at Windsor. During the latter part of my time at Eton, to perfect my education, I became attached to, and was very much enamoured of, the daughter of a vendor of cabbages."

Subsequently he married a gipsy, "the lovely Ægyptia," over whose charms he enthused under the greenwood tree until she eloped with a tinker. He served with Tarleton's light-dragoons in the American War, and was wounded at Charlottetown. Later he became a boon companion of the Prince, being one of his equerries, and attending him both in Brighton and in London.

Hanger was continually in low water, but as he was very extravagant in his youth he probably was saddled with debt for many years. As a soldier his pay was 4*s.* a day, and yet he was very extravagant in dress, telling us that his dress clothes for one winter cost him £900. "I was always handsomely dressed at every birthday; but for one in particular I put myself to a very great expense, having two suits for that day. My morning vestment cost me near £80, and those for the ball alone £180. It was a satin coat *brodè en plein et sur les coutures*; and the first satin coat that had ever made its appearance in this country. Shortly after, satin dress clothes became common among well dressed men."

He was not always so much of a Dandy though, for on the Queen's birthday in 1782, just after he had given up the army, he went to the ball in the uniform of a major in the Hessian-Jäger corps in which he had served in America. Thus he wore a short blue coat with gold frogs, with a very broad belt from which hung his sword. In the minuet which he danced with one of the lovely Gunnings he put on his Kevenhüller hat—a monstrosity in the way of a three-cornered hat, one side being turned from the face to a great height—decorated with two large black-and-white feathers. The King and his Court tried to be grave, but the laugh rippled round, and soon the whole room was laughing at and with the great Irishman.

At this time Sheridan was much with the Prince, the King hating both him and Hanger as evil influences over his son and heir, and many are the stories told of the three. Out of Hanger's absurd attire at the Royal ball a mock duel arose, in which Hanger believed he had killed Sheridan, being very relieved when he found that the dying was a fraud. It was in the dining-room at Brighton, which the Prince loved to keep very hot, that Sheridan asked Hanger how he felt. The answer was: "Hot, hot, hot as Hell"; to which Sheridan replied sympathetically, "Yes, and it is right that we should be prepared in this world for that which we know will be our lot in another."

Hanger tells a story of a joke played upon Sheridan which he, poor man, must have regarded with rueful disgust. The Prince, with Charles Fox, Berkeley, Sheridan, and others, once made a gaming night of it at the Staffordshire Arms. When towards the morning the company thought of dispersing, they could not collect sufficient money among them to pay the landlord.

Sheridan was helplessly drunk, and one of the players, noticing this, made the suggestion that he should be left as a hostage. The idea appealed too strongly to the vivacious crew to be scoffed, so poor Sheridan was left to sleep off his wine and to pay the full reckoning in the morning.

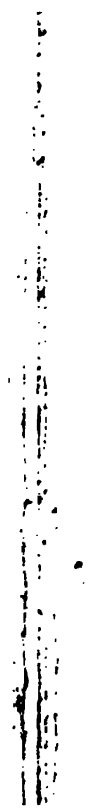
In 1798 Hanger was in the King's Bench Prison, not being released until April of 1799, when he compounded with his creditors, and with a capital of £40 set up as a coal merchant. The Prince on horseback met him one day and called with a laugh, "Well, George, how do coals go now?" "Black as ever, your Royal Highness," was the cheerful reply.

He was known as "Georgey-a-cock-horse," because, with his hat on one side, he rode a Scotch pony named Punch. Though in 1814 he inherited the title and estates of Baron Coleraine, he refused to recognise any other name than that of Colonel Hanger, the reason being that, having no wife by ceremonial rites but the errant gipsy, he yet had a partner who was called Mrs. Hanger, and he would not slight her by taking a title which she could not share. In the latter part of his life he grew too coarse for the Regent to find pleasure in his society, and he lived quietly in Somers Town until he died in 1824.

His elder brother, Baron Coleraine, was known as "Old Blue Hanger," from a liking he once showed for a blue coat. "He was a Beau of the first water, always beautifully powdered, in a light green coat with a rose in his button-hole. Having lived much in Paris before the Revolution, he affected the manners of the French Court, and made his mild repartees with such an access of ceremony, that they raised a laugh where real wit sometimes failed. For instance, once when starting on a river party the Duchess



A SUGGESTED STATUE TO BRUMMELL AND GEORGE IV.



of York was informed that she must wait for the tide, Coleraine, with a profound bow said, “If I had been the tide I should have waited for your Royal Highness.” “Nothing could have been more stupid,” adds Raikes; “but there was something in the manner in which it was said that made everybody burst out laughing.”

The Three Barrymores—“Les Trois Magots,” as Gillray named them below the caricature he made of them—are worth no more than a mention as companions of the Prince of Wales. They were exceedingly wild Irishmen, and Lord Barrymore alternated between a gentleman and a blackguard. A refined wit and a most vulgar bully, he was equally well known at St. Giles’s and St. James’s. He could fence, dance, drive, drink, box, or bet with any man in the kingdom. He could discourse slang as trippingly as French, relish porter after port, and compliment her ladyship at a ball with as much ease and brilliance as he could bespatter blood in a quarrel in a cider cellar. He was generous to prodigality, and always independent of prejudice, and was so foul-mouthed as to gain the nickname of “Hellgate.” He died by misadventure in 1793, at the early age of twenty-four.

Henry Barry, his brother, eighth Earl of Barrymore, the inventor of the “Tiger,” or boy-groom, being lame, was known as “Cripplegate.” The third brother, Augustus, was in Holy Orders in the Church of Ireland, but this did not save him from being an inveterate gambler, always in debt and in danger of the sponging house. He was said to have been in every prison in England except Newgate, therefore he was hilariously christened “Newgate.” To this precious trio we must add a word about their sister, Lady Melfort, who had so bad a temper, and made use of such foul language, that she earned the name of “Billingsgate.” These Barrymores always said what

came into their minds, their wit always ready and their spirits always high.

As for the Duke of Norfolk, generally known as "Jockey," he too was one of the constant visitors at Brighton, wearing a sky-blue suit with lace ruffles, with which, when shooting, he would at times wipe out the pan of his gun. In him drunkenness was hereditary, says Wraxall, and Thackeray gives us a picture of the "poor old sinner" being deliberately made drunk with bumpers of brandy by the First Gentleman in Europe.

Sir John Lade, a creature of the Prince's, was one of the false Dandies, for his highest ambition was to be thought a jockey, and he generally dressed as such. One good story about him is to the effect that he wagered Lord Cholmondeley that he would carry him twice round the Steine at Brighton, and as he was a small man and Cholmondeley a large one a great crowd assembled to witness the feat. The two men met on the Steine, and Sir John stood waiting. "Well," said his lordship, "I am ready." "No," replied the baronet; "I said I would carry you round the Steine, but I said nothing of your clothing. Please strip that we may not disappoint the ladies." Cholmondeley paid the wager.

When one thinks of the orgies which took place at Brighton with such a set of men and women—men lying under the table, wine spilled, cards all over the place; the intrigues and schemings, the races, the publicity of everything, no wonder can be felt at the King's dislike for his son's friends, nor at the indignation expressed by his subjects against the Prince.

One of Brummell's contemporaries was Sir Lumley Skeffington, who set up as a man of fashion as soon as he had finished his education. He was a stage-struck youngster, who attended the production of every new

play, and wrote an extravaganza called *The Sleeping Beauty*, lampooned by Byron as a dull play which—

In five facetious acts came thundering on.

His other plays were absolute failures. As a young man he was eccentric enough to get talked about, so much so that he was soon noticed by the Prince of Wales, for the vanity he felt concerning his appearance caused him to spend much money in dressing in the most foppish way. He was fond of acting, and sought theatrical society, being friends with Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and others; and he was a precursor of those who will stand hours at a theatre door to see the first acting of a new play, though he had the advantage of seeing it without waiting.

We know more of Lumley in his age than in his youth, and then it is said that he used to paint his face so that he looked like a French toy, and dressed "à la Robespierre." "You always knew of his approach by an *avant-courrier* of sweet smells; and when he advanced a little nearer, you might suppose yourself in the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop." He was, however, always popular with the ladies, not only for his politeness and courtly manners, but for his genuine kindness of heart. Miss Berry says in her Diary, dated June 8th, 1809:

"Dined at Mrs. ——'s; a dinner of fifteen people of whom my only acquaintance was Skeffington, who I found afterwards was the wit, the *bel-esprit*, *l'aigle de la société*! Two ladies joined after dinner in extolling the endowments and even the personal appearance of Skeffington."

The poor man spent an enormous sum in producing *The Sleeping Beauty*, and though in 1815 he succeeded to the title, there was no income with it, as he had allowed his father to cut off the entail. So for some years this

Dandy, once a lion in society, occupied the King's Bench Prison, and no one troubled to help him out. Then he came into an estate worth £800 a year. He thought to retrieve his position by dressing very gaily, but it really served only as a safeguard to those who regarded him as a bore, allowing them to escape in time. Just after *The Sleeping Beauty* had been reproduced, Alvanley was asked in the street whose was the gorgeous figure approaching, and answered:—

“It is a second edition of *Sleeping Beauty*, bound in calf, richly gilt, and illustrated by many cuts,” a witty yet cruel answer, for the faded old Beau's heart was sorely aching at the many cuts bestowed upon him by those who once had been his friends. All these he outlived at his quiet home at Southwark, until, like Feilding, he was regarded by the younger men as a curious specimen of a bygone age.

Of all those who had surrounded Brummell Lord Alvanley was the most important from the dandy point of view. Though ten years younger than the Beau he was his faithful friend and supporter until the end, and in many ways his life, his failings, and good qualities were similar to those of the exiled favourite. Captain Gronow speaks of him as the magnificent, the witty, the famous, the chivalrous, the idol of the clubs and of society, from the King to the ensign of the Guards.

The great charm of Alvanley's manner was its naturalness or *naïveté*. He was an excellent classical scholar, a good speaker, and he succeeded in whatever he undertook. He had lived in nearly every Court in Europe, had a vast acquaintance with the world, while his knowledge of languages was great. Like Brummell, he had a thirst for military glory, and he entered the Coldstream Guards, commanded by the then Duke of York, whose

close friend he became. This gave rise to great extravagance, for Alvanley possessed to the full one of the attributes of the Dandies, a perfect disregard for the real value of money.

One day he met George Anson, afterwards General Anson, at White's, who asked him to join a water party on the Thames, at which he expected his cousin, Lord Ellenborough, and several pretty fashionable women.

"Where will you dine?" asked Alvanley.

"Dine! do you know I had not thought about that."

"Well, never mind, Anson! I will see to the dinner."

So the rash young man went to Gunter's and ordered the largest boat on the Thames, to be carpeted, covered with an awning, and made as comfortable as possible. Twelve boatmen were to be provided, and an elaborate dinner supplied. The picnic was a great success, but Alvanley had to pay Gunter two hundred guineas for his extravagance.

Being once recommended to pay his debts, he gave a list of them to his friend "Punch" Greville or the "Gruncher," but forgot to insert one of fifty thousand pounds which he owed. Knowing that Alvanley never paid ready money, Armstrong once asked him, in satirical fashion, what he had given for a hunter he was riding, and received the reply: "I owe Mathe Milton three hundred guineas for it."

Some happy sayings of his are recorded on the question of money. Speaking once of a rich friend who had become poor, he described him as a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills!" On another occasion, when Lady Salisbury was arranging some *tableaux vivants* at Hatfield House, she

could not find any one to personate the Jew in *Ivanhoe*. At last she begged Lord Alvanley "to make the set complete by doing the Jew." "Your Ladyship may command me to do anything within my power," replied Alvanley; "but though no man in England has tried oftener, I never could *do a Jew* in my life."

His dinners were considered perfect, and the best in London. He once gave orders that cold apricot tart should appear on his table every day in the year. When his *maitre d'hôtel* remonstrated with him upon the expense, Alvanley replied: "Go to Gunter's and buy all the preserved apricots, and don't plague me any more about the expense."

Jack Talbot of the Guards, an officer who died in his chair at the age of twenty-seven, with the remains of a bottle of sherry by his side, was very popular, being a favourite of the Duke of Cambridge, Beau Brummell, and all who knew him. During his last illness Lord Alvanley asked the doctor of the regiment what he thought of his state. "My Lord, he is very bad," replied the doctor; "I was obliged to use the lancet this morning." "You should have tapped him, doctor," said Lord Alvanley, "for I am sure he has more claret than blood in his veins."

His lordship fought more than one duel. Once he was rash enough to allude in the House of Lords to O'Connell in a way that was certain to offend a hot Irishman; O'Connell retorted quickly with "bloated buffoon," which was quite sufficient excuse for the sending of a challenge. It was declined, as twenty years earlier O'Connell had killed Mr. D'Esterre in a duel and had vowed never to fight another, upon which Alvanley said he would thrash O'Connell, whereupon young Morgan O'Connell determined to take his father's

place. So the meeting was arranged at Wimbledon Common, Alvanley's second being George Dawson Damer. After several ineffectual shots the seconds put a stop to the affair, and they all drove home.

"What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be," said Alvanley, "to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practise at a haystack to get his hand in."

On reaching his home he gave a guinea to the hackney coachman who had driven him to and from the meeting-place. Surprised at the sum the driver said: "My Lord, I only took you to ——"

"My friend," interrupted Alvanley, "the guinea is not for taking me there, but for *bringing me back!*"

On another such occasion, the friend who went with Alvanley to the appointed rendezvous said: "Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out this fellow as you have done."

"The world indebted to me, my dear fellow! I am devilishly glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits."

He was keen on hunting, and during the season stayed often at country houses, where he was variously appreciated. As a jovial and entertaining guest he was excellent, but as an inmate a little dubious, for candles were the illumination of that time, and Alvanley's method of putting one out at night was either by flinging his pillow at it, or stuffing it under his pillow. This habit becoming known at Badminton, where he often stayed, a servant was told off to keep watch in the corridor each night.

Moore speaks of a dinner party at Holland House at which Alvanley was present (in 1818), and says of him: "Sat next Lord Alvanley, and had much conversation with him about Lord Forbes and Rancliffe and other of my

early cronies. The conversation to-day of rather a commoner turn than usual, on account of these slang bucks, but still very agreeable. Alvanley just hits the difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly." Moore also tells a story of Berkeley Craven and Alvanley, who were once driving together when some accident happened to the carriage. Craven got out, intending to thrash the footman, but seeing him to be an old fellow, desisted, saying, "Your *age* protects you!" Alvanley ran up to the postillion with the same intention, but seeing before him a big athletic young fellow, turned from him with a laugh, saying, "*Your* youth protects *you*!"

It may be readily imagined that Alvanley sometimes found himself in difficulties about money, and some of his journeys into foreign countries were made just at the critical moment which would leave the Jews lamenting—a practice which the censorious did not forget to discuss. This annoyed the Duke of York, who once became much displeased with a visitor (probably Berkeley Craven) on his making unkind remarks about Brummell and Alvanley, both of whom were then "travelling." This gentleman had little compassion for those who could not meet their engagements, and in answer to his cutting expressions the Duke said: "I tell you what, Berkeley, all this may be true or not, but I cannot bear to hear them abused by one of their oldest friends." Craven himself did a much more foolish thing than fly to the Continent to escape his debts, for he committed suicide on learning that Bay Middleton had won the Derby.

Of all his friends the Duke showed a preference for Alvanley and "Punch" Greville, the writer of the "Memoirs," and to the latter he gave the management of his racing stud at Newmarket; indeed, he showed his

concurrence in the general opinion that two more amiable and agreeable men were not to be found in the then society.

Thomas Raikes adds his evidence to that of others as to the loyalty of the Duke's friendship, for he tells us in his journal that it was a peculiar characteristic in the Duke "that he never was known to desert an old friend. Tom Stepney, I believe, tried him as high as any one, but still they were never entirely estranged; and though Brummell, on his departure from England, had given too much cause to the world, and indeed to his friends, to speak harshly of him, and remarks even of this nature were at times by some people brought forward at His Royal Highness's own table, I never knew or heard of an instance in which he did not immediately check them. It was not in his nature to speak ill of those whom he had once liked, neither could he bear the feeling in others."

Alvanley gained the somewhat unenviable fame of having the talk of the day completely under his control, and of being the arbiter of the school for scandal in St. James's. It was he who said of Brummell before he fled the country that "he was the only Dandy-lion that flourished year after year in the hotbed of fashion: he had taken root; lions were only annual, but he was perennial."

There seem to be as many *bon mots* of Alvanley's in literary circulation still as there are of Selwyn's. Whether they were all his or were planted upon him as their most probable father I do not know. The following however is certainly traceable to him. On going up St. James's Street one Sunday morning, Lord Alvanley saw a hearse standing at the door of a gambling club. Approaching the mutes he took off his hat and said, with a polite bow, "Is the devil really dead, gentlemen?"

Some wit made the remark concerning a lively young man named Judge, who was imprisoned in the King's Bench, that it was the first instance of a judge reaching the bench without having been called to the bar. "Well," answered Alvanley, "many a bad judge has been taken from the bench and placed at the bar."

A Mr. Neeld, who had inherited the money of a wealthy goldsmith, once had Lord Alvanley to dine with him. While they were waiting in the drawing-room the host pointed out his treasures, invariably telling how much they had cost. On the guests being seated in the dining-room Mr. Neeld apologised for not having a haunch of venison for dinner, but said that a very fine haunch of Welsh mutton had been prepared for them. After which he began to praise the room in which they sat; by the time he had got to the gilding the mutton appeared, and Lord Alvanley, who was bored to death, cried, "I do not care what your gilding cost; but what is more to the purpose, I am most anxious to make trial of your *carving*, Mr. Neeld, for I am excessively hungry, and should like to attack the representative of the haunch of venison."

A private dinner being given at White's, among a few of the members, it was agreed that he who could produce the most expensive dish should dine for nothing. Alvanley won the prize, by inventing a fricassee made entirely of the *noix*, or small pieces at each side of the back, taken from thirteen kinds of birds, among them being one hundred snipe, forty woodcocks, twenty pheasants, etc., in all about three hundred birds. The cost amounted to £108 5s—an incident which brings to mind a dinner given a few years ago at one of the large hotels, which was upon such an absurd scale that the cost was over £80 a head.

Alvanley had inherited from his father property which brought him in £8,000 a year ; when he died he left his brother who succeeded him a total capital of £2,000.

Bernard Blackmantle, in "The English Spy," speaks of him thus in his old age :

"Lord Alvanley, the babe of honour—once the gayest of the gay, where fashion holds her bright enchanting court ; now wrinkled and depressed, and plucked of every feather, by merciless Greek banditti. Such is the infatuation of play that he still continues to linger round that fatal table, and finds pleasure in recounting his enormous losses. Alvanley, who is certainly one of the most polished men in the world, was the leader of the Dandy club, or the unique four," composed of Beau Brummell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Henry Pierrepont, and himself.

CHAPTER XVII

As to their dress, fashions change and the average boy and young man is neatly turned out; but the race of the dandies, some of whom survived in my boyhood, has quite died out and has never been replaced. More's the pity, I think, for their elegance and punctiliousness about dress led to the same in manners, and their disappearance has led to the decadence of these.

WALTER SEYMOUR, *Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life*.

OF Lord Yarmouth, later Marquis of Hertford, there seems to be little that is good to be said. From 1811 to 1820 he was regarded as an authority on dress, becoming the Regent's chief adviser in matters sartorial after Brummell's fall, and holding appointments at Court. He married Maria Fagniana, Selwyn's Mie-Mie, in 1792, and by the time she had borne him three children she had had enough of his profligate ways, leaving him for Marshal Androche. John Mills said of Yarmouth that he was without one redeeming quality in the multitude of his glaring, damning vices, and Jesse speaks of "his open and unblushing depravity." He was licentious to such a degree that he was not really sane at the end of his life, which lasted eighty years, being partly paralysed and unable to talk. Yet up to the end we are told that lewd Bacchanalian scenes took place in the *Tempio di Venere* of this member of the aristocracy. In earlier life he had been a patron of art, had read much, was interested in politics, and returned many members to Parliament. As Marquis of Hertford he is said to have had £80,000 a year.

Early in last century the Isle of Thanet, and notably Broadstairs with its Assembly Room, had become a centre of cosmopolitan fashion, rivalling the Queen of the South herself. A glimpse of society in its new playground is given us by Mr. T. S. Escott in his life of Edward Bulwer, and we get a little picture both of Bulwer Lytton as he came later to be called, and of Lord Yarmouth.

One evening the young Lytton was there with Lady Caroline Lamb, who pointed out the people of note to him: "You see yonder man, in what they speak of as 'Court evening undress,' with the red hair that has made us call him 'Carrots'—at such pains to show grace, dignity, and spirit in his dancing steps? That is Lord Yarmouth, and there, of course, ready to black his boots, is his *âme damnée*, John Wilson Croker." It was the first occasion on which the future author of "Pelham" saw together the peer who sat to Thackeray for Lord Steyne and to Disraeli for Lord Monmouth, and Monmouth's factotum, the Rigby of "Coningsby."

Bulwer Lytton's appearance at the age of twenty-five is thus described: "To begin with, his features were the softened duplicates of his mother's; rather too much of the dandy may have shown itself in his glittering golden hair that, worn in ringlets, played about his shoulders, as in the air and dress of the young man himself. Still, in spite of these extravagancies, his face and bearing were not only gentleman-like, but patrician. . . ."

Miss Wheeler (who afterwards married Lytton) records as a first impression that she had to struggle against a feeling of nausea, not only at the fulsomeness of his compliments and flattery, but at the foppery of his dress; for, gleaming with French polish, his boots reflected the company like a looking-glass; while his transparent shirt-front was an arrangement in embroidery

and lace never till then seen in a Mayfair drawing-room. Elaborate wristbands were not fully popularised by d'Orsay till ten years later ; they were anticipated now by Edward Lytton-Bulwer, as, since his father's death, he had been called.

Lord Sefton has by some been given a place among the Dandies, more perhaps because he was a member of Crockford's, and because he made a cult of the gastronomic art—having secured Ude, the well-known *chef de cuisine* of Louis XVI., and having invented a famous dish comprised of the soft roe of the mackerel—than because of his handsome appearance or extreme care of his dress. His spine was somewhat deformed, but he was nevertheless a capital horseman, and drove two splendid bay horses. Unlike many of his friends he was a man with pronounced principles, and with strong domestic virtues, being much beloved in private life, his family circle being as proverbial among the dissolute clubmen for its happiness as was his hospitality for its generosity.

He once much offended William IV. It was when the Whig Ministry resigned in 1832 ; and he erased his name from the Jockey Club because the King gave a dinner to the club. He did not wish to go, as he considered that the King had acted in duplicity in not making new peers and so saving the Government. The King then asked him to go as his friend, but Sefton did not appear. When Lord Grey was again in office in consequence of the Duke refusing to serve, the whole Sefton family appeared at the Queen's ball. Then the King, who understood the matter better, openly turned his back on Sefton. As a sequel to this, when in June Lord Lichfield, Master of the Buckhounds, gave a dinner at the conclusion of the Ascot races to the royal party at his house

at Fern Hill, the King particularly commanded that Lord Sefton should not be invited. Lord Lichfield tried to interest the Queen by saying that the Jockey Club affair had been much exaggerated, but she only replied coldly that she hoped it was so.

Lord Sefton had once before, during the Regency, shown independence of action when the Prince so thoroughly hated his wife. A ball was arranged at White's, and to the committee came a message from the Prince of Wales asking what style of company they intended to ask to the ball. The committee sent back word that they meant to request the Regent to invite all the royalties himself, and added they would send him tickets for that purpose. But this was not deemed secure enough to shut out the Princess. A member, a friend of the Regent's, said to be Lord Yarmouth, made a motion that no member should give away a ticket except to his own relations, or that some line of rank should be drawn such as that only peer's daughters should be invited, thus excluding all of lower as well as all of higher rank. Thereupon Lord Sefton said it was easy to see that these proposals were meant to exclude the Princess of Wales, but, as one of the members, every ticket he subscribed for was his own, and he intended to send them all to the Princess. Fourteen other members said the same, but they were not in the majority. The result of this was that as those who were paying for the ball were not to be allowed to do what they liked, they determined to give no ball at all. For twelve months before Lord Sefton died, in 1838, he had been in a state of moral and physical weakness, from which death must have been a happy release. After his death "Crockie" presented to Lord Sefton's eldest son an acceptance of the late lord's for £40,000, and the son, notwithstanding a claim

made so unceremoniously, discharged it, as he thought it might have been incurred by his father.

By 1819 the play at Watier's had become so abnormally high, so many members had been beggared and had fled the country or committed suicide, that the club ceased to exist. Its successor was Crockford's, opened by one William Crockford, generally known as "Crockie," when the Regent became George IV. Crockie had been a fishmonger with a turn for speculation, which induced him to take a share in a gaming "hell." There it is said that in a sitting of twenty-four hours he won the enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds from five gentlemen, among whom was Ball Hughes. With this capital he opened his club, a magnificent palace in St. James's Street, which was conducted on so lavish a scale that it was known all over Europe. Its members included all the celebrities of the time, and in a very few years the wily fishmonger had amassed over twelve hundred thousand pounds. "No one can describe the splendour and excitement of the early days of Crockie," says Gronow. The supper of the most exquisite kind, accompanied by the best wines in the world, was furnished gratis. Manners were as exquisite as the suppers, and dress made a good third." Stiff white neckcloths such as Brummell alone could arrange to perfection, blue coats and brass buttons, rather short white waistcoats, and tremendously embroidered shirt-fronts with gorgeous studs of great value were considered the right thing. We are told of an instance in which one man gave some jewellers £25 a year to furnish him with a new set of studs every Saturday night during the London season.

Lord Lamington wrote with enthusiasm concerning Crockford's, and judging from his words the most brilliant of all gatherings must, when the Club was at

the height of its prosperity, have taken place nightly within its walls, including often Wellington, Lord Raglan, Lord Anglesey, "King" Allen, Lord Alvanley, Ball Hughes, Lord Sefton, Lord Chesterfield, and the most important of the later Dandies—Count d'Orsay.

In 1820 the chief of the Dandies was Lord Gwydyr, afterwards Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who was a great friend of the Regent's, of whom the lines run—

The Prince of Dandies join the throng,
Where Gwydir spans his fours along,
The silvery grays or black.

He regarded the Dandies as a class of great importance, not only socially but politically. The Prince Regent had the same opinion, for when preparations were being made for the coronation, and there was fear of disturbances if the Queen presented herself, George sent for Lord Gwydyr to ask him on which side the Dandies stood in the matter. "Their feeling is not favourable to Your Majesty," was the reply. "I care nothing for the mob," exclaimed the King, "but I do care for the Dandies." So Lord Gwydyr suggested that if he wished to keep them in good humour it might be as well to invite them to breakfast somewhere in the vicinity of the Abbey on the morning of the coronation. The King eagerly accepted the idea, and invited them to breakfast in one of the rooms of the House of Lords; thereby regaining all his old popularity among them.

George IV. was king for just ten years, and as he grew older he not only became infirm in body but slovenly in his dress in private. He remained in his *robe de chambre* until the dinner hour, receiving his Ministers and inspecting the arrangement of his curios at Windsor, mimicking his groom or lecturing Davison,

the tailor, in this *déshabille*. But even then his dress was the object of his greatest care, and a plain coat would be altered so often that one has been known to cost £300, this including constant journeys of the tailor and his assistants to and from Windsor.

The last days of such a man could hardly be amusing or of interest to him. In 1828 he was tired of the people about him and tired of all there was to be done. Though he would be called at six or seven in the morning, he would breakfast in bed, get through his business in bed, doze in between, get up in time for dinner, and return to his bed between ten and eleven in the evening. There was so much bed, in fact, that there was little sleep, and he would ring his bell forty times in a night. Rather than turn his head to look at his watch he would ring his valet down to tell him the time, and wanting a drink of water would not stretch out his own hand to take the glass. So says "Punch" Greville, and it is possible that George IV. may have been foolish enough to tug at a bell-rope rather than lift a glass, if so he chose the harder task.

The Duke of Wellington said of the King some time later, when he had developed some internal disease which the doctors seemed unable to diagnose: "When he sent for me to form a new Administration in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other; for notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, 'Arthur, the Cabinet is defunct'; and then he began to describe the manner in which the late Ministers had taken leave of him, in giving in their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each

individual, so strikingly like, that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter."

The King died in 1830. A number of his friends long survived him, though the decade between 1840 and 1850 sadly thinned their ranks. D'Orsay, probably the youngest of the Beaux, died in 1852, Thomas Raikes in 1848, Ball Hughes lived until 1860, while "Poodle" Byng, who was Page of Honour at the wedding of the Prince in 1796, was Gentleman Usher at the wedding of King Edward VII. in 1863.

Thomas Raikes, who went abroad sometimes with Alvanley and Yarmouth, was the son of a rich City merchant belonging to an old Yorkshire family. He always sought the best society and was a member of White's, being often a butt of those who sat in the Bow Window, though occasionally he showed smartness of speech. Once having invitations to a masked ball, he was discussing with Dick Butler, who was noted for his capacity to stretch the long bow, as to the characters they should take. Butler proposed that Raikes should go dressed as Apollo, and he immediately acceded on condition that Dick would be his *lyre*. Raikes visited France often, going there to live in 1832 through "pecuniary embarrassments." He went to Russia twice, and wrote impressions concerning both countries, as well as, in his reminiscences, giving much information about notable people in Paris and London. In 1846 he went to Bath to be near Lord Alvanley, who was ill there; and later lived in Brighton, where he died in 1848.

Ball Hughes, like Brummell, had many stories told of his origin. He was the son of a slop-seller in Ratcliff Highway, who married the widow of a rich Indian nabob; he was the son of a Captain Ball, whose widow married an Admiral Hughes; he was the nephew of Admiral

Hughes. Whatever his birth, his name was Ball; but he inherited the fortune and took the name of Admiral Hughes, the fortune being by no means inconsiderable, not less than £40,000 a year, far too much to be frittered away by an idle young man. However, his life and acts were so gilded that he soon had to recognise a further change in his name, being known by his friends as "Golden" Ball. He was educated at Eton, then entered the 7th Hussars, and as a soldier showed a capacity for hero-worship in the admiration he felt and expressed for his colonel, the Marquis of Anglesey. On the principle that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, he took the colonel as a model for hats, boots, and coats, and this in spite of the fact that he himself was handsome enough and popular enough to have been original in his dandyism.

When he grew tired of being a soldier he abandoned the army and set up as a Dandy. "Brummell set the fashion, Ball Hughes merely followed it," said William Pitt Lennox, but he followed it very faithfully and very extravagantly, not only in his dress, but in the decoration of his home, buying buhl furniture, statues, bronzes, and works of art to such an extent that he actually left not only an impression upon, but a slight depression in, his fortune.

As for play he was insatiable. I once talked with a Cambridge professor who was afflicted with a madness for reading. When alone he must read something, if it were nothing better than a sheet of advertisements, or a *Family Herald*. Likewise, "Golden" Ball had a madness for play—play at any time and in any circumstance. If he had no dice at hand there was always a coin in his pocket with which to play at pitch-and-toss; and if cards were far, battledoors and shuttlecocks were

the fashion, and he could always find a set. Once, just after dinner, he and Lord Petersham began to play at battledoor and shuttlecock, of course with a good bit on each game, and they went on playing the whole of the night. When the servant came to look for his master in the morning, he found him and his visitor on the floor asleep. Ball was introduced to Louis Napoleon as the “*Wellington des joueurs.*” What he really liked in play were the terms popular among the Macaronis, though the game was different: whist for five-pound points, with twenty-five pounds on the rubber.

It was a curious thing that Ball Hughes, who was a remarkably handsome man, with excellent manners, thoroughly amiable and agreeable, and enormously rich, could not get any one to marry him, and that though he was one of the most courted men (by the mothers) in society. He was engaged to Lady Jane Paget, and the marriage settlements were ready, but at the last moment the lady turned her back upon her ardent lover, for what reason is hinted by Bernard Blackmantle :

Now by my faith it gives me pain,
 To see thee cruel Lady Jane
 Regret the *golden Ball.*
 'Tis useless now :—‘the fox and grapes’
 Remember and avoid the apes
 Which wait an *old maid’s* fall.

“The man was wealthy and attractive in person ; but then—insupportable objection—he was a mere plebeian, a common esquire, and his name was odious. Lady Jane Ball, she could never endure it! the degrading thought produced a fainting fit—the recovery a positive refusal—the circumstance a week’s amusement to the fashionable world.”

“Golden” Ball then proposed to Miss Floyd, who refused him; and later to Lady Caroline Churchill, who became Lady Caroline Penant. It is said that though much sought by mothers, the girls distrusted the man of so many rejected addresses, and none would have him. In 1822 a beautiful Spanish dancer, named Mercandotti, came to London. She was only fifteen at the time, and was pronounced divine by the Dandies, who crowded to see her. In those days, as in these, lords’ sons and dukes’ sons fell in love with actresses, and more than one such offered his name and liberty to the fascinating dancer, vainly, however, for Mercandotti accepted none.

But when a crowded house assembled on the night of March 8th, 1823, eagerly waiting for its amusement, Mr. Ebers, the manager, came before the curtain and announced that Mademoiselle Mercandotti had disappeared; he could not find out where she had gone. A day or two later an announcement was put in the papers of a marriage between a young man of large fortune and the most remarkable dancer of the age, the people present at the wedding being the mother of the bride, Mr. Ebers, and Lord Fife, who was responsible for bringing Mercandotti to England.

The fair damsel is gone, and no wonder at all
That, bred to the dance, she is gone to a Ball.

is what Ainsworth wrote on the event.

Bernard Blackmantle gives an account in “The English Spy” of a drive to Brighton. When nearly there the coach passed a “handsome chariot, with a most divine little creature on the inside, and a good-looking *roué*, with huge mustachios.”

“That is the Golden Ball,” said the coachee, “and his new wife; he often *rolls down* this road for a day or

two—spends his cash like an emperor—and before he was *tied up* used to *tip* pretty freely for *handling* the *ribbons*, but that's all *up* now, for *Mamsell* Mercandotti finds him better amusement." The honeymoon was passed at Oatlands, which "Golden" Ball had bought of the Duke of York after the Duchess's death, a purchase much condemned by his friends.

No income, or even capital, would stand the strain put upon it by such a gambler as Ball Hughes, and he retired eventually to St. Germain with a mere pittance; yet he was still the favoured of fortune, for builders cast longing eyes upon Oatlands Park, and bought it of him for so large a sum that though he still lived in retirement, he was able to surround himself with all his old luxuries.

A Dandy who had been one of Brummell's great friends, and who failed him on the last day of the Beau's life in England, was Scrope Davies. He was also very intimate with Byron, whom he knew at Cambridge. As he was welcome in Byron's rooms at all hours, he one day went in and found the poet in bed with his hair *en papillote*.

"Ha, ha! Byron, I have at last caught you playing the part of the Sleeping Beauty," laughed Scrope.

"The part of a d——d fool, you mean!" was the savage reply.

"Well, what you like! but you have well taken us all in; I would have sworn that your hair curled naturally."

"Yes, naturally every night! But don't let the cat out of the bag, my dear Scrope; I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."

Scrope was also a true follower of Brummell, allowing nothing showy in the way of dress, but paying great attention to his appearance. In spite of the fact that he

passed most of his waking time over the gaming tables, he was a ripe scholar—holding a fellowship of King's College, Cambridge—and the life of any company where learning was appreciated. Many stories concerning his gambling have been told, one being that by a wonderful run of luck he completely ruined a young man who had but just reached his majority and come into his fortune. The poor boy, who was on the point of marriage and aghast at his misfortune, sank upon a sofa in misery. Scrope sat by him and drew from him all the circumstances, then returned to the youth all that he had won on the promise being given that he would for ever forswear gaming. Scrope retained only a little carriage, called a *dormeuse*, because, it being fitted with a bed, he said: "When I travel in it I shall sleep better for having acted right."

Later on, when fortune turned against him and Scrope was himself in distress, this young man, who might have been a beggar but for the gambler's generosity, refused to help him out in any way. With little left beyond the amount of his fellowship Scrope went to Paris, where he lived among books. There Ball Hughes once went to see him, and Davies found his visitor so much improved that he said of him: "He is no longer 'Golden' Ball; but since the gilt has worn off, he rolls so much more smoothly than he did."

Davies had a great liking for Moore, of whom he remarked, *Ne plus ultra* (Nothing better than More); and when some one said that Moore was a good Irish name, though spoiled for the want of the O', Scrope replied: "I always thought that O'thello, Moor of Venice, was an Irishman by the blunders he made."

One *mot* given by Gronow to Scrope Davies has also been assigned by others to Douglas Jerrold, who began



KING GEORGE IV.

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his London career in 1824. The Wit affirmed that an apt expression for everything that this earth affords could be found in Shakespeare. "Where does Shakespeare allude to the treadmill?" was the quick reply. "In *King Lear*. 'Down, thou climbing sorrow.'"

When Brummell obtained from Lord Melbourne the Consulship at Caen, Scrope went to London to see Melbourne. However, he asked for nothing, as he said, "Lamb looked so sheepish when I was ushered into his presence, that I asked him for nothing; indeed there were so many nibbling at his grass, that I felt I ought not to jump over the fence into the meadow upon which such animals were feeding."

In 1835 Scrope Davies was ill, and in a very morbid state of mind, writing to Raikes that "lethargic days and sleepless nights have reduced me to a state of nervous irritability such as forbids me to see any society. . . . I must visit nobody, but must strictly follow the advice which Sir George Tuthill gave me. His words were these: 'On such occasions avoid all possible excitement, or the consequences may be most lamentable,' quoting from *Rasselas*: 'Of all uncertainties, the uncertain continuance of reason is the most dreadful . . .' I would much rather be accessory to my own death, than to my own insanity. The dead are less to be deplored than the insane. I never saw a maniac, but I found myself absorbed in a melancholy far more profound than that which I ever experienced at the death of any of my friends. I have survived most of my friends, heaven forbid that I should survive myself."

However, Davies recovered, and the next time Raikes inquired for him he was well and out.

Viscount Allen, who was so famous for his elegance that he received the nickname of "King," was one of the

greatest Dandies of the early nineteenth century. In his youth he had a dashing courage, which turned him for a time into a hero, for when but an ensign in the Guards he led his men with wonderful swiftness across the ravine at Talavera, and little more would have been heard of him had not the Duke sent the 48th Regiment to his assistance. Yet this promising young soldier was a few years later content to swagger down Pall Mall, become an authority on dress and a patron of the play-house ; while later still his only walk was from White's to Crockford's, or from Crockford's to White's. His point, or rather his points, were his hats and his boots, the one looking always new and the others always exquisitely polished. All purpose seemed to become concentrated into the frivolous one of idling elegantly, and the arduous one of living elegantly without money. Once, when for economy's sake he retired to the softened glare of Dublin's social life, he had a very large door in Merrion Square, upon which his name was engraved in very large letters, but the whisper went abroad that there was no house behind the door. He presented himself so frequently at the dining-tables of his friends that one irritable old lady told him that his title must be as good as board wages to him.

Lord Allen could not be called a Wit, but he could be sarcastic when he chose. There was a vulgar Lady N—— who always desired to be regarded as a great person. When, on the accession of her husband to the title, she came over to England from Ireland, she posed as having lived in London all her life, and meeting Lord Allen one day, she extended "one finger of her little fat hand," drawling in a patronising way, and with her Irish accent, "My Lard Alleen, how long have you been in London?"

"Forty years, madam," growled the "King."

A statue of George III. was erected in front of Ransom's banking house, and a Mr. Williams, one of the partners, moved a petition to the Woods and Forests that the statue might be removed, as it caused a crowd of boys to collect, who made ribald jokes upon the statue's pig-tail, and obstructed business. Lord Allen, meeting Williams at White's, said to him, apropos of this, "I should have thought you would have found it a good thing to have the statue before your door, because when you are standing there idle, it would prevent your seeing the crowds hurrying to the respectable establishment of Messrs. Coutts & Co. in the Strand."

Thus did he make himself disliked !

He was a tall, stout man, and walked with an air of great importance, all of which once helped to relieve him in an embarrassing situation. Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, and he were going to fulfil a dinner engagement, and on the way they drove over an old woman who generally sat at a bridge asking for alms. As the Peel Government was very unpopular at the time, a mob gathered round with imprecations, threatening those in the barouche. The "King" rose to his full height, showing a wide bosom of white waistcoat, and called out in a matter-of-fact voice, "Now, postboy, go on, and don't drive over any more old women."

The mob, awestruck by Allen's magnificent appearance and his coolness, retired, and the two gentlemen went on their way, rejoicing at their escape. Whether they ever made amends to the old woman is not recorded.

London was to "King" Allen the only habitable place on the globe ; he loved the bustle, the movements, and the noise ; indeed he was really comfortable nowhere

else; so when he and Lord Alvanley went to Dover to stay for the sake of his health, he could get no sleep because of the terrible quiet. The second night Lord Alvanley ordered a coach to be driven up and down before the inn, and the boots to call out at intervals, as did the London watchmen, "Half-past two, and a stormy night," etc. The beloved noise of rumbling wheels and shouting voices had the right effect. The "King" slept peacefully thenceforth, and returned to town in excellent condition.

It was once "King" Allen's fate to accept an invitation to dine with Lord Dudley when his mind was not quite as strong as it had been. Arriving, he found that it was a dinner for two only. Later, when some one asked him how the dinner went off, Allen answered, "Lord Dudley spoke a little to his servant, a great deal to his dog, but not at all to me." In earlier days Lord Dudley is recorded as making at least one sharp remark, when he said of a foolish fellow, "Ah, he is cutting his brains."

It is said that in later life Allen was very like an old grey parrot, with his large hook nose, and his peculiar mode of walking; one foot crossed over the other in a careful and wary manner. It was probably not at that time realised that such a walk denoted disease of the spine. His creditors pressed so hardly upon him at last that he made some arrangement with them and went to Cadiz, dying at Gibraltar in 1843, and leaving no heir to his title.

Of Henry Pierrepoint and Sir Henry Mildmay, who with Alvanley and Brummell made "the unique four," there is little information to gather save concerning events already noted which took place during Brummell's time of popularity, and this is also true of many other of the

Dandy circle, Lord Worcester, Charles Standish, George Dawson Damer, and "Rufus" Lloyd, etc. Among these was "Dan" Mackinnon, who, though a brave colonel, achieved notoriety by running round the house on the ledges of the boxes when Grimaldi's son first acted as a clown at Covent Garden. "Kangaroo" Cook, who "must ever bear the sway for ugliness of look," was for years the private aide-de-camp and secretary of H.R.H. the Duke of York; he always dressed in so dandified a style as to attract attention, and is said to have earned his nickname either by letting loose a cageful of kangaroos at Peacock's menagerie, or by replying, when asked by the Duke about his time in the Peninsular, that he could get nothing but kangaroo to eat. There was "Long" Wellesley, who took the name of Pole when he married an heiress of that name possessing £50,000 a year, and who was so selfish a brute to her that she could not bear her life with him. He, like many more of the Dandies, died without a penny; only so little sense or popularity had he that he would have starved had not his cousin, the Duke of Wellington, come to his rescue.

Captain Gronow himself, though not a Bow Window Beau, yet hung to the fringe of that set; and when he, too, found it convenient to live in Paris, he formed there a new select club known as the "Petit Circle," in the Boulevard des Italiens, in which he spent his days "seated at the window."

When about sixteen he was given a commission in the First Guards in the year 1812, and he was at heart a soldier, going through the Peninsular War. Wishing to join the English at Brussels he found he had no money for his expenses, so he borrowed £200, with which he went to White's, coolly risking it all at hazard.

He won £600, which was sufficient for his purposes and the next day he crossed the Channel. Later, for a short time, he inhabited Brummell's old house at 4, Chesterfield Street; and he was a member of Almack's, White's, and Crockford's. Though he took much delight in fashion and society, he clung to the reputation of being a "dandy guardsman," and he knew even one of note in his time. The following is a description given of him by a French contemporary:—

"Mr. Gronow was small, spare, and about fifty years of age; his hair was thinning, and he wore a small moustache, of which the edge was daily shaved which did not disguise the circumstance that the Captain later vanity had recourse to a brown dye. He always wore a tight-fitting coat, closely buttoned, just allowing a narrow line of white waistcoat to be visible." Gronow was never seen in the street without his gold-headed cane, the top of which was invariably held up to his forehead between his lips. He used scent, was cool and imperturbable in manner, had "a face like marble but felt very deeply." He, like "Golden Ball," married a member of the *corps de ballet*, but nothing is to be found in his volumes of reminiscences about his wife.

Gronow tells us that when he returned to England in 1816, and went to a gathering at Manchester House to meet the Prince, he wore the approved Parisian fashion of dress, which included black trousers and silk stockings. He had no sooner saluted the Regent than Horatio Seymour gave him a message from that great man to the effect that the Prince was much surprised that he should have ventured to appear before him without knee-breeches. The Prince, however, wore the cloth breeches he condemned very shortly after.

When he was getting old Gronow began his various

volumes of memories, saying pathetically of himself, "I have lived long enough to have lost all my dearest and best friends. The great laws of humanity have left me on a high and dry elevation, from which I am doomed to look over a sort of Necropolis, whence it is my delight to call forth choice spirits of the past."

CHAPTER XVIII

DORINDA. But how can you shake off the yoke? Your divisions don't come within the reach of the law for a divorce?

MRS. SULLEN. Law! what law can search into the remote abodes of nature? What evidence can prove the unaccountable disaffection of wedlock? Can a jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our souls, or can a bench give judgment upon antipathies?

GEORGE FARQUHAR, *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

OF all the Beaux and Dandies, Brummell, as I have been said, touched the highest mark. He was not only a Beau, and nothing but a Beau. When he failed in attracting from the world appreciation of his one great quality he had nothing to fall back upon; he could not support himself; he was helpless. Nash added to the numerous proofs of his profession as a Beau a power of enforcing his opinions upon others, of effecting a direct change of manners in a kingdom of his own; he was not only a Beau, but a ruler. D'Orsay, at the other extreme of our history, had also the power of exploiting the world not only by his dress and manners like Brummell, but by a subtle cleverness which lacked the rugged honesty of Nash, and by an artistic capacity which was sufficient to supply his needs when he fell out of the front rank.

We have done with the reckless, light-hearted, unprincipled, roystering crew of Beaux and Dandies whose fortunes we have so far followed. We have now something daintier, harder, more diletanti and selfish than anything that has gone before, a man whose own a

vantage ran like a silver thread always before him, and who was impervious to any stigma of indignity or dependency that its pursuit might bring him.

At the time of D'Orsay's death many were the laudatory paragraphs and articles published upon his character, the *Times*, for instance, was almost too kind; but then, that newspaper circulated among those people who held out both hands to D'Orsay and virtuously turned their backs to Lady Blessington. From my point of view the injustice of classing Brummell and D'Orsay together was to the former and not to the latter; however, D'Orsay was more clever, more accomplished, and had the merit of inherited rank. That powerful newspaper said of him:

"It were unjust to class him with the mere Brummells, Mildmays, Alvanleys, or Pierreponts of the Regency, with whom in his early life he associated, much less the modern man about town who succeeded him; equally idle were the attempts to rank him with a Prince de Ligne, an Admirable Crichton, or an Alcibiades, yet was he a singularly gifted and brilliantly accomplished personage, and has furnished a career about which it is not our task to moralise."

Gédéon-Gaspard Alfred de Grimaud, Comte d'Orsay et du Saint Empire, belonged, as his names and title show, to an aristocratic French family—a family which suffered much through the Revolution, for before that date the Counts d'Orsay had also held the titles and lands of Comte d'Autray, Baron de Rupt, possessor of the sovereign land of Delain, lord of Nogent-le-Rotrou, of Perche, and of Orsay, near Paris. But the lands were alienated, the titles lost, and the castles destroyed in the gigantic struggle between the people and the aristocrats.

Lady Blessington gives us, in her "The Idler in

France," a description of the Château d'Orsay, which situated on the Yvette, a tributary of the Seine, at about thirty miles south of Versailles. It was a fortified château surrounded by a moat supplied by the river, but only one wing was standing, as the revolutionaries had been at work upon it. However, its subterranean position still showed the extent and magnitude of its buildings. Here Alfred's grandmother, the Princess of Croy, had lived her brief married life, and died after bearing one son, who was later known as General Comte d'Orsay, and by society as Le Beau d'Orsay. When Napoleon first saw him he remarked that he would make an admirable model for a Jupiter, so noble and commanding was the character of his beauty. He is said—in early Victorian phrase—to have been "entirely free from vanity, and to possess a calm and dignified simplicity that harmonised well with his lofty bearing.

There are several dates given for Alfred d'Orsay's birth, the most general being September 4th, 1804, though Raikes, in his *Diary*, notes: "February 4th, 1804"—"We celebrated D'Orsay's birthday at his house." The *Gentleman's Magazine* gives the year as 1798. However, the chief thing is not when D'Orsay began to live, but being born, how he lived.

Of his early history we ascertain that he learned to read by spelling out the "bulletins of victory" of the Grand Army, that he was always courageous and warm-hearted and that his sympathies through all his life were for the Bonapartes, it having been intended that he should become page to Napoleon. He entered the army as early as possible, and later, though reluctantly, became one of the *garde de corps* of the restored Bourbon; he did not like it, but it was necessary to be a soldier, a sentiment which with him, however, was not very long

lived. As a boy he had indeed felt such a dislike to the Bourbons that when they entered Paris he went to a corner in the house farthest removed from the street that he might not hear them pass. His men in the army loved him, not only for the thought and kindness he showed them, but because of his strength and the way in which he excelled in sport.

Whatever has been said of D'Orsay, it cannot be controverted that he was genuinely kind-hearted and brave. In his youth his brother officers laughed at him for dancing with the plainest girls and paying attention to the neglected ones; and there is on record an instance in which he gave a bully a sound thrashing. At that time, when living out of barracks, he lodged with a widow who had one son and two daughters. The son was a big brute, who treated his womenfolk with any violence which occurred to him, and when there were sounds of disturbance in the landlady's room one day, D'Orsay went to investigate. The charming son was beating his mother, and when interfered with turned the force of his fists and feet upon the slim young officer. He, nothing daunted and better trained, soon taught the young man to cry for mercy, and ended, as his French biographer, M. de Coutades, says, by knocking him down "with a hand as beautiful as that of Apollo and as strong as that of Hercules." It is doubtful whether the vanquished one thus appreciated the hand which struck him.

In 1816 his mother and father lived in the Rue Mont Blanc, now called the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in the house which later was occupied by Rossini. Gronow first saw him at the house of his grandmother—the well-known Madame Craufurd—in the Rue d'Anjou Saint Honoré, where he appeared to be a general

favourite, owing to his remarkable beauty and pleasing manners.

Alfred D'Orsay was among the many Frenchmen who came over to England for the coronation of George IV.; accompanying his sister and her husband the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, the former being descended on the paternal side from De Grammont, a name of great Memoir fame.

From his boyhood the future Beau was extremely interested in his own appearance, and M. de Coutaud in his little work, does not hesitate to say that he came in the spring of 1821 to London—"that conservator of masculine elegance, which gave Nash and Brummell to the world"—fired with the determination to take Brummell's place. That he ever associated with Brummell, as the *Times* averred, is impossible, for they never even met. The very nearest approach to such a meeting was during that week at the end of September in 1830 which Brummell spent in Paris on his way from Calais to Caen.

There seems little doubt but that the young, elegant and lively Frenchman did slip into the old Beau's shoes and had a very merry time of it while poor Queen Caroline was driving through the southern counties, standing vainly knocking at the door of society and Westminster Abbey. He soon had a following of young men, and when the French Ambassador gave a ball at Almack's, on July 27th, to the King and the royal family the Count de Marcelles said: "All the elegant world assisted at this fête, and D'Orsay brought there his usual escort of Dandies."

During this short gay visit Alfred went everywhere and one of the houses open to him was that mansion in St. James's Square owned by Lord Blessington. O

biographer gives a fanciful account of D'Orsay's presentation to Lady Blessington. He stood before her "a dazzling personality in a crowd where all were brilliant. For a moment, as it were, the circle of their lives touched, to part for the present."

Coutades makes the absurd statement that during this brief visit to England D'Orsay decided to exploit the Blessingtons, that his long wanderings with them were then and there arranged, and that, in fact, while only on the threshold of manhood he showed a cunning and foresight impossible to his age and prospects. For D'Orsay at that time had the whole world before him, every path to honour was open: he had already proved his talent as an artist and a sculptor, he was almost of the highest rank, he possessed an astonishing beauty and physical strength, and had already made himself popular in two countries. He was neither lazy nor cowardly, and could not have sought at that age for a dishonourable protection.

Having amused himself in England for a few months, he returned to his own country and continued his duties in the army, but there is nothing to show that he kept up any correspondence with Lord or Lady Blessington. As these three people were later intimately connected it may be as well to describe his lordship and his wife.

When Viscount Mountjoy was seventeen his father, the Earl of Blessington, died, and he became the possessor of a large fortune, which brought him in over £30,000 a year. He was handsome, clever, and vivacious, fond of acting, a "good fellow" all round, and very popular. At twenty-seven he fell in love with a Mrs. Brown, and took a residence for her in Worthing, where she bore him two children. Her husband, Major

Brown, dying in 1812, the lovers married, and two more children were born. Then Lady Mountjoy (for Mountjoy was not advanced to the earldom until 1816) died in 1814, and the widower, believing himself to be heart-broken, spent £3,000 or £4,000 in taking her body from St. Germain's to Dublin, and interring it with extraordinary pomp.

Margaret Power, his second wife, was an Irish girl, considered to be of no great beauty, and at the age of fifteen forced into a marriage with a Captain Farmer, who had already shown proofs of insanity. It was not possible that such a marriage could be happy. Farmer was a brute who frequently used violence to his girl-wife, striking her in the face, pinching her arms black and blue, locking her up if he went out, and sometimes leaving her so long without food that she was nearly famished.

Margaret endured all the horrors of an insane and unprovoked jealousy for three months, and then refused to go with her husband when his regiment was ordered to Kildare. A few days later Farmer, in a burst of temper, drew his sword on his colonel, was allowed to sell his commission, and by the interest of his relatives obtained an appointment in the East India Company. The young wife went back to her father's house, where for three years she lived in disgrace with her parents; then the news that Farmer was coming back terrified her into accepting the home which a Captain Jenkins had long hoped she would take. Six years later Lord Mountjoy, whom she had first seen soon after her marriage, met her again, and offered to give her his name if she would first obtain a divorce.

A house was taken in Manchester Square, where Margaret lived with her brother Robert, who had been made agent of the Blessington estates; and Captain

Jenkins was appeased by a cheque for £10,000, being presumably the value of the jewels, etc., bestowed upon Margaret. Farmer was kind enough to fall out of a window in a drunken frolic in 1817, and so in February 1818 Lord Blessington married the fair widow who had by then become softly beautiful, with a sweetness of smile and grace of movement which set her apart from other women. She was not yet thirty, and her husband was but seven years older than herself, so that many years of happiness together seemed assured. After a visit to the Mountjoy estates they settled down in St. James's Square, but Lady Blessington probably found London life somewhat trying. I might give a long list of gallant and well-known men who crowded her drawing-room, but it would be difficult to name any lady who visited there. In spite of all the eulogies bestowed upon her by writers, artists, and statesmen, their wives would not be persuaded into making her their friend, probably because her recent connection with Captain Jenkins was too well known. This may have had something to do with the determination of the pair to go abroad for a long time, and at the end of August 1822, the Earl and Countess left London for Paris.

Here they only stayed ten or twelve days, making a great sensation, not so much by their importance as by the quantity of luggage that they carried with them. On the morning of their departure the courtyard of the hotel was full of their carriages; a crowd of valets and footmen were busy hoisting trunks into their places; maids with books and wraps were seeing to the wants of the ladies, for Mary Ann Power, the Countess's youngest sister, was a member of the party. A patent brass bed, folding easy-chairs and sofas, and a *batterie de cuisine* all had to be packed. The whole affair assumed the appearance of a caravan intended to cross, not the desert, but Europe, and

caused "a kind of revolution in the street of Rivoli." "It is not a family which travels," said a passer-by maliciously, "it is a regiment which sets out for the war. What then do these English need to make them happy!"

While in Paris they again met the young Count d'Orsay, and gave him an invitation to join them, which he promised to do at Avignon. He however met them first at Valence, and again at Avignon, where the Count de Guiche's parents, the Duc and Duchesse de Gramont were living. After two months' rest in this town the party moved on, including in their midst Alfred d'Orsay. It has often been said that Alfred went to Italy at the expense of his honour, in that he had to resign his commission in the army at the moment that his regiment was under orders to invade Spain, but Madden, his most important biographer, writing in 1855, says that this is quite untrue: that there was no question of his going to Spain at the period of the Italian visit.

Lady Blessington, who, apart from being beautiful and attractive, had already made her *début* in literature, wrote an account of their journey, entitled "The Idyll in Italy," in which she makes scarcely any allusion to Alfred d'Orsay, a fact which has occasioned much comment. But we have to remember that Alfred was ten or eleven years younger than Lady Blessington, and that he shared her literary silence with Charles James Mathews, in later years the well-known actor, who for two years was a member of the Earl's household.

Lord Blessington did not remain uniformly abroad, but he did his wife. In 1823 he was on his estate at Mountjoy, planning the building of a "fairy castle" to please her, and Mathews was with him as the architect. It was then arranged that the latter should go abroad for a few months to study castles there; and in November

that year he, in company with his lordship, arrived at the Palazzo Belvedere, Naples, where he "commenced a new existence."

"Lady Blessington," he says, "then in her zenith, and certainly one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most fascinating women of her time, formed the central figure in the little family group assembled within its precincts.

"Count d'Orsay, then a youth of nineteen" (he must have been twenty-two), "was the next object of attraction, and I have no hesitation in asserting was the *beau idéal* of manly dignity and grace. He had not yet assumed the marked peculiarities of dress and deportment which the sophistications of London life subsequently developed. He was the model of all that could be conceived of noble demeanour and youthful candour; handsome beyond all question; accomplished to the last degree; highly educated, and of great literary acquirements; with a gaiety of heart and cheerfulness of mind that spread happiness on all around him. His conversation was brilliant and engaging as well as clever and instructive. He was moreover the best fencer, dancer, swimmer, runner, dresser; the best shot, the best horseman, the best draughtsman of his age. Possessed of every attribute that could render his society desirable, I am sure I do not go too far in pronouncing him the perfection of a youthful nobleman."

Here we have the opinion of a contemporary upon D'Orsay in his youth. It in no way fits with the idea of a cunning, far-sighted schemer, while it also to a great extent contradicts the theory that two years earlier D'Orsay had come to England determined to pick up the sceptre dropped by Brummell. Monsieur le Comte de Coutades was certainly a little too subtle

and deep-toned in his description of his countryman.

But in between that journey in 1822 and Math joining them in 1823 various grave events had to place. The first, less grave than interesting, was meeting of the Blessingtons with Lord Byron. By had a house in the village of Albano, about a mile and a half from Genoa; and while the Blessingtons were at Genoa they, with Miss Power and Al d'Orsay, drove to see him—the two gentlemen leaving the carriage and sending in their names. They were admitted at once, and Lord Byron remarking that he hoped to be presented to Lady Blessington, was told she and her sister were outside. He immediately hurried out to the carriage and took the ladies into his house where they all had a long conversation. Lord Byron writing to Moore on April 2nd, 1823, says that he found very agreeable personages in "Milor Blessington and *épouse*, travelling with a very handsome companion in the shape of a French Count (to use Farquhar's phrase in the *Beaux' Stratagem*), who has all the air of a *Cop déchaîné*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution, an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought we should look again."

All the time they were at Genoa the Blessingtons were very friendly with Byron; but there is little doubt that D'Orsay was the person whom the poet particularly liked. He regarded him as possessing considerable talents and wonderful acquirements for a man of his age and former pursuits, saying that he "was clever, original, unpretending; he affected to be nothing that he was not."

D'Orsay kept a diary of the few months that

had passed in England, which he allowed Byron to see, whose criticism of it to Lord Blessington was that it "is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes; and after reading his remarks have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. The most singular thing is how he should have penetrated, not the fact, but the mystery of the English *ennui* at two-and-twenty. . . . Altogether your friend's journal is a very formidable production."

Byron alluded to this journal in many subsequent letters; once, when writing to Lord Blessington, he sends his compliments to all and to "*your* Alfred. I think since His Majesty of the same name there has not been such a learned surveyor of our Saxon society." And again: "I salute the illustrious Chevalier Count d'Orsay, who I hope will continue his History of His Own Times." To Moore he wrote of him: "He seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's Memoirs," meaning of course the Memoirs of Grammont. In later years D'Orsay, whose opinions had mellowed, destroyed this much-praised journal.

In May of that year D'Orsay was engaged in making a portrait of Byron, one which was perhaps a little too exact for the poet's taste, for he wrote to Lady Blessington:

"I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz. that he would condescend to add a cap to the gentleman in the jacket—it would complete his costume, and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!"

This portrait appeared later in *The New Monthly*

Magazine, and also as a frontispiece to *Lady Blessington's* "Conversations with Lord Byron," when reprinted in that periodical.

Byron and the Blessingtons saw much of each other in Genoa, and on the eve of their departure he came to see them in very low spirits. "Here," said he, "we are all now together—but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece."

He gave them all some little token from the things he had worn or cared for; to Count d'Orsay he gave a ring, saying in a letter to Lady Blessington:

"I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to keep; it is too large to wear; but it is formed of *lapis lazuli* and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character."

On one occasion Byron read to them the lampoon he had written on Rogers, which rather shocked them, making the young Count say, "I thought you were not of Mr. Rogers' most intimate friends, and so all the world had reason to think after reading your dedication of the *Giaour* to him."

"Yes," replied Byron laughing, "and it is our friendship that gives me the privilege of taking a liberty with him."

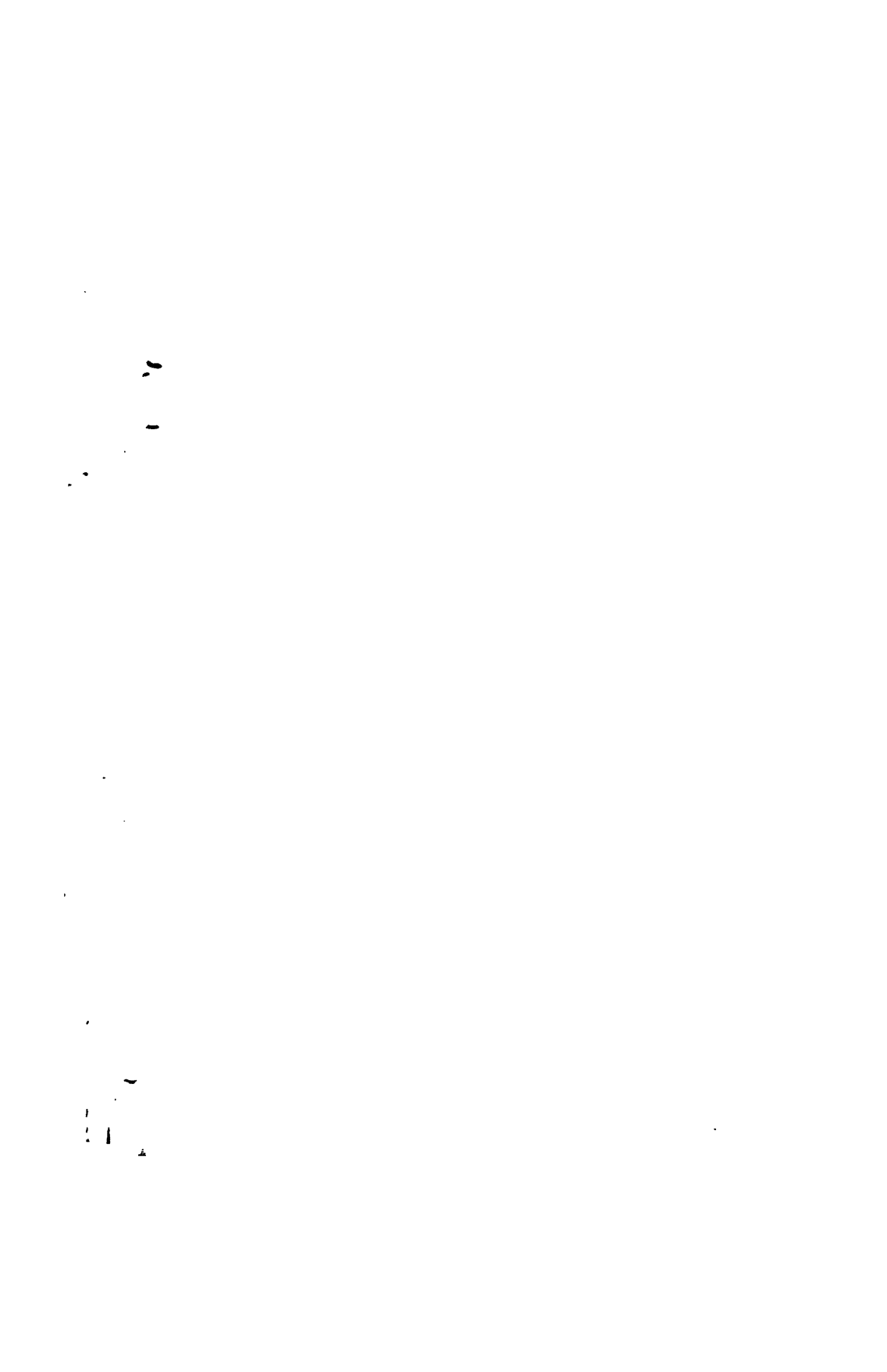
"If it is thus you show your friendship I think I should prefer your enmity," replied D'Orsay.

"You could never excite this last sentiment in my breast, for you neither say nor do spiteful things," replied Byron.

The second important event which took place during the Blessingtons' visit to Genoa was the death, on March 26th, of Lord Mountjoy, Lord Blessington's only legitimate son, a delicate boy of ten; and this led to the



COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY



incident which was to work havoc in at least one life, and in its results showed the young Beau's character in the most painful light.

The death of his son and the fact that there was no heir to his title or estates gave Lord Blessington the power of leaving his property as he wished, and his wishes were, to say the least, eccentric. He added a codicil to his will in which he disposed of one of his two daughters in marriage with Alfred d'Orsay. We may put in extenuation of this that it was still the practice in England to marry girls very young, without asking their consent; and that the Blessingtons had a great affection and admiration for their young guest. When we read the eulogy of Mathews upon D'Orsay we can understand that he was a fascinating person, and it is probable that Lord Blessington thought he was providing an excellent husband for his child. Much condemnation has been lavished upon his lordship for this codicil, D'Orsay's biographer going so far as to consider him temporarily insane. But from the French point of view everything was in order and commonplace, though in one respect perhaps rather more favourable than might have been expected, for a considerable property was left to D'Orsay as a *dot* with the girl. Yet in another way the conditions were inferior to those which a Frenchman might have demanded, in that the marriage itself was to bring no *dot*, which would only be paid on the death of the Earl. It is safe to say that if the marriage had turned out happily its conditions would never have been decried. As it was, the parents had reckoned without one of the agreeing parties; indeed, so far as they were concerned, the worst feature in the matter was that the girl was bestowed upon D'Orsay rather as a means for giving him an income than as an effort for securing her happiness;

that, in fact, if there was any parental affection it was given to the stranger who had no claim at all upon Lord Blessington.

Subjoined is a copy of part of this codicil :

“ Having had the misfortune to lose my beloved son Luke Wellington, and having entered into engagement with Alfred, Comte d’Orsay, that an alliance should take place between him and my daughter, which engagement has been sanctioned by Albert, Comte d’Orsay, general etc., in the service of France, this is to declare and publish my desire to leave to the said Alfred d’Orsay my estates in the city and county of Dublin (subject, however, to an annuity of three thousand pounds per annum to my wife Margaret, Countess of Blessington, subject also to the portion of debt, whether by annuity or mortgage, to which my executor and trustee, Luke Norman, shall consider them to be subjected) for his and her use, whether it be Mary (baptized Emily) Rosalie Hamilton, or Harriet Anne Jane Frances, and to their heirs male, the said Alfred or said Mary, or Harriet, for ever in default of issue male to follow the provisions of the will and testament.”

Not content with this Lord Blessington also made Alfred sole guardian of his natural son Charles John and disburser of the sums necessary for the boy’s education.

Two months later a will was made in which Harriet was the second daughter, but the eldest in point of law, was expressly named, she being then eleven years old. The estates in Dublin were to be left to her with £10,000 provided she married Alfred d’Orsay, but if by future arrangement the elder girl Emily became his wife, the estates were to go to her. The will was more just than the codicil in sentiment—though as legal matters for women were at that date, that was of no importance—for the property was left not to the intended son-in-law

but to the daughter, and failing male heirs it was to revert to the eldest son Charles John. However, a deed of settlement was drawn up in November 1827 by which Lord Blessington bound himself to pay, within a twelvemonth after the marriage, the sum of £20,000 to D'Orsay's trustees, the Duc de Guiche and Robert Power, and bound his executors to pay £20,000 more to the said trustees within twelve months of his decease, the interest to go to D'Orsay during his life, and after to Lady Harriet. Thus Alfred d'Orsay did extremely well by this marriage, while his wife gained nothing but sorrow and loss of property.

The will had been signed in August 1823, and it was not until December 1st, 1827, that Count d'Orsay was married to Lady Harriet Frances Gardiner. She was then fifteen years and four months of age; a pale, slight girl, brought direct from the schoolroom to marry a foreigner, who was the close friend, not only of her father, but of her beautiful stepmother. Poor child! she came into a world of people who had been together for years, who knew intimately the ideas and opinions of each other, and not one of whom wanted the companionship of a young unformed girl. She did not understand their lives, their ways, or their conversation. And there was the added insult to her coming womanhood that D'Orsay never made her his wife in reality. Had he turned his affections toward her, given her the attentions of a lover, and after the wedding the care and affection of a husband, the unhappy incident of the marriage would not have been a lasting stigma upon all of them excepting the girl.

The reason of this is difficult to say; it may have been that he felt a real indifference to or distaste for his wife, or it may have been that the insinuations concern-

ing him and Lady Blessington were true. That Har Gardiner married him without any rebellion or apparent reluctance proves that she was ready to act a w part to him.

There was some trouble in getting the marriage solemnized. The intention was that the ceremony should be performed in Florence, but the English Ambassador, John Lord Burghersh, decreed that the ceremony according to the English Church must precede that of the Catholic Church. When Lady Blessington saw him and remonstrated upon this he behaved with rudeness both to her and to her stepdaughter.

Walter Savage Landor, who was in Florence at the time, hearing of this, wrote Lady Blessington a letter of characteristically indignant sympathy, in the course of which he declared :

“That a man educated among the sons of gentlemen could be guilty of such incivility to two ladies, to a nothing of condition, nothing of person, nothing of acquaintance and past courtesies, is inconceivable, even in the most observant of his behaviour throughout the whole period of his public life. From what I have heard and known during a residence of six years at Florence I am convinced that all the ministers of all the other Courts in Europe (I may throw in those of Asia and Africa) have never been guilty of so many unbecoming and disgraceful actions as this man. . . . And now his conscience will not permit him to sanction a father's disposal of his daughter in marriage with almost the only man who deserves her, and certainly the very man who deserves her most.”

For this reason the Protestant marriage was celebrated in Naples, by the chaplain of the British Embassy there. The family then returned to Rome, from which place

D'Orsay answered Landor's letter, stating that he had written to Lord Burghersh, "to tell him that when a person is completely ignorant of the duties of his ministry he ought then to take the opinion of others."

Dr. Madden, describing Lady Harriet as he saw her in March 1828, a few months after her marriage, wrote :

"Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved ; there was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her ; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position were to be observed in her demeanour or deportment. She seldom or ever spoke, she was little noticed, she was looked on as a mere schoolgirl. I think her feelings were crushed, repressed, and her emotions driven inwards, by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her ; and she became indifferent, and strange, and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society, or in the company of any person in it. People were mistaken in her, and she perhaps was also mistaken in others. Her father's act had led to all these misconceptions and misconstructions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions and total estrangements.

"In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, *spirituelle*, and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered, where she was misplaced and misunderstood."

CHAPTER XIX

All the great and solid perfections of life appear in the first gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the attention and good will of every beholder.

The Guards

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS gives some interesting pictures of the Blessington establishment in the year 1823, when they were occupying the Palazzo Belvedere at Naples, an Italian palace of the ideal type; situated on the heights of Vomero, overlooking the city and the bay; it was rich in frescoes and marble arcades, while the gardens were a succession of terraces, adorned with groves of orange-trees and pomegranates, brilliant masses of flowers and fountains.

In the great *salon* of the palace Lady Blessington had her table, laden with books and writings, in another that of D'Orsay, similarly littered; a third table devoted to Miss Power, and a fourth to Charles Mathews.

Lord Blessington was a man with a foible—the fear of catching cold! D'Orsay declared that a key left crooked ways in the keyhole of a door would create sufficient draught to annoy his lordship. Once when Mathews was examining the ruins of some villas at Baiae, which were partly to a certain extent under water, Lord Blessington became very worried, saying:

“Take care, for heaven's sake take care, you will get in the water.”

His wife retorted: "Oh, do let the boy alone, Blessington. It won't hurt him to fall in, he can swim."

"Yes," was the answer, "and I shall get my death of cold driving back by his side."

In 1824, while D'Orsay and Mathews were still at the Palazzo Belvedere, they had a great quarrel, as a consequence of which Mathews demanded "satisfaction," but happily the matter was brought to a peaceful ending. It arose, as quarrels will arise, from a cause which had nothing to do with the relationship of the two young men—they had, indeed, become close companions, sharing every pursuit, Mathews affirming that he felt himself more D'Orsay's pupil than his equal. Lord Blessington had a passion for yachting, which he tried to induce all around him to share, and on one very hot day he desired all the company to "take a run across the Bay." The ladies excused themselves on the plea of the heat, D'Orsay declined to go without making any excuse, and Lord Blessington, very annoyed, fell back upon Mathews. That young man unfortunately said that he was very anxious to make a certain sketch, at which his host, out of all temper, responded sharply, "I only hope you will make the sketch; for even your friend D'Orsay says that though you carry your sketch-book everywhere you bring it back with nothing in it."

At this Mathews, annoyed, went out of the room and left Lord Blessington to go for a lonely sail.

During the afternoon the four who were left went for a drive; all quiet, but D'Orsay particularly glum. Mathews broke the silence with, "I have to thank you, Count d'Orsay, for the nice character for diligence which you have given of me to Lord Blessington."

"*Comment?*" said the Count, with flashing eyes.

"It would have been pleasanter had you told instead of his lordship——"

"You are the biggest beast and humbug I have met," burst out D'Orsay furiously; "and the next time you speak to me like this I will break your head through the window and throw you out of the window."

Lady Blessington called the Count to order, but so violent was the young man's passion that he proceeded to still greater lengths.

Later in the day Mathews received a note from D'Orsay telling him that one of the things for which he had to learn was to keep his place, by which he would know how to preserve himself from the necessity of being humbled; that whatever had been said about him had been said in conversation with Lord and Lady Blessington and the worst was that he was stupid not to practice drawing more. The note ended by reminding him that he had put D'Orsay under the cruel necessity of forcing him to show him his right place, and he might have avoided it by remembering to whom he spoke.

This note Mathews did not answer until the next day and then he wrote shortly demanding satisfaction, which upon D'Orsay, still by letter, rebuked him again, and asked him to name the place and arms.

Mathews wisely went to Naples and placed the affair in the hands of Mr. Madden, who arranged it so well that the young man returned to Belvedere, ready to make friends with the Count. D'Orsay came into the breakfast-room, and taking the hand which Mathews extended said, "I hope, my dear Mathews, that you are satisfied. I am very sorry for what I said to you, but I was angry, and——"

"My dear Count," broke in Mathews, "speak more of it, I pray you, I have forgotten all."

Later on, when Mathews went into the drawing-room, he found Lady Blessington on the sofa very unwell, Miss Power and D'Orsay near her, the latter in tears. On seeing him the Count repeated his *amende honorable*, and the affair ended in the restoration of friendly feelings.

Lady Blessington visited Mountjoy soon after her marriage, and something must have happened while she was in Ireland to make her dislike the whole country, for she never would return to it; and when she heard of the "fairy castle," she openly told her husband not to build it for her sake, for she would not go to see it. Thus Charles Mathews lost the chance of making his *début* as an architect by building a nobleman's castle, but he got in exchange his visit to Ireland, while the suggested few months' stay in Italy was extended to two years. After he left he received some affectionate and brightly written letters from D'Orsay, which prove the vivacity of the latter's spirit as well as his power for making word-pictures.

Lord Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, which lay in the Bay of Naples, was bought by Lord Blessington, who used it much along the coast. The captain, who was named Smith, had a great grievance in that he had not been "posted" by the Admiralty, a matter which caused much fun, as Lady Blessington had a turn for banter, quizzing and joking so gravely that the victim believed her in earnest. D'Orsay often assisted her in "roasting" some unfortunate person, and the captain of the *Bolivar* lent himself to their humour. He was always ready to air his complaint, and they would have his story over and over again, D'Orsay chiming in with, "Ah, my poor Smid, tell Miladi over again, my good fellow, once more explain for Mademoiselle Power too, how it happens Milords of the Admiralty never posted you!"

From the time that they first met the Blessingtons kept

up a friendship with the D'Orsay family, meeting the abroad and exchanging visits. When in 1825 Lord Blessington went to his Tyrone estates for the last time he was accompanied by General Comte d'Orsay, the father of the young Beau.

In June 1828 the Blessingtons arrived in Paris again and their first visitors were Alfred's sister and brother-in-law, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, the latter radiant in health and beauty, the former more distinguished than any one else—the perfect *beau idéal* of a gentleman. Lord Blessington rented the Hôtel Ney which he furnished in wonderful splendour, the most marvellous room being his wife's bedroom, and what she saw when the door of it was flung open is best described in her own words :

“The whole fitting up is in exquisite taste; and, as usual, when my most gallant of all gallant husbands, that it ever fell to the happy lot of woman to possess, interfered no expense has been spared. The bed, which is silvered instead of gilt, rests on the backs of two large silver swans, so exquisitely sculptured, that every feather is in alto-relievo, and looks as fleecy as those of the living bird. The recess in which it is placed is lined with white-flute silk, bordered with blue embossed lace; and from the columns that support the frieze of the recess, pale blue silk curtains, lined with white, are hung, which when drawn, conceal the recess altogether.

“A silvered sofa has been made to fit the side of the room opposite the fireplace, near to which stands a most inviting *bergère*. An *escritoire* occupies one panel, a book-stand the other, and a rich coffer for jewels forms pendant to a similar one for lace or Indian shawls. A carpet of uncut pile, of a pale blue, a silver lamp, and a Psyche glass; the ornaments, silvered to correspond with

the decorations of the chamber, complete the furniture. The hangings of the dressing-room are of blue silk, covered with lace, and trimmed with rich frills of the same material, as are also the dressing stands and *chaise longue*, and the carpet and lamp are similar to those of the bedroom. A toilette table stands before the window, and small jardinières are placed in front of each panel of looking glass, but so low as not to impede a full view of the person dressing in this beautiful little sanctuary. The *salle de bain* is draped with white muslin, trimmed with lace, and the sofa and the *bergère* are covered with the same. The bath is of marble inserted in the floor, with which its surface is level. On the ceiling over it is a painting of Flora, scattering flowers with one hand, while from the other is suspended an alabaster lamp, in the form of a lotus."

All this extravagance was not however so great as it seemed, as the Blessingtons found to their pleasure that it was possible to hire furniture for a few months in Paris.

The Hôtel Ney was next to the Hôtel d'Orsay, once the home of the D'Orsay family, but since the Revolution only a ruin. In its glory it had been one of the most splendid houses in Paris, the great ceiling of its *salle à manger* being held up by the columns brought by a one-time owner from the temple of Nero in Rome. Alfred's father had had very extravagant ideas, and he caused pipes, etc., to be so affixed to the doors of his *salons* that when the first were thrown back a strain of music was produced, and as each drawing-room was reached the various doors took up the air and continued it until they were closed. In 1828 the *salle à manger* was being used as a stable, the *salons* were crumbled and broken, and the gardens, once full of rare exotics, had become paddocks for horses.

All the family surroundings of Alfred d'Orsay to have been admirable so far as can be judged from a superficial view of a society friend. They lived in harmony, the Duchesse de Guiche, her mother, and her mother—a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg—especially thoughtful for each other. We are told the Duc de Grammont examining his daughter through his eyeglass, and remarking to General d'Orsay "How well our daughter looks to-night."

Lady Blessington writes :

"Frequently do I see the beautiful Duchesse de Guiche enter the *salon* of her grandmother, sparkling in diamonds, after having hurried away from a splendid fête, of which she was the brightest ornament to spend an hour with her before she retired to her chamber and the Countess d'Orsay is so devoted to her that nearly her whole time is passed with her."

We have glimpses of the Duchesse de Guiche in a white peignoir, her matchless hair bound tightly about her classically shaped head, acting as sick nurse to her children who have caught the measles ; sharing the time of her boys, giving her time and thoughts to the youngest girl. The Duc too, released from his attendance at a ball, hurries home to the sick chamber of his children, his languid eyes lighting up with a momentary animation, their feverish lips relaxing into a smile at the sound of his well-known voice.

These D'Orsays were all beautiful to the eye, good-tempered ; lovers of beauty, who were always ready to indulge that love. The defect which caused Alfred so much trouble we hear of but not what it was and that was when a short time before her death her mother was discussing him with Lady Blessington who spoke with great earnestness of her apprehensions

son, and of her desire that Lady Blessington would advise him, and do her utmost to help him to fight against the extravagance of his nature, saying that she was troubled with great fears for his future. Lady Blessington promised to do all she could, and this promise was often alluded to both by her and by D'Orsay.

The winter of 1829-30 was very severe, and some of the wealthy Parisians fitted out sledges in which to make excursions outside the city. The Duchesse de Guiche sat in one, her husband behind her, holding at each side of her the reins, the sledge presenting the form of a swan, the feathers of which were beautifully sculptured. The back of the swan was hollowed out to allow of a seat within, the whole interior space being covered with fine fur. The harness and trappings were richly decorated, and had attached innumerable silver bells. At night the eyes of the swan sent out beams of clear light, which were reflected in prismatic colours on the snow and ice-gemmed branches of the trees.

Alfred d'Orsay's sledge was in the form of a dragon; the harness of red morocco embroidered with gold. At night the mouth, as well as the eyes, sent out a brilliant red light; and to the tiger skin which almost entirely covered the cream-coloured horse, revealing only the white mane and tail, was fastened a double line of silver-gilt bells.

Here in Paris, in 1829, Lady Blessington experienced a great sorrow. Her husband was urged to return to London and support the Emancipation Bill. He was not very well, but he went and stayed some time. A few days after his return, feeling indisposed, he took some *eau de mélisse* in water and rode out, followed by his servant. The day was hot, and the Earl had not gone far before he swayed in his saddle, was carried home in a

fit of apoplexy, and died in three days, being but five years old.

Miss Power wrote of her sister to Landor :

“ Nothing can equal the grief of poor Lady Blessington. In fact she is so ill that we are quite uneasy about her ; she is also poor Lady Harriet. But not only ourselves ; our friends are in the greatest affliction since this melancholy event. Fancy what a dreadful blow it is to us all ; he who was so kind, so generous, so truly a man.”

That Lady Blessington sincerely mourned her husband is certain if we may judge at all from her letters ; the way in which she spoke of him in later years. When she wrote to Mrs. Charles Mathews, two months after the event, she speaks of “ the cruel and heavy blow that has fallen on me in the loss of the best of husbands ; these are not mere words of course, as all who knew him will bear witness, for never did so kind and good a heart inhabit a human form ; and I feel this dreadful blow with even more bitterness because it appears that while I possessed the inestimable blessing I have now lost, I was not to the full extent sensible of its value ; now all his many virtues and good qualities rise up before me in memory, and I would give worlds to pass again the years that can never return.”

At this time D'Orsay, his wife, and Miss Power were with Lady Blessington at the Hôtel Ney, and in the months that followed they all had to realise that a change must be made in their way of life. Lord Blessington had never considered cost ; he had spent money like an emperor, and had neglected his estate so that his property had become heavily encumbered. So much was the case that he left his wife only an income of £2,000 ; which was little enough after the princely way in

she had lived. There is an old saying that troubles never come singly, and Lady Blessington was to prove the truth of this to the full, for four months after her husband's death, and while she was in the midst of a responsibility which had never before fallen upon her since her marriage, a London newspaper, *The Age*, gave voice to a scandal which was for ever after hinted at concerning her. To this day that scandal has lived, neither proven nor disproven. There were those who, like the Comte de Couteades, accepted as a certain fact that she was D'Orsay's mistress, and there were those who asserted that such was not the case.

The Age, we are told, was a Tory paper which "especially assailed the characters of those who differed from its political opinions," and it was balanced by the Liberal paper *The Satirist*, which "defamed all connected with the Tory party," so every one was in danger. At this date it is impossible to say how far these papers were simply scurrilous, or how far they held up to public gaze the real evils which defiled society, but it was said that a system of blackmail went on, and that each paper kept in its office "an individual of Herculean proportions to safeguard the editor."

On September 24th, 1829, an article, flippantly commenting on various people and signed "Otiosus," appeared in *The Age*. Mention was made that "Alfred d'Orsay, with his pretty pink-and-white face, drives about à la Petersham with a cocked-up hat and a long-tailed, cream-coloured horse. He says he will have seventeen thousand a year to spend; others say seventeen hundred; he and my lady go on as usual."

On October 5th another letter by the same writer appeared. "What a *ménage* is that of Lady Blessington! It would create strange sensations were it not for one

fair flower that still blooms under the shade of the l
Can it be conceived in England that Mr. Alfred d'
has publicly detailed to what degree he carries his a
for his pretty, interesting wife? This young gentle
Lady Blessington, and the virgin wife of sweet si
all live together."

Lady Blessington, on hearing of this, wrote to
Powell, solicitor and friend of her late husband
structing him to take proceedings against the p
However, he did nothing. He either thought tha
assertions were not sufficiently definite or that there
not sufficient assurance of disproving the insinuat
in any case, he gave the time-worn advice that
should treat the matter with contempt, which pe
was done, if silence proves contempt. On some
that she heard Lady Blessington went so far as to a
an acquaintance of having written these libels.
strenuously denied it, and later another sufferer
The Age, who was brave enough to go to the c
in person, backed up by a friend, secured a small
of the letter from Paris containing the aspersions
Lady Blessington's character. The writing was dist
not that of the accused friend, and "so the n
ended"!

The Blessington household remained in Paris
November 1830, and during that time the Coun
the leader of fashion among men, driving the best t
and the most elegant carriages, as Gronow, who
him both in Paris and in England, tells us.

"When I used to see him driving in his Tilb
fancied he looked like some gorgeous dragon-fly skin
through the air, and though all was dazzling and sl
yet there was a kind of harmony which preclude
idea or accusation of bad taste."

D’Orsay was even then regarded as the “King” of the Dandies—an idea of which the people of Paris were well aware, and perhaps some of them had it in their minds on seeing him abroad during the Revolution of 1830. At that time the young D’Orsays were sharing Lady Blessington’s home in the Rue Matignon, and neither Alfred nor Lady Blessington shut themselves within four walls. Once, when they had gone into the Champs Élysées, they came upon a crowd gathered about a placard attached to a tree. The crowd recognised them, and began to shout wildly: “Vive le Comte d’Orsay! Vive le Comte d’Orsay!” surrounding him so that he had some trouble in getting away. Discussing this afterwards, Lady Blessington, thinking of his foppish rank among the Dandies, remarked, jokingly, that perhaps he was in danger of being raised to the vacant throne by those who seemed not to know or care who filled it. D’Orsay thought that it might have been a popular way of showing that, if the monarch was out of favour, the aristocracy was not; yet, on the whole, I imagine the real reason of his popularity was his known antipathy to the Bourbons.

When the mob broke into the Tuileries and the Louvre, Alfred d’Orsay sent two of his servants to save the portrait of the Dauphin by Sir Thomas Lawrence. He gave them each such explicit instructions as to its position that they found it at once; but alas! torn to pieces, the fragments strewn over the floor. Once the people, baulked of getting into the Hôtel des Pages, fired into the courtyard, killing a lad who had just gained his position as page through the influence of the Duc de Guiche, Alfred d’Orsay saw to his funeral, and he was in and out of the streets all through the Revolution.

It has been said that D’Orsay was the original

two, the latter being translated into English and published in London in 1855.

Since the return to England scandal had been connected with the names of her husband and stepmother, to allay it D'Orsay took a small house in Curzon Street, though it would have been better if he had gone away, for society only smiled, regarding his removal as a ruse.

From the time D'Orsay entered England he had monetary difficulties. He had not been long here when he was arrested for a debt of £300, pressed by a notable Parisian bootmaker named McHenry, and only saved from imprisonment by the acceptance of a part of his creditor of bail on that occasion. McHenry acknowledged that he was under great obligations to the Count, for the mere fact being known that he had made D'Orsay's boots was enough to bring him all the trade custom of Paris. This was the case all through D'Orsay's career; for him to deal with a tradesman making of a fortune, not for himself but for his credit, but that did not alter the law that a buyer must pay. D'Orsay was always in danger of arrest.

Socially he was very popular, being a member of the Crockford's, but he was blackballed at White's, precisely because of the irregularity of his domestic life. He was received by hostesses opened their doors to him, and he was received everywhere as frankly as Lady Blessington was she, Mrs. Charles Mathews, the mother of Charles James Mathews, one of the few women who remained Lady Blessington's friend, and Mrs. Disraeli was a frequent visitor.

Mr. N. P. Willis, the American gossipier, has given us some pictures of life at the house in Seamore Street, which are worth presenting. He was visiting London in 1834 after his travels in Europe, and speaks of spending



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
From the portrait by Count D'Orsay

1870

an evening at the house of Lady Blessington, who sat in the drawing-room with several gentlemen round her. One was one of the brothers Smith, authors of "Rejected Addresses"; another Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist. Then there was a German prince, a famous traveller; "and the splendid person of Count d'Orsay, in a careless attitude upon the ottoman, completed the *cordon*." He also accepted an invitation to go one evening at ten, and found Lady Blessington "in a long library lined alternately with splendidly bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park :

"The picture to my eye, as the door opened, was a very lovely one:—a woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially; and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count d'Orsay, the well-known 'Pelham' of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on."

In the course of a long conversation, mostly about America, Lady Blessington told Willis how she was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples when the American fleet was lying there, ten or eleven years earlier, and they were constantly on board the American ships, adding:

"I remember very well the bands playing always *save the King* as we went up the side. Count d'Orsay here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for *Yankee Doodle*, and it was always played at his request."

"The Count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that showed him to be a man of uncommon taste and elegant mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I had not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure."

Willis also says of Lady Blessington :

"Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than a wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a grasp of power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

"I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party were a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own ; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the Pope's ; a clever English nobleman, and the 'observed of all observers,' Count d'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing as they might, the melancholy twilight half-hour preceding dinner."

A word more concerning the end of the evening :

"We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he (Moore) rambled over the keys awhile and sang *When First I Met The*

with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart. 'Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!'

Creevey, in "The Creevey Papers," showed himself to be by no means a friend of D'Orsay's, for speaking of a dinner at Stoke Farm in October 1834, he says :

"Our party here have been the little Russian Ambassador ; D'Orsay, the ultra-dandy of Paris and London, and as ultra a villain as either city can produce (you know he married Lord Blessington's daughter, a beautiful young woman whom he has turned upon the wide world, and he lives openly and entirely with her mother, Lady Blessington. His mother, Madame Craufurd, aware of his profligacy, has left the best part of her property to her sister, Madame de Guiche's children)."

There are so many mistakes in this paragraph—Lady Blessington was Harriet's stepmother, not mother ; Madame Craufurd was D'Orsay's grandmother, his mother being Countess d'Orsay ; and Madame de Guiche was at that time the Duchesse de Grammont and the granddaughter of Madame Craufurd, not her sister—that we need not take Creevey's opinion seriously. But it raises a nice question in rule of three : viz. If there are so many mistakes in so many lines how many are there in the two volumes ?

Chateaubriand, too, had no very good opinion of the Count. In his *Memoirs* he writes :

"Nothing in London succeeds like insolence, as witness D'Orsay, the brother of the Duchesse de Guiche :

he had taken to galloping in Hyde Park, leaping to pike gates, gambling, treating the dandies without ceremony; he had an unequalled success, and, to crown the whole, he ended by carrying off an entire family, father, mother, and children."

In 1836 Lady Blessington removed to Gore House in Kensington Gore, once the abode of William Wilberforce, while Count d'Orsay occupied a villa near by, No. 4, Kensington Gore. At Seamore Place Disraeli, Bulwer, Moore, Haydon, and many other men of note gathered; but at Gore House the society was somewhat different, there was more gravity and formality, more purpose. Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay tried to draw together people of the same pursuits, and to incline competitors for fame in politics, art, or literature to a tolerant, just, and charitable opinion of each other.

They also aimed at removing national jealousies and misapprehensions between people of different countries at knocking down those barriers of prejudice which stood between Englishmen and foreigners. Thus they gathered in the *salon* men of all shades of opinion on every subject—politicians, statesmen, legal functionaries and divines—as well as members of literary and art circles.

D'Orsay and Lady Blessington had each a strong sense of humour, which on occasions they exercised with the double desire of amusing the assembly and gratifying the pride or vanity of some one member of it. Madden, in his *Life of Lady Blessington*, tells an incident of this kind. There often came to Lady Blessington's evenings an old Frenchman, Monsieur Julien le Jeune de Paris as he styled himself. He never appeared without a roll of manuscript showing from

side-pocket, it being a canto of his "Chagrins Politiques," which he loved to recite in a doleful voice. He would enter the room and stoop to kiss his hostess's hand with all the courtliness of a grand seigneur, being radiant in smiles, and all urbanity. Then D'Orsay would entreat him to give a recital of another canto of his political afflictions.

No, no, it would be impossible. He prayed, he implored to be excused, the Count, with kind gravity, meeting all his excuses, and in the end asserting that Mr. Madden had never heard them; for *his* sake—

At last the old man gave a reluctant consent to the doing of that which he had come with the full intention of doing, but he still had to play off all the bashful airs of a shy young lady, while he placed himself at the upper end of the room near a table upon which were wax lights, pulled the paper from his pocket, and began to recite one of his "Chagrins," with tears in his voice. Lady Blessington sat to his left, looking with anxious solicitude into his face; D'Orsay sat near the front with a handkerchief ready to raise to his eyes, now and then applauding or groaning at some passage. Once, when the narrator's tearfulness was at its height, the Beau whispered to his neighbour: "Weep, weep now!"

Dr. Quin, who was there, would interject, "Magnifique!" "Superbe!" and ask that the passage might be re-read, which was eagerly done. At last, at the end, the old Frenchman, with tears in his eyes, would be led by D'Orsay to Lady Blessington, where he would receive her smiles and the congratulations of the assembly. He felt himself the lion of the evening, and the other guests had been entertained by a pleasant comedy. It might seem sharp practice to get amusement of this kind from a guest, but Monsieur Julien loved attention

even better than his "Chagrins," and was really the most amused person in the room.

D'Orsay was clever and entertaining, and much liked by all his friends. Charles Dickens indeed used to say that he had a marvellous power of bringing out the best elements of the society around him, and of miraculously putting out the worst. He wished to be regarded as muscularly strong, and when he shook hands it was with such a grasp of palm and fingers that he drove the blood from the limb he held, and pressed the rings almost to the bone. Those who were aware of this peculiarity would be ready for his grip, and exert their own muscles in like fashion. The kind expression of his good-looking face, and the frankness of his manner as he cried in greeting, "Ah, ah, mon ami!" were charming.

Grantley Berkeley says of him: "Poor, dear D'Orsay! He was a very accomplished, kind-hearted, and graceful fellow, and much in request in what may be called the fashionable world. I knew him well in his happier hours, I knew him when he was in difficulties, and I knew him in distress; and when in France, I heard from Frenchmen that those in his native country to whom he looked for high lucrative employment and patronage, and from whom D'Orsay thought he had some claim to expect them, rather slighted his pretensions; and when in his last lingering, painful illness, left him to die too much neglected and alone!

"That D'Orsay was unwisely extravagant, as well as not over-scrupulous in morality, we know; but that is a man's own affair, not that of his friends. His faults, whatever they were, were covered, or at least glossed over, by real kindness of heart, great generosity, and prompt good nature; grace in manner, accomplishments,

and high courage ; therefore, place him side by side with many of the men with whom he lived in England, D'Orsay, by comparison, would have the advantage in many things. He certainly retained my friendship to the last, and induced in me very great regret for the circumstances which, in the end, disappointed him, and to a very great extent, I fear, embittered his last moments."

D'Orsay was over six feet in height, his neck long, shoulders broad, and waist narrow ; his limbs slight, with beautiful feet and ankles. His chestnut hair hung in waving curls, his forehead was high and wide, his features regular, and his complexion glowing. His eyes were hazel, he had full lips, and very white teeth, which however were placed a little apart—giving him at times a rather cruel and sneering look. He was handsome, and he knew this thoroughly, taking great care of his beauty. He was much more extravagant in dress than Brummell, though not so original nor so unostentatious. Hats, coats, boots—in fact, all kinds of garments—were named after him, and he was responsible for many little changes, one being light wristbands turned back upon the sleeve of his coat. He did not bathe in milk like Brummell, but in perfumed water ; and where Brummell carried about with him full appliances in silver, even to the wash-hand basin, for his toilette, D'Orsay was accompanied with a dressing-case filled with articles made of silver and old gold, so weighty that it took two men to carry it.

CHAPTER XX

"Marquis, I arrest you!" cried the triumphant Bum, as his debtor now prisoner essayed to gain the knocker of the outer gate.

"It is not twelve," replied our hero, within a few words of being speechless with horror.

"What's the time?" hallooed Mr. Sloughman to a policeman passing on the opposite side of the way.

"Ten minutes past twelve," replied he hoarsely, as if there were a conglomeration of fog and night air lodging in his throat.

"Then I'm lost!" exclaimed the Marquis.

JOHN MILLS, *D'Horsay, or Folkies of the De*

COUNT D'ORSAY fought several duels, and might have fought more but for his own good sense and the good judgment of his friends. Reynolds, editor of the *Keepsake*, was a man of a morbid, nervous character, constantly being cheated and easily enraged. He had just been taking a house, and was very sore finding that he had, as usual, accepted appearances easily, and had again been taken advantage of. Meeting D'Orsay, he told him he thought he should write a book

"Do, my dear fellow," replied the Beau, "and call it 'ze Diary of a Dupe.'"

This irritated Reynolds beyond endurance. He went to Grantley Berkeley in violent agitation, who tells that, "As he stood the shivering of his frame shook the room, and his hands, arms, and lips trembled as if they had been withered leaves about to fall from the trunk of a tree. When he told me he must have an apology from D'Orsay, or a duel, and saw that I noticed the agitated state of his limbs, he held his arm across the table

exclaiming, as it shook violently: 'Don't think this arises from fear—it is a nervous excitement I cannot help. You give the word, and I will shoot and be shot at for a week, if it be necessary to my honour.'

"'Quite right,' I replied, 'I am sure you will. Now, remember that as you have told me your grievance, and I have taken your honour into my keeping, you must not say a word more about it, but be ready to fight à l'outrance if I tell you to do so.'"

Fortunately Berkeley was very friendly with D'Orsay, and on going to him found that the recital of Reynolds's anger and agitation distressed the Count greatly.

"Go back to him and say anything you like to make up this quarrel. I had no wish to offend him in any way," was the Count's answer, and of course the duel did not take place.

On another occasion, when he was about to fight a duel, he said to his second, with a laugh: "You know, *mon cher*, I am not on a par with that man; he is a very ugly fellow, and if I wound him in the face he won't look much the worse for it; but, on my side, it ought to be agreed that he should not aim higher than my chest, for if my face should be spoiled, that would be truly awful." He said this with such a beaming smile, and looked so handsome and happy, that his second heartily agreed with him.

D'Orsay himself told one story of a duel which he fought during the early days of his army life. A friend, visiting him during his last illness, alluded to his supposed want of religion in a way which made him get to his feet, and, standing erect and firm for a few seconds, point to two small swords crossed over a crucifix at the head of his bed, saying: "Do you see those two swords? Do you see the one to the right? With that sword I fought in

defence of my religion. I had only joined my regiment a few days, when an officer at the mess-table used disgusting and impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. I called on him to desist ; he repeated the foul language he had used ; I threw a plate of spinach across the table in his face ; a challenge ensued ; we fought that evening on the rampart of the town, and I have kept that sword ever since."

The Beau was friendly with almost every one of note in his day. B. R. Haydon, so like and yet unlike, twice makes mention of him in his Journal. The dates are a year apart, July 1838 and July 1839.

"About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form'—really a complete Adonis—not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were first impressions and sound. He bounded into his cab and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens."

"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse, verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism of Sunday last. I did them, and he took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind quarters by bringing over a bit of sky. Such a dress ! white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with *eau de Cologne*, or *eau de jasmin*, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hog-tool, and immortalised Copenhagen by touching the sky.

"I thought, after he was gone, this won't do—a Frenchman touch Copenhagen ! So out I rubbed all he had touched, and modified his hints myself."

The picture on which D'Orsay thus indicated the finishing touches to Wellington's famous charger was presumably that in which Haydon represented the Duke of Wellington musing over the battlefield of Waterloo.

Another noted man who records a visit from D'Orsay with pleasure and amusement was the sage of Chelsea. In a letter to his brother he writes :

" I must tell you of the strangest compliment of all, which occurred since I wrote last—the advent of Count d'Orsay. About a fortnight ago this Phœbus Apollo of dandyism, escorted by poor little Chorley, came whirling hither in a chariot that struck all Chelsea into mute amazement with splendour. Chorley's underjaw went like the hopper or under-riddle of a pair of fanners, such was his terror on bringing such a splendour into actual contact with such a grimness. Nevertheless we did amazingly well, the Count and I. He is a tall fellow of six feet three, built like a tower, with floods of dark auburn hair, with a beauty, with an adornment unsurpassable on this planet ; withal a rather substantial fellow at bottom, by no means without insight, without fun, and a sort of rough sarcasm rather striking out of such a porcelain figure. He said, looking at Shelley's bust, in his French accent, ' Ah, it is one of those faces who weesh to swallow their chin.' He admired the fine epic, etc., etc. ; hoped I would call soon and see Lady Blessington withal. Finally he went his way, and Chorley with reassumed jaw. Jane laughed for two days at the contrast of my plaid dressing-gown, bilious, iron countenance, and this Paphian apparition. I did not call till the other day, and left my card merely. I do not see well what good I can get by meeting him much, or Lady B. and demirepdom, though I should not object to see it once, and then oftener if agreeable."

D'Orsay was once dining at the Old Ship Hotel at Greenwich, when some one called his attention to an inscription made with a diamond upon the central pane of the bay-window overlooking the Thames, in which his name was improperly connected with that of a celebrated German *danseuse*. D'Orsay took an orange from a dish, coolly remarking upon the good quality of the fruit, and tossed it up in the air several times, then as though by accident he gave it a wider cant and sent it through the offending pane, knocking the glass into the Thames.

Much has been said about D'Orsay's wit and apt retorts; very few, however, of those retorts have been handed down to us, and those few are fairly well known. One story dates from his first visit to England in 1821. Being invited to dine at Holland House, he sat next Lady Holland, who believed that the handsome young stranger must necessarily be awe-struck by her majestic presence. As "her abdominal development was considerable" she continually let her napkin slip to the ground, and just as continually she turned blandly smiling to the Count for his assistance. At last, weary of stooping to pick it up, he asked, with the politest of manners: "Would it not be better, madam, if I sat under the table, then I could pass up your serviette more quickly?"

On receiving an anonymous letter enclosing some offensive verses, D'Orsay examined it closely and found that it had been sealed with a wafer which appeared to have been pressed down with a thimble. So when, at Crockford's, he again met Tom Raikes, who was deeply pitted with smallpox, he cried jocosely: "The next time, *mon cher*, that you write an anonymous letter, don't seal it with the end of your nose."

Dickens writes of dining one very hot night at Gore House when Walter Savage Landor was one of the most

honoured of the guests. Landor was always careless about his appearance, and while the men were in the dining-room after the table was cleared, some part of his dress, his cravat or collar, had become disarranged. As they rose from table Count d'Orsay laughingly drew his attention to the circumstance, and Landor became flushed and greatly agitated, saying, "My dear Count d'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the drawing-room, and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would have instantly gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out!"

Prince Louis Napoleon—afterwards Napoleon the Third—having been banished to America, came thence to England and found a gracious welcome at Gore House, which he was in the habit of visiting about twice a week. In 1840 the Prince made an attempt to force his claims upon France, and rumour associated D'Orsay with aiding him, much to the Count's annoyance; for he hated scandal, and also considered that the rumour would be harmful to his own plans. The result of this attempt was that the Prince was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham. Six years later, when Lady Blessington was working hard all day and every day at literary work, her servant announced a caller who would not be denied. When the man entered the room she found herself face to face with the Prince, haggard, pallid, and unshaven—he had escaped from Ham in the dress of a workman carrying a plank over his shoulder. With the impulsive generosity of her nature she gave him the freedom of her house, and provided all he needed in his penniless condition. So long

as the Prince was in England he regarded Gore House as the home of his best friends, and often as his own home too; yet in their misfortune he could turn his back on those friends. He could receive without hesitation; he could give when laden with the sense of obligation; but to give in cold blood was impossible to his callous nature.

Louis Napoleon also could not find admittance at White's though he was to be seen at "Crockie's." Among the many stories told of the gambling there, is one which well illustrates D'Orsay's recklessness and sympathetic nature. Talking one day with a Major Crawford, whom he well knew, he learned that that gentleman was about to sell his commission to pay his debts, and vainly tried to dissuade him from such a course. Before they parted D'Orsay begged the loan of ten pounds, which the other lent with hidden reluctance, the Count walking off with it in his usual light-hearted fashion. Early the next morning he called upon the Major and began to empty his pockets, or perhaps his hat—for D'Orsay's pockets were not made to use for fear of spoiling his outline—until he had counted out seven hundred and fifty pounds, which with a laugh he pushed over to the Major.

"All yours, *mon cher*, all yours; it's the ten pounds which I staked at Crockford's. If I had lost you would never have seen the ten pounds again."

D'Orsay was always generous, and in a very thoughtful way. He gave assistance, introductions, and hospitality to any needy Frenchman who came to him, from Louis Napoleon downward; and he founded the *Société de Bienfaisance* for their benefit.

When Crockford's Club and old "Crockie" himself became things of the past, a committee was formed to start a successor in Bury Street, known as the Junior

Crockford's Club. D'Orsay was upon this committee, and used his influence in making the place as magnificent as possible, some of the ceilings being entirely of looking-glass, and the furniture upholstered in the richest damask. It is true that some of the members complained that the ceilings gave them vertigo; and a party of ladies refused once to enter the rooms until they were sure that the reflection they made would not be indecent; but the dreadful ceilings were regarded with much pride by the members. It was not so very long ago that the Junior Crockford had its little day, yet it was occasionally turned into an arena for combats among boxers and for the fighting of a main of cocks by candlelight. High play went on also, for the club did its best to keep up the reputation which had destroyed its parent.

It was not until years after they had parted from each other that a legal deed of separation was drawn up between D'Orsay and his wife, but pending this the Count was allowed by the Court of Chancery in Ireland an income of £500 a year, while Lady Harriet drew £450. In 1838 D'Orsay relinquished all his interest in the Blessington estates in consideration of the redemption of certain annuities, and of a sum of £55,000 to be paid to him—£13,000 as soon as possible, and the rest within ten years. The sums were not paid however until 1851, and went then to his creditors. Indeed, £103,500 were paid for his debts in all.

Lady Blessington had been working many hours each day at writing books and journalism; and it became very evident that if D'Orsay had any talent it was time that he exercised it. He translated and edited a story from the French named "Marie" probably did other things of which little has been

In New York was published in 1846 a small book by Count Alfred d'Orsay on "Etiquette, or a Guide to the Usages of Society," a Chesterfieldian production, which, if really written by the Count, proves how ready he was to fight for his existence. Its first paragraph is a grim irony upon the position he and Lady Blessington were believed to hold in the world. "Etiquette is the barrier which society draws around itself as a protection against offences the *law* cannot touch."

The little page upon "Snuff" shows that some decrease in the popularity of that pungent luxury had been made since the days of the Regent.

"As snuff-taking is merely an idle, dirty habit, practised by stupid people in the unavailing endeavour to clear their stolid intellect, and is not a custom particularly offensive to their neighbours, it may be left to each individual taste as to whether it be continued or not. An 'elegant' cannot take much snuff without decidedly 'losing caste.'"

Again we have, "Do not pick your teeth *much* at table, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not at all pleasant to another."

On the subject of jewels he gives some very good advice, condemning the wearing of such things in the morning, though he would allow plain gold. So good is the taste shown on this and other matters that it seems more than probable that the ascription on the title-page is genuine.

But the Count had a better ally in his pencil than in his pen, and he at last, in business-like way, turned to portrait-painting and sketching. A studio was fitted up in the basement of Gore House, and there he worked in earnest, producing portraits of many of the most distinguished people of his time, including Louis Napoleon, Lytton, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Ainsworth, Carlyle, Landor,

Turner, and Landseer, to say nothing of the Dandies. He also painted another portrait of Byron, said to be the best ever done of the poet. In fact, his portraits became the fashion, and those of the Queen, of Dwarkanauth Tagore, and of the chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, became popular engravings. Then he added to this the sculpting of statuettes, which were, according to one authority, unconventional in treatment, full of force, and delicately finished, and many wondered he had not previously wholly devoted himself to art.

Amongst those who sat for one of these dainty miniature models was the Duke of Wellington, who was delighted with the result, had copies executed in silver, and commissioned D'Orsay to paint his portrait in oils. This seems to have given some trouble, but the Duke was very ready to sit, and critical as to the work, suggesting alterations, with a result that was evidently satisfactory. "At last I have been painted like a gentleman! I will never sit to any one else," is the Duke's recorded judgment.

As D'Orsay was imitated in his hats, his collars, his coats, his trousers, so the work of his hands was copied. A French writer telling us that "These busts (of Wellington and O'Connell) were at once vulgarised in thousands of copies in England and in Paris. They were new creations." D'Orsay's portrait of his sister may be seen in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. There also is to be found a wonderfully spirited sketch of "The President of the Republic returning from the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, 1851." This was painted in Paris after the artist left London for good.

For the last two or three years of his life in England D'Orsay had a hard time; he never dared leave his house

except by using the utmost precautions, for bailiffs were always on the watch for him ; so—that he might not be a prisoner altogether—he moved to Gore House, where he could enjoy the evening gathering there without the anxious little walk to and fro. There, windows shut, doors locked, always expecting the “bum,” and always ready to evade him, D’Orsay lived from midnight on Sunday to midnight on Saturday. As the clock struck twelve he would go gaily forth and drive to Crockford’s, where he would see many of his friends and, even though it was Sunday, try his luck at the tables. In the daytime he could do as he liked, go where he liked, safely breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the sunshine among his comrades in the Park. But at night he had again to think of the time, and would dash home five minutes, two minutes, one minute before the church clocks all struck the hour, his road showing more loiterers than any other road in the West End at that time, and probably a small crowd around his gate, hoping that by some chance he might be caught trying to enter after the day had become Monday. To read of this savours of comedy, but to D’Orsay himself there must have been more than a touch of tragedy in the whole weekly occurrence.

I cannot quite endorse all that P. G. Patmore says of him when writing in 1854, yet there is certainly an element of justice in his words :

“The fashionable tradesmen of London knew that to be patronised by Count d’Orsey was a fortune to them ; and yet they had the face to expect that he would pay their bills after they had run for a ‘reasonable’ period, whether it suited his convenience to do so or not. As if, by rights, he ought to have paid them at all, or as if *they* ought not to have paid *him* for showering fortune on them by his smile, if it had not been that his honour would have forbidden such an arrangement, even with a ‘nation o

shopkeepers' ! Nay, I believe they sometimes perpetrated the mingled injustice and stupidity of invoking the law to their aid, and arresting him ! Shutting up within four walls the man whose going forth was the signal for all the rest of the world to think of opening their purse-strings, to compass something or other which they beheld in that mirror of all fashionable requirements ! It was a little fortune to his tiger to tell the would-be dandies dwelling north of Oxford Street where D'Orsay bought his last new cab-horse, or who built his tilbury or his coat ; and yet it is said that his horse-dealer, his coachmaker, and his tailor have been known to shut up from sight this type and model by which all the male 'nobility and gentry' of London horsed, equipaged, and attired themselves !"

The failure of the potato crop and certain mismanagement of the Mountjoy estate, deprived Lady Blessington of her income from Ireland, and then things looked so black for those in Gore House that they knew they were only waiting for the end. Lady Blessington felt as much interest in keeping her doors and windows shut as did Count d'Orsay, for, for two years she had lived in constant apprehension of executions being put in. Then one day a sheriff's officer effected an entrance in disguise. A servant, suspecting his purpose, went quickly to her mistress, who, ever thinking of others first, sent the girl direct to Count d'Orsay's room with the message that he must leave England at once, for as soon as the knowledge got about that execution had been levied in the house there would be no safety for him. Incredulous at first, the Count went down to see Lady Blessington, and then, feeling convinced, had one portmanteau packed and, taking his valet with him, set out for Paris, never to return. This was on the 1st of April, 1849, and on the 14th Lady Blessington followed him. She gave up everything in Gore

House to her creditors, including her library of five thousand books, marbles, bronzes, many pictures, jewellery, and rare porcelain. The sale took place in May, the rooms being crowded for three days beforehand with the curious, among whom were to be seen many of those ladies who would not have entered the house so long as its mistress was within its walls. Entrance could only be gained by the payment of three shillings for a catalogue, the possession of which admitted two people.

Lawrence's portrait of Lady Blessington was sold for £336, and D'Orsay's Duke of Wellington for £189. Why that should have been left in Gore House is a mystery, if it was really a commissioned picture. Altogether the sale realised for Lady Blessington a net sum of £11,985. Various writers on this event have given this total as £1,500, a sum which she had borrowed from her bankers, and which was returned after the sale. This was certainly not the only debt Lady Blessington owed, and it was equally certain that the result of the auction was more than enough to pay that debt. Gore House held property of great value, which was sold cheaply for the gross amount of between £13,000 and £14,000.

Had fate willed, the Countess might have lived happily enough in Paris, for the temporary Irish embarrassments had disappeared, and with £2,000 a year, freed from debt, and still much literary work to do, there was really little of which she could complain. However, one unlooked-for trouble met her and D'Orsay early on their arrival at Paris. They both, and especially D'Orsay—who believed ill of no man—expected kindness and favour from Louis Napoleon. The Prince did indeed invite them to dinner, and then they found that his manner was no longer that of the close friend and intimate they had once

known. The positions had been exactly reversed, and the Prince-President of the French Republic made it evident that he had little thought of freeing himself from the deep obligation under which he lay towards his hostess of Gore House. At one point in the evening he asked Lady Blessington, with distant and pointed courtesy, how long she intended remaining in France.

"I believe for my life. And you?" she asked coldly.

Gronow gives us a good picture of Lady Blessington at this time, though in spite of the Captain's statement I gather from other sources that it was in late middle-age rather than in youth that she adopted the "becoming costume" of which he writes:

"The beautiful Lady Blessington in her brightest days . . . always wore a peculiar costume, chosen with artistic taste to suit exactly her style of beauty. The cap she was in the habit of wearing has been drawn in Chalon's portrait of her, well known from the print in the *Keepsake*, and in all the shop windows of the day. It was 'a mob cap' behind, drawn in a straight line over the forehead, where, after a slight fulness on each temple, giving it a little the appearance of wings, it was drawn down close over the cheeks, and fastened under the chin. Nothing could have been more cunningly devised to shew off the fine brow and beautifully shaped oval face of the deviser, or to conceal the too great width of the cheeks, and a premature development of double chin. Lady Blessington had also a style of dress suitable to her figure, which was full, but then not 'of o'er grown bulk.' She always wore white, a thick muslin dress, embroidered in front and lined with some bright colour, and a large silk bonnet and cloak to match. This was her costume in London, but, on her arrival in Paris,

two or three French ladies got hold of her, declared she was *horriblement fagotée*, and insisted on having her dressed in quite a different style by a fashionable *modiste*; they managed so completely to transform her that, in the opinion of myself and all who had seen her in England, her defects were brought out, and all her beauty disappeared. But nevertheless, in her new and unbecoming attire, she was pronounced *charmante* by a jury of fashionable dames, and forced, *nolens volens*, to take an eternal farewell to the lovely and becoming costumes of her youth."

Lady Blessington took an apartment for herself and the two nieces who lived with her in the *Rue du Cerq*, close to the *Champs Elysées*, and was soon deep in the delights of furnishing and decorating. She rose earlier, walked more, and seemed in better health and spirits than she had been for years. On June 3rd she went into her new home, and dined that evening with D'Orsay's nephew, the Duc de Guiche, and his wife. It was a happy quiet evening, from which the guests, enjoying the soft warmth of the night, walked home.

For some time a breathlessness had attacked her in the mornings, and early on the 4th she felt it coming upon her again. She called for assistance, but the attack was so severe that little could be done for her. When it was over she fell into a sleep which passed into death. Long-standing, though unsuspected, heart disease was the cause of the breathlessness. But M. de Coutades does not hesitate to suggest that she was poisoned; that, in fact, her death and that of Lord Blessington were of so similar a character that they were both murdered. It is a theory which has not been advanced by any one else in writing, and must remain—a bare suggestion.

D'Orsay designed a mausoleum, in which her body

was eventually placed. The tomb was a pyramid of granite, standing on the squared top of a mound divided from the surrounding earth by a deep fosse, the sides of the mound being covered with turf and Irish ivy. The mausoleum had a door in the centre of one side, opposite which, on opening it, was a beautiful copy of Michael Angelo's crucified Saviour. A stone sarcophagus stood on either side of the chamber ; in one was placed the body of Margaret Blessington, the other awaited Alfred d'Orsay.

The designing of this tomb was the only thing the Count could do ; he had neither heart nor nerve to read, to write letters, or to paint. When the body was transferred to its last resting-place he seemed to be bewildered and stupefied, and then frenzied, lamenting his loss as though it had occurred but the day before. The shadow of her death lay always upon him, for she had been his guide, his adviser, the one person into whose hands he could put all his affairs and feel safe.

He took a large studio in Paris, which was living-room, bedroom, reception-room all in one, and here he painted pictures and made his beautiful statuettes.

Louis Napoleon never repaid the man to whom he, a twice-discomfited conspirator and a still conspiring refugee in England, was indebted for shelter, friendship, position in society, and the means of bringing his schemes to a successful issue. It has been said that he was pardonably offended by a too frank expression of opinion on D'Orsay's part, and therefore would do nothing for his one-time friend. But the occasion for offence did not arise until after the *Coup d'état*, two and three-quarter years later than D'Orsay's appearance in Paris. At a private dinner party, where the *Coup d'état* was the all-important topic of conversation,

it being discussed "with all due prudence and reserve," D'Orsay, who believed the President had violated sacred oaths and solemn promises, said emphatically and distinctly in English: "*It is the greatest political swindle that has ever been practised in the world!*"

It acted like a bomb upon the circle round the table, and there can be no doubt but that Louis Napoleon was quickly made aware of what had been said. However, it only made a little more frigid a friendship which was deadly cold already.

Only once did Napoleon do anything to ease his own reputation in the matter: early in 1852, when all the world knew that Alfred d'Orsay was nearing the end of his life, he made him the Director of Fine Arts. It was too late, and every one knew it. The sad thing is that D'Orsay, like Brummell in somewhat similar circumstances, should have felt so keenly the cold attitude which the man of power held towards him. We are told that he suffered deeply; "but his generous nature was incapable of bitterness, and no sentiment of animosity was engendered by it."

Lord Lamington, a Dandy himself, tells of visiting D'Orsay when he was ill, and finding his room all hung with black curtains, the bed and window curtains being the same, while all the souvenirs of Lady Blessington were gathered around him. "After her death the Count pined away—he had no object in life or interest left . . . it was most sad."

Thackeray, too, speaks of his great atelier with the bed in a corner, over which hung a portrait of Lady Blessington. "Here he slept as serenely as a child, and looked with admiration at the most awful pictures of his own making."

Madden, his biographer, saw him a few weeks before

his death, when, but a wreck of himself, he walked with difficulty and pain about the room. The sight of this old friend reminded him of London and Lady Blessington, and in his weakness he burst into crying. Gradually he became composed, and talked of her death—death itself looking from his own eyes :

“In losing her I lost everything in this world—she was to me a mother ! a dear, dear mother ! a true loving mother to me ! You understand me, Madden.”

Madden adds to this : “I understood him to be speaking what he felt, and there was nothing in his accents, in his position, or his expressions (for his words sounded in my ears like those of a dying man), which led me to believe he was seeking to deceive himself or me.”

Kidney trouble was followed by a spinal disease which brought him terrible pain. Lady Blessington's two nieces nursed him through his illness, and by the doctor's orders took him to Dieppe in July 1852, but he grew worse, and in August died at his sister's house in Paris, being fifty-one years old.

No one will really know now the exact relations of D'Orsay and Lady Blessington, but those who condemned them offhand were generally those who knew little of them personally, like Chateaubriand and Creevy. It was asserted by a contemporary that all who knew them both well knew that nothing but a great friendship, that of the strong for the weak, animated Lady Blessington ; that her strict business habits, practical good sense, and the protection of her roof were indispensable safeguards to his liberty and fortunes, for Alfred d'Orsay was a child where money was concerned, giving freely when he had it, and spending freely when he had it not. To this Madden bears witness : “By those intimate at her house,

including the best and greatest men of England, Lady Blessington was held in unqualified respect, and no shadow even of suspicion was thrown over her type of womanhood."

D'Orsay's funeral, in contrast to that of his forerunner Beau Brummell, was made with all pomp in the midst of the great of his country. Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, Count de Montaubon, the Duchesse de Grammont, Count Alfred de Grammont, and the Duc de Lespare; Alexandre Dumas, jun., Charles Lafitte, Emile de Girardin, and Ball Hughes (our "Golden" Ball) were among the notables present who assembled to see his body laid in the second sarcophagus of the mausoleum. In high-flown sentiments Emile de Girardin wrote of him in *La Presse*: "Alfred d'Orsay was overwhelmed with too many gifts for his days not to be parsimoniously counted. Death has been inexorable, but he has been just; he has not treated him as an ordinary man; he has not taken him, he has chosen him."

The first Earl of Cranbrook, who died in 1906, remarked how he had admired D'Orsay, with other swells and dandies of the day, and there are still to be found a few men who remember him. A few weeks ago, when mentioning to a nonogenarian friend the work upon which I was engaged, he laughed gleefully, "D'Orsay, D'Orsay! why I remember him; what a swell he was! ah, what a figure he cut in the Park!"

Around D'Orsay gathered many "swells and dandies," but they were so outshone by the splendid Frenchman that there is little to say of them. There was the *arbiter elegantiarum* Auriol, whose good luck, appetite, and appearance obtained him the name of "Crockford's ugly customer." There was the Marquis of Anglesey, with his

frills and dainty wristbands ; Lord Cantelupe ; Bulwer Lytton ; Disraeli, who affected the most gaudy dandyism ; Henry Luttrell, a natural son of Lord Carhampton and the writer of the "Advice to Julia," called by a contemporary "Letters of a Dandy to a Dolly" ; Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker who was so cadaverous in face that his friends named him the "Dead Dandy." Of him Hook says that he once hailed a coach in St. Paul's Churchyard, but the driver drove on saying : "Ho ! ho ! my man ; I'm not going to be had in that way ; go back to your grave !" and Alvanley once asked him why, since he could well afford it, he did not *keep his hearse* !

After D'Orsay there is nothing left to say of these merely "smart" men.

And now the Dandies are all dead ! There are still wonderfully dressed people in society, but they make no impression as individuals on their times, for the busy world is too occupied to look at them, and merely to follow an absurd fashion is to mark oneself not as elegant but as weak. Sometimes, in the hurry and skurry, one may dream vainly of the delights of an elegant leisure, but those who might attain to such lose it in extravagant social amenities, and those who could enjoy it are not fortunate enough to be able to reach it.

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